

THE METROPOLITAN.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CHARITIES.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"WHAT!" methinks I hear some tyro in the ways of man say, "are the hospitals and dispensaries of no benefit to the public?" To such I reply, they are ornaments and a credit to the country, and, that they are institutions which heap incalculable benefits upon all mankind; but it is a palpable mistake to call them charities erected solely for the use of the poor. Public receptacles for disease and cases of surgery confer benefits equally upon all classes.

Through these institutions, the misfortunes and the accidents which befall the poor are, by an ingenious policy, rendered available to the security of the whole body of the people; each of whom being, physiologically considered, made of the same constituents as the beggar, has in his person, his own common natural wants and weaknesses made manifest, and to a great extent provided against. The poor, in these institutions, are used as the experimental natural philosopher uses his instruments in investigating nature: in their persons the sciences of surgery, nosology, pathology, and dietetics, are advanced.

But for these public schools, (for such they are, and in that sense converted to a profit,) in cases of disease brought on by plethora and voluptuousness, where would the rich find assistance and advice in prolonging a life which is rendered desirable, because they possess the means of purchasing its enjoyments? The anatomist, through the agency of hospitals to a certain degree, discovers the order, situation, substance, relations, and confederate intercourses of parts, contained and continent in man; the different cells and different bowels, how roofed and how partitioned; ascertains all the wheels and clock-works of the heart; the mysterious causes of effects; what pullies contract and what dilate, what secret engines tune the pulse, and when, by a well-ordered chiming, it shows what time health keeps in the body; can demonstrate all the meanders and by-paths of sporting nature, whose obstructions have lodged where maladies breed, and by such practice remove morbid humours. All this has been accomplished by the rich man contributing his money, and the poor man his body.

On the continent, hospitals are of very ancient date; in many of the churches apartments were kept for the sick, and the dwellings of the christian bishops, in primitive ages of the church, had much of the appearance of hospitals. The one founded by St. Basil at Cæsarea,

¹ Concluded from vol. x. p. 338.

in the fourth century, is mentioned as one of the first; his example was followed by St. Chrysostom, who founded many similar establishments at Constantinople, when, at length, that dreadful malady, the leprosy, which was brought by the Crusaders from Asia, rendered their erection a matter of necessity rather than of charity. The houses, which were termed in France, *Leproseries* and *Maladredies*, were built in great numbers, so that at the close of the reign of Louis VIII. there appear to have existed no fewer than two thousand of them in that kingdom; and according to the authority of Matthew Paris, at the close of the thirteenth century, no less than nineteen thousand in the different countries of Europe. In Paris, they did not view them in the light of charities, for in the year 1777 the *Monts de Piété* were founded for the support of the general hospital; this was a bank to lend money, the interest and profits from which went to support the hospital. But in Paris, the whole number of these institutions are under the controul of government, being viewed (as they really are) as national institutions for the general good of all classes. Regarding all kinds of charitable institutions (to use the phraseology of the day) in England, there is a principle of opposition to them which militates against their usefulness in no small degree. A writer, in condemning the system on which the English hospitals are conducted, says, "In most of the every-day concerns of business and life, opposition does good. It is a spur and incentive to improvement and discovery, prevents civilization from retrograding, and is the source of all approaches to perfection. But in establishments of charity, it cannot possibly be of any service; and the erection of a rival hospital or dispensary, suggests no idea but that of mismanagement and disagreement upon matters on which all should be as one. It is frequently merely a means of throwing away revenues that might be better employed." But it is not only with hospitals this rivalry is shown; I have known the most rancorous feeling subsist between two institutions that were supposed to be both working upon the same ground. Parties fall out, form juntas, set up counter-institutions, and in every possible way carry on a contentious war with each other. There are probably two causes which operate to bring about these effects; we are nationally a pugnacious people, and in the gratification of our militant spirit oftentimes suffer every other consideration to be absorbed in strife. We are also a race of beings that are too fond of money; not a few institutions are got up under the specious pretext of charitable intentions, when private gain is the sole object in view. It has been observed, in all ages, that interest governs mankind; and the truth of this observation appears in the vast number who are daily seen sacrificing reason, religion, with every valuable blessing, to gain a supposed advantage. Society was originally designed for universal benefit; but that which appears an actual benefit often proves itself to be a virtual injury; we are too ready to judge of benefits from appearances; but the most likely method of obtaining a proper knowledge, is to judge of them by their effects, as a physician does of a disease. Error is of such a teeming constitution, that the hydra's heads multiply by amputation; an aphorism illustrated in modern legislation.

The system of English charity (falsely so called) has reared up in society a class consisting of some millions of debased and degraded beings, devoid of self-respect, and consequently possessing none for any other class. Just in proportion as the poor have been made dependent upon public casual relief, so, in a twofold ratio, have their numbers and demands increased; and this proportion will, so long as the system is persevered in, continue to increase. So long as the causes exist, so long will the effects be visible. There is a story told of a Russian nobleman and his servant, who, when travelling, were pursued by wolves so closely, that they had no alternative left but for one to leave the carriage, that the other might be saved, and it is said, the servant sacrificed himself to save his lord. The aristocracy and the tradesmen of this country are in a similar situation; the latter is the first to be swallowed up, but the wolves will ultimately devour them both. What then is to be done? Act, I say, upon a wise and just policy; exclude none from the possibility of earning their own living—cease to legislate against, but for, the poorer classes; let all the fiscal enactments of the country tend to relieve the lower orders, take the burden from their backs and permit them to rise in the scale, that they may see their road clear to earn a good living by their labour, and thereby feel a spirit of independence. The history of the world nowhere presents us with a parallel instance of such a sudden change for the worse in so short a space of time, as in the English labourer; but the causes are plainly before us, viz.: the events of the nation, which occasioned an increase of taxation, brought with them an increase of commerce, and a considerable rise in the price of agricultural produce, benefiting those who were co-existent with the times, and in trade, in a greater proportion than they were burdened by the new taxes, &c. But every additional duty upon the commodities of life, and every rise in the price of provisions, fell with its full weight upon the poor man, plunging him more and more deeply into the abyss of irretrievable wretchedness: converting, in a few short years, the whole labouring physical strength of the poor into parish paupers and wandering beggars.

We are told that, besides the eight millions collected annually in poors' rates, that there are upwards of another eight millions expended in one way or another upon the poor; and yet it cannot be proved that they are benefited; they are but barely prevented from perishing with hunger. Surely, it cannot be considered a charity to keep man in a state of misery and punishment, and thereby root out of his nature every feeling of independence and manhood, leaving him without any of the amenities enjoyed by his fellow-men.

All the schemes devised by the legislature to alter the habits of the poor man must necessarily fail, until they raise him in the scale of human beings; sixteen millions which it is said, in one way or another are annually expended upon the poor, is an amount sufficiently ample to better their condition if judiciously appropriated. It is, however, the mode in which they are relieved, and the manner in which they are treated, which is productive of all the mischief.

Let us suppose a community of persons, consisting of a thousand, containing all the shades of talent and grades found in society in ge-

neral, of which one hundred are of the labouring class, who earn by their exertions one guinea per week, but pay no taxes, by order of the chief magistrate, who is at the head of the government. Now suppose some exigencies of the colony to arise, which occasion the ruling authority to lay on, indiscriminately, heavy imposts upon every article used as necessaries of life, regardless of the earnings or incomes of the several classes that make up the whole population: such a taxation as would, in fact, reduce the one hundred labourers' wages from one guinea to seven shillings per week; but the governor, having the thought that it might sometimes so happen that the labourer could not obtain work, and that he would, during a season of idleness, be starved for want of bread to eat, it is made compulsory that the nine hundred shall, in such need, subscribe to keep him alive by supplying that article of life. Now imagine that the new circumstances of the times considerably augment the wealth of a large portion of the inhabitants of the colony; while in the struggle, which a change of affairs occasions, another hundred are reduced to a state of poverty, leaving one-fifth of the population in absolute want, who, for a time, suffer great privations; but, at length, some of the more fortunate members of the community feel ashamed of living in affluence, while others of their fellow-creatures are starving. Another timid party, conceiving that two hundred needy men are dangerous to the well-being of the rest, join them in a consultation as to what is best to be done; while the remainder of the persons who are above want, through the force of example, unite their efforts with the others, and agree that a subscription shall be set on foot to assist their distressed brethren. But instead of uniting cordially with each other, and making one common fund for one common object, they divide themselves into numerous parties, each taking different views of that which is most proper to be done. The result of this diversity of opinion is, that one party, consisting of twenty or thirty persons, say that twenty blankets given away among the two hundred, in December, is the best measure; another, that a bushel of coals the day before Christmas will be the greatest charity; a third, that a basin of soup once a week during the winter months, will be the most useful assistance which can be afforded them. The more wealthy, who have the most to lose, subscribe for an additional guard of men, who are ordered continually to walk about and knock down all rioters, while another party establish a dispensary to supply the sufferers with plaisters, and a few join in a subscription coffin society: in fine, the whole eight hundred busy themselves in almost as many different ways in ameliorating the evils which have befallen the two hundred, occasioned by the little consideration bestowed upon them by the governor. It should be mentioned that the females in this society, anxious to repair the waste of life which want and its concomitant disease brings among men, form societies for encouraging the reproduction of human beings. Lying-in hospitals are established, and the stronger to mark the feeling there is against the governor's conduct, his wife becomes the patroness of one, and causes her name to be written in large letters upon the buildings. Midwives are engaged, and baby linen made by young ladies yet under age, who also visit the sick, and carry in their

reticules tracts and homilies to amuse and to teach the sufferers patience; assuring them that the time is nigh at hand when they will be requited for all they have endured. It must be borne in mind, that although the whole eight hundred have been busy, and made throughout the state as much noise and show of their works as have induced the poor to think their misfortune, in the loss of their wages, more than counterbalanced by the kindness of their neighbours; yet if the whole of the subscription money were, when collected, divided among the poor, it would not amount to two pounds per annum each, or less than one shilling a week. It will be remembered that, in the first instance, there were a hundred labourers, who are now poor because they can only earn seven shillings, where formerly they obtained one guinea; but the times have brought among them another hundred, who never knew what hard labour was, and these are the most debauched and loose characters in the state. These men associating and conferring together, come to the resolution, natural enough in their situations, viz. that, as matters stand, they may as well live without work as follow it. If they work, they can but obtain bread; if they do not, their neighbours (the parish) must find it them. Encouraging each other, and hearing (for the word charity is stuck up against every door and wall in the colony) that there are a great many good things to be given away, they all start on the wander to seek them. Habits of all kinds are difficult to overcome, but those of idleness are the most chronic and obstinate of all; we have, therefore, now a community of a thousand, with two hundred idle vagabonds in it; but as they are desperate in circumstances, and reckless of consequences, they very shortly increase in numbers and overrun the country, while every effort to reduce them is unavailing; but which a little foresight upon the part of the governor might have prevented.

This is England and her poor. What rhetoric, or what laws, shall induce the two hundred out of the thousand to return to labour and regular habits, unless they can clearly see their interest in so doing? The charities neither feed nor clothe them; and if they did, the evil, as a national one, would not be lessened, but rather augmented; there is no remedy but giving them their guinea per week for their labour, or, which is equivalent to it, relieving them from all burdens of taxation whatever, at least, as far as legislation can reach their cases. If we suppose eight millions of taxes to be taken off the shoulders of the poor, and they return to industry and sobriety, relieving the parishes of their burden, saving only the sick and infirm, may not the public pay this sum into the Exchequer, to make up the deficiency, rather than pay it in the shape of poor rates, which degrades, debases, and, to a frightful extent, deteriorates our species in more ways than the unphilosophic eye is aware of. But the charities, if possible, work more mischief, because while they hold out the prospect of help to thousands, they but once in a year relieve ten.

“ Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were able to dispatch by fear.”

There is a committee* now sitting to inquire into the cause of drunkenness, and, I presume, their inquiries will be mainly confined to the poor.

It is amusing to behold sages assemble and seriously deliberate upon such plain and self-evident questions. What can their report convey but this?† That those who live irregularly, and are subjected to long intervals of fasting from food, are liable to great depressions of the animal frame, in which state monomania supervenes, and would render existence unendurable, were not (to use a professional phrase) the exhibition of stimulus resorted to; the effects of a glass of spirits upon an empty stomach, is an increased circulation, a momentary suspension of the secretion of the gastric fluid, succeeded by an increase of the appetite; but every time the experiment is repeated, the coats of the stomach become more callous, and it does not so readily produce this effect of re-action, until long practice in the habit of dram drinking will enable it to go eight-and-forty hours without food, which is a great convenience to a man who is liable frequently to be without the means of procuring any thing to eat, and yet may, at intervals, pick up a few pence to indulge himself with a penny or three halfpence worth of gin. A practice founded upon necessity and convenience soon becomes an inveterate habit, from which, in these instances, not one in ten thousand who has fallen into it, can emancipate himself, especially as there is no aid from pride or self-respect among those who are sunk into the depths of poverty. But the government, which now with such an affected countenance of innocence, asks how it comes about that people will drink, has at all times done its best to drench the public with taxed gin, instead of giving them untaxed malt and hops. Rulers have in effect said,

“ Drink and be mad, 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drink, obey th' important call;
Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats,
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.”

If, however, we take another view of the question, and treat the subject more at large, as it regards all mankind, it is evident that excitement, or rather energy, and action, are the actual enjoyments of life, those who cannot feel this, despair, droop, and die, or themselves hasten the catastrophe which a timely stimulant would as often avert, as a contrary course sometimes brings it on. Education and civilization are nothing more than a knowledge how to keep up a healthful excitement in the mind, by the most rational and advantageous means; hence it is, that the man of study is generally the most sober, until he pursues his studies beyond the powers of his mind, and loses his mental taste; when in rushes the animal passion, and demands artificial stimulants. This process in individuals is not unfrequently of gradual progress, and takes time to convert an intellectual man into one of mere sensuality; the instances, however, are frequent.

The poor man is built up of the same passions as the rich, but his

* Their labours have since terminated, and a very pretty piece of business they have made of it.

† Would that it had!—EDIT.

prospects are not so good, his comforts are not so many, and therefore he lacks every day in the year pleasurable ideas, and not unfrequently has those of a most distressing kind thrust upon him, from which there is no escape but in muddling and clouding his mind with strong drinks. The rich and well-educated man declares it the act of a beast to get drunk; this disgust he feels, because he has been well taught, and has all the products of nature spread before him for his amusement; he is not like the poor man, ignorant. But is ignorance a crime? Did the educated man teach himself? And would he have been any otherwise than as the poor man is, if he had not been taught? Verily, some persons make but an ill use of their education. It may be said of those who are attempting to anatomize drunkenness, that nothing will be unknown to them but their own follies; they are deficient in the charity of the mind, and are too fond of generalizing and speculative theories. Paper kites on all sides are flying high—pamphlets upon all subjects. Parliamentary toys are so plentiful, that each member has an entire set allowed him for his own use, which occasions the neglect of actual business. The work of charity must be performed not as of old, but upon a new system, all must be done with effect, as it were a *coup de théâtre*. No man now hides his talent or his charity under a bushel; every public measure is conducted upon principles of bad taste.

Let those who have a tear for pity, and “a hand open as the day for melting charity,” take the trouble to dispose of what they have to spare, in relieving the poor within their own immediate neighbourhood, where they can examine, and enter into the real nature of every case of distress, and apply a remedy upon the spot. Such a mode of bestowing alms would, as Shakspeare says of mercy, be “twice blessed—it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.” Imposition might be detected, and industry might, in some measure, be encouraged; now every poor man or woman in want of relief from the funds of either the parish, or any other charity, must practise knavery, if they expect to succeed in obtaining it, amidst the general mendacious competition with which they are opposed; moreover, that which they receive at their own door, graciously bestowed, with gentle remonstrance, and good advice, is of a tenfold value to the pittance doled out by the parish after days of attendance and petitioning in a state of idleness and starvation. Relief afforded in crowds, where the poor wretches are kept waiting in the streets in inclement seasons from morn till noon, when gained, is always spent in gin. This is a fact which is well known, and most eloquently descanted upon by parish officers and others who put themselves forward to explain the habits and vicious propensities of the poor; but nature is what she is, and will not, with all their prosing, ever be otherwise; if they doubt the truth of this proposition in theory, let them practically become acquainted with the fact, by exchanging places for a few weeks; let them rise some morning, after twenty-four hours’ abstinence, and then assiduously wait in attendance for six or eight hours at the gates of the workhouse, to be favoured with one shilling: in that state they may probably discover, (in spite of their best resolutions, and in the teeth of their moral cant,) that the

first irresistible impulse will be to reanimate nature with a glass of the all-demoralizing gin. I have seen women in this situation, with newly-born infants at their breasts, not more than a fortnight out of their accouchement, exhausted to a degree that a cordial was as necessary to their recovery as in the most extreme case of depletion, under hæmorrhage.

One instance occurred recently in my neighbourhood, which strikingly illustrates the effect of those evils; but similar, or more distressing cases, arising from the same cause, are of hourly occurrence in the divers parishes of the metropolis. A poor woman, whose husband had deserted her about the time of her lying-in, was compelled to have recourse to the parish for relief. Hearing of her forlorn situation, I occasionally employed her to assist in domestic work. One morning, being at my house at Camden Town, she recollected that she should lose the pittance allowed for her child, if she did not attend the board that day at eight o'clock; therefore she started for St. Pancras workhouse, promising to be back in an hour or two; she, however, never came to my house afterwards. In a few days subsequently, I made inquiries regarding her, when I learnt that she had been detained in the street without food, by the board of overseers, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when she fainted from exhaustion, was put into a coach and sent home to the lodging of her aged mother, who paid her last shilling to the coachman. Here, without money, or any comfort, but what the parish some days afterwards afforded her, she lingered till death put an end to her sufferings. She was a strong, healthy woman, but possessed of most acute feelings. I consider her murdered by the system.

All time bestowed upon running after charitable relief, is a loss in the end. In some cases of emergency they may save life from falling under inanition, but in the aggregate, the charities generate the sores they profess to heal. In dressing one wound, they inoculate the poor population with matter of such virulence, that a hundred more sores are produced, having indurated edges of the most obstinate character. Appearances are ever deceptive—first impressions seldom remain upon any subject, if we closely study it. The mind can only be prepared for the reception of truth by a conviction that it lies deep buried in a substratum, for which we must dig. When we see human happiness promoted, and the sufferings of aged indigence alleviated in alms'-houses, and other receptacles for aged persons, it is impossible, as far as I may judge of general feelings by my own, for any one to contemplate the inhabitants of these charities with more satisfaction than myself. There is an indescribable something peculiarly appalling and distressing, when we behold our fellow creatures weighed down by age and infirmity, surrounded by want, and exposed to every ill which poverty inflicts upon helpless imbecility. The heart of real tenderness cannot indeed but be afflicted on every occasion which brings it acquainted with distress and misery. Nature and nature's God, silently but powerfully, command us in such cases to administer relief to the fullest extent of our means.

Those who feel that they cannot resist this command, but impulsively obey it from constitutional sympathies, I believe to be the most

happy among men. God forbend that the charities, in the widest sense of the word, should be struck off humanity. In the outgoings of feeling for the distress of others, is realized the consciousness of possessing a soul. The pourings out from the warm springs of the heart cool it not, but nourish and improve it; the more it gives, the more it receives in return. Let none then condemn charity in practice or theory, as a sentimental attribute of man; he who possesses it not, is a sterile lump of clay, incapable of becoming a recipient or participant in the essences which distinguish men from brutes. But the passions which build up the human soul, are but too often outraged and misunderstood; they are of a conflicting nature, occasioning internal struggles, in which one is generally predominant, tyrannically ruling over all the others in defiance of the judgment.

We frequently ascribe to particular passions the birth of actions, which have latently another affiliation. Like base coin, the master passion will be current for a time, until detected and rejected by close self-examination. Pride, ostentation, supposed policy, self-preservation, the love of fame, and even indolence, which will rather part with money than be troubled to find reasons why it would be more just to withhold it; all come under the denomination of charity. Custom and fashion too, in this country, is now styled charity. The character of being orthodox Christians, and the preservation of a good name, compel all, possessing means, to assume the virtue, if they have it not. With a certain class, none are believers, sober, of moral habits, and trustworthy, unless they subscribe to "Christian knowledge Societies," "Tract Societies," "Temperance Societies," &c. &c. Although it be admitted that there may be many possessors of genuine charity, if we take into consideration the display of this cardinal virtue, there is no country in the world where there is less of a genuine kind to be found, compared with her professions, than in England. But the charity enthusiasts say, "Never mind from what motives they give, *only let them give*, and the poor have the benefit of their behests." There's the rub! are the poor benefited? if not, it is no charity to give. It is said, that "charity covereth a multitude of sins;" and it need, for many have a double sin to answer for; with one hand they wield the scourge, while with the other, they throw down a mite of their extortions, and persuade themselves, by a casuistry peculiarly their own, that they are doing their duty to God and man.

Charity is a virtue, but justice is a greater one: give men the latter—their rights,—and supersede the necessity of making a show of the former—justice shines with undiminished splendour. Charity is cold, and however it may honour the donor, it degrades and chills the recipient—represses labour, begets ill habits and improvidence, with false hopes, which can never be realized. Through oppression and unequal taxation, the laws create a poor population of some millions, while the makers of them take credit to themselves for subscribing a modicum of their but too often ill-gotten wealth—to keep one in a thousand from starving, while they hold out to the distressed and ignorant, the delusive hope of provision for the whole body. The value of a gift is enhanced by the manner of bestowing it; what the poor receive in the way of charity is ungraciously bestowed, amidst

contentions which shall obtain the favours, occasioning more loss of time in seeking alms than four times their value when received. If, however, we place against the charities in London, or the country, the whole time spent by the poor in seeking after things to be given away, (*i. e.* of those who get something and those who get nothing,) more exertion is expended in idle hope and waste, than would, by industry, in one month produce funds of more value than are distributed in a whole year by eleemosynary societies. Junius says—“Above all things, let me guard my countrymen against the meanness and folly of accepting of a trifling, or moderate compensation, for extraordinary and essential injuries. Our enemies treat us as the cunning trader does the unskillful Indian, they magnify their generosity when they give us baubles of little proportionate value for ivory and gold.” The fact, that charitable societies and poor laws in the present state of the labouring classes, have been injurious to the community, has at length reached the government through the report made to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Melbourne, by his Majesty’s commissioners. As to the administration and operation of the poor laws, in Mr. Wilson’s report, page 18, is the following opinion of Mr. Little on this subject.—“It may seem harsh to say that I fear great harm is done to the labourer by the public contribution of the rich. The free school, the lying-in hospital, the soup-kitchen, the distribution of grain, &c. in times of scarcity, and many other similar institutions, all tend to make the labourer look to others, and feel no anxiety to save for such emergencies. These public charities *create* the necessity they relieve, but they *do not relieve* all the necessity they create.” Mr. Richard Gregory, treasurer of Spitalfields, at page 295, gives the same opinion, in reply to queries. Do you believe that such donations have a tendency to create distress of the kind which they propose to relieve? “I do; for there are numbers who would waste a whole day to obtain sixpence by charity, rather than work two hours to obtain sixpence by honest industry. I have seen in our own district abundant instances of this.” Do you believe that they relieve all the distress which they create? “Always when there has been a donation of these sorts, we find that the parish burdens increase; these burdens continue, but the donation goes away. Some years ago we received a large donation from the government, and I do not believe that the parish has got the better of it to this day; for it made paupers, and attracted vagabonds from all parts.” The Rev. William Stone, of Christchurch, Spitalfields, also presented a statement in writing, which is calculated to illumine the public upon this subject.

The extent of the evils, which officious, unthinking, pseudo-philanthropists inflict upon society, is incalculable. We cannot, however, but admit that there are many who support charitable institutions, who part with their money from abstract feelings of genuine benevolence, and a sincere belief that they are doing real good. I wish as much could, with truth, be affirmed of all those who exert themselves in getting them up. Experience, however, proves that too many have only for their object sinister and selfish views. A vain popularity with a coterie influences a number, or a morbid love of

mixing with distress, ferretting out scenes of excitement,—not a few are put in action for lack of employment and having something to talk about, and a wish to appear useful; some from a taste for importance; and lastly, a vast number who either do, or hope to, put money in their own pockets, and if not, command a patronage, and to act the great man. Whatever be the cause, as a looker on, (however I may incur the censure, and call forth virulence of opposition, and be unceremoniously attacked,) I feel myself justified, in the exercise of my own judgment, to pronounce that, with very few exceptions, the charities in this country, for every grain of good they have performed, (if we are to consider it as a general question,) have brought upon society a bushel of misery, distress, and pauperism.

THE BRIDAL OF CASSILIS.

A BALLAD. BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THEY bound my brows with bridal flowers,
And clasped my jewels on;
They led me from my father's towers,
And gay the pageant shone:
I heard the merry marriage bells,
And I hid my face from view,
For my heart had oped its deepest wells,
And their waters flow'd for you.

I saw the *king*—my broken vows
Came rushing o'er my mind;
And the bridal flowers, that press'd my brows,
To me, were thorns entwin'd:
O! why did a father's frowns affright,
And a mother's tears subdue,
To make me wed the northern knight,
And break my vows to you?

My sister bless'd me, when she tied
This cross around my neck,
And said I was the bonniest bride *
That hands did ever deck.
O! could she see me now, I ween
Full dearly would she rue,
That ever I a bride had been,
And broke my faith to you.

* The beautiful young Countess of Cassilis, whose charms and frailty gave rise to the old Scottish song of the "*Gypsie Laddie*," fled from her lord's castle with the object of her early love, who assumed the dress of a gipsy to carry away the countess. "The earl missing his lady, pursued the lover, and slew him with all his followers except one, whom he seemed to spare for the express purpose of having his own dishonour sung and set to music—for to the survivor we owe the song of the '*Gypsie Laddie*.' The countess was imprisoned in the Castle of Maybole, in Ayrshire; and according to Mr. Finlay, soothed her seclusion by working the story of her seduction in tapestry, which is still preserved in Culzean Castle. Tradition adds that her beauty was unequalled and resistless."—*Songs of Scotland*, by Allan Cunningham.

JACOB FAITHFUL.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

MY first object, on my return, was to call upon old Tom, and assure him of his son's welfare. My wishes certainly would have led me to Mr. Drummond's; but I felt that my duty required that I should delay that pleasure. I arrived at the hotel late in the evening, and early next morning, I went down to the steps at Westminster Bridge, and was saluted with the usual cry of—"Boat, sir?" A crowd of recollections poured into my mind at the well-known sound. My life appeared to have passed in review in a few seconds, as I took my seat in the stern of a wherry, and directed the waterman to pull up the river. It was a beautiful morning, and even at that early hour, almost too warm, the sun was so powerful. I watched every object that we passed with an interest I cannot describe. Every tree—every building—every point of land—they were all old friends, who appeared, as the sun shone brightly on them, to rejoice in my good fortune. I remained in a reverie too delightful to be disturbed from it, although, occasionally, there were reminiscences which were painful; but they were as light clouds obscuring for a moment, as they flew past, the glorious sun of my happiness. At last the well-known tenement of old Tom—his large board with "boats built to order"—and the half of the boat stuck up on end, caught my sight, and I remembered the object of my embarkation. I directed the waterman to pull to the hard, and paying him well, dismissed him: for I had perceived that old Tom was at work, stumping round a wherry bottom up; and his wife was sitting on the bank in the boat-harbour, basking in the warm sun, and working away at her nets. I had landed so quietly, and they both were so occupied with their respective employments, that they had not perceived me, and I crept round by the house to surprise them. I had gained a station behind the old boat, when I overheard the conversation.

"It's my opinion," said old Tom, who left off hammering for a time, "that all the nails in Birmingham won't make this boat watertight. The timbers are as rotten as a pear, and the nails fall through them. I have put one piece in more than agreed for, and if I don't put another in here, she'll never swim."

"Well, then, put another piece in," replied Mrs. Beazeley.

"Yes, so I will; but I've a notion I shall be out of pocket by the job. Seven-and-sixpence won't pay for labour and all. However, never mind;" and Tom carolled forth—

¹ Continued from vol. x. p. 403.

“ Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone,
Here we are slaves,
But on the waves
Love and liberty's all our own.”

“ Now if you do sing, sing truth, Beazeley,” said the old woman.
“ An't our boy pressed into the service, and how can you talk of liberty?”

Old Tom answered, by continuing his song—

“ No eye to watch and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot and all heaven around us.”

“ Yes, yes,” replied the old woman, “ no eye to watch indeed: he may be in sickness and in sorrow—he may be wounded, or dying of a fever, and there's no mother's eye to watch over him. As to all on earth being forgot, I won't believe that Tom has forgotten his mother.”

Old Tom replied—

“ Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same wherever it goes.”

“ So it does, Tom, so it does; and he's thinking this moment of his father and mother I do verily believe; and he loves us more than ever.”

“ So I believe,” replied old Tom; “ that is, if he hasn't any thing better to do; but there's a time for all things; and, when a man is doing his duty as a seaman, he mustn't let his thoughts wander. Never mind, old woman, he'll be back again.”

“ There's a sweet little cherub sits up aloft
To take care of the life of poor Jack.”

“ God grant it—God grant it!” replied the old woman, wiping her eyes with her apron, and then resuming her netting. “ He seems,” continued she, “ by his letters, to be overfond of that girl, Mary Stapleton; and I sometimes think she cares not a little for him, but she's never of one mind long. I don't like to see her flaunting and flirting so with the soldiers; and, at the same time, Tom says, that she writes that she cares for nobody but him.”

“ Women are—women! that's sartain,” replied old Tom, musing for a time, and then showing that his thoughts were running on his son, by bursting out—

“ Mary, when yonder boundless sea
Shall part us, and perchance for ever;
Think not my heart can stray from thee,
Or cease to mourn thine absence—never!
And when in distant climes I roam,
Forlorn, unfriended, broken-hearted——”

“ Don't say so, Tom—don't say so!” interrupted the old woman.”

Tom continued—

“ Oft shall I sigh for thee and home,
And all those joys from which I parted.”

“ Aye, so he does, poor fellow—I’ll be bound to say. What would I give to see his dear, smiling face!” said Mrs. Beazeley.

“ And I’d give no little, missus, myself. But still it’s the duty for every man to sarve his country, and so ought Tom, as his father did before him. I shall be glad to see him back, but I’m not sorry that he’s gone. Our ships must be manned, old woman; and if they take men by force, it’s only because they won’t volunteer—that’s all. When they’re once on board, they don’t mind it. You women require pressing just as much as the men, and it’s all much of a muchness.”

“ How’s that, Tom?”

“ Why, when we make love and ask you to marry, don’t you always pout and say, no? You like being kissed, but we must take it by force. So it is with manning a ship, the men all say no; but when they are once there, they like the sarvice very much; only you see, like you, they want pressing. Don’t Tom write and say, that he’s quite happy, and don’t care where he is, so long as he’s with Jacob?”

“ Yes, that’s true; but they say Jacob is to be discharged and come home, now that he’s come to a fortune, and what will Tom say then?”

“ Why, that is the worst of it. I believe that Jacob’s heart is in the right place, but still riches spoil a man; but we shall see. If Jacob don’t prove ‘true blue,’ I’ll never put faith in man again. Well, there be changes in this world, that’s sartain.

“ We all have our taste of the ups and downs,
As Fortune dispenses her smiles and frowns;
But may we not hope if she’s frowning to-day,
That to-morrow she’ll lend us the light of her ray.”

“ I only wish Jacob was here, that’s all.”

“ Then you have your wish, my good old friend,” cried I, running up to Tom, and seizing his hand; but old Tom was so taken by surprise, that he started back and lost his equilibrium, dragging me after him, and we rolled on the turf together. Nor was this the only accident, for old Mrs. Beazeley was so alarmed, that she also sprang from the bench fixed in the half of the old boat stuck on end, and threw herself back against it. The boat having been rotten when first put there, and with the disadvantage of exposure to the elements for many years, could no longer stand such pressure. It gave way to the sudden force applied by the old woman, and she and the boat went down together, she screaming and scuffling among the rotten planks, which now, after so many years close intimacy, were induced to part company. I was first on my legs, and ran to the assistance of Mrs. Beazeley, who was half smothered with dust and flakes of dry pitch, and old Tom coming to my assistance, we put the old woman on her legs again.

"O deary me!" cried the old woman, "O deary me! I do believe my hip is out. Lord, Mr. Jacob, how you have frightened me!"

"Yes," said old Tom, shaking me warmly by the hand, "we were all taken aback, old boat and all. What a shindy you have made, bowling us all down like ninepins. Well, my boy, I'm glad to see you, and notwithstanding your gear, you're Jacob Faithful still."

"I hope so," replied I; and we then adjourned to the house, where I made them acquainted with all that had passed, and what I intended to do relative to obtaining Tom's discharge. I then left them, promising to return soon, and hailing a wherry going up the river, proceeded to my old friend the Domine, of whose welfare, as well as Stapleton's and Mary's, I had been already assured.

But as I passed through Putney Bridge I thought I might as well call first upon Stapleton, and I desired the waterman to pull in. I hastened to Stapleton's lodgings, and went up stairs, where I found Mary sitting in earnest conversation with a very good looking young man in a sergeant's uniform of the 93rd regiment. Mary, who was even handsomer than when I had left her, starting up, at first did not appear to recognize me, then coloured up to the forehead as she welcomed me, with a constraint I had never witnessed before. The sergeant appeared inclined to keep his ground; but on my taking her hand, and telling her that I had brought a message from a person whom I hoped she had not forgotten, gave her a nod, and walked down stairs. Perhaps there was a severity in my countenance, as I said, "Mary, I do not know whether, after what I have seen, I ought to give the message; and the pleasure I anticipated in meeting you again, is destroyed by what I have now witnessed. How disgraceful is it thus to play with a man's feelings; to write to him, assuring him of your regard and constancy, and, at the same time, encouraging another."

Mary hung down her head. "If I have done wrong, Mr. Faithful," said she after a pause, "I have not wronged Tom. What I have written, I feel."

"If that is the case, why do you wrong another person? Why encourage another young man, only to make him unhappy?"

"I have promised him nothing; but why does not Tom come back and look after me? I can't mope here by myself. I have no one to keep company with; my father is always away at the alehouse, and I must have somebody to talk to. Besides, Tom is away, and may be away a long while; and absence cures love in men, although it does not in women."

"It appears then, Mary, that you wish to have two strings to your bow, in case of accident."

"Should the first string break, a second would be very acceptable," replied Mary; "but it is always this way," continued she, with increasing warmth. "I never can be in a situation which is not right, whenever I do any thing which may appear improper, so certain do *you* make your appearance when least expected and least wished for; as if you were born to be my constant accuser."

"Does not your own conscience accuse you, Mary?"

"Mr. Faithful," replied she very warmly, "you are not my father confessor; but do as you please—write to Tom if you please, and tell him all you have seen, and any thing you may think. Make him and make me miserable and unhappy—do it, I pray. It will be a friendly act; and, as you are now a great man, you may persuade Tom that I am a jilt and a good-for-nothing." Here Mary laid her hands on the table, and buried her face in them.

"I did not come here to be your censor, Mary; you are certainly at liberty to act as you please, without my having any right to interfere; but as Tom is my earliest and best friend, so far as his interests and happiness are concerned, I shall carefully watch over them. We have been so long together, and I am so well acquainted with all his feelings, that I really believe, if ever there was a young man sincerely and devotedly attached to a woman, he is so to you; and I will add, that if ever there was a young man who deserved love in return, it is Tom. When I left, not a month back, he desired me to call upon you as soon as I could, and assure you of his unalterable attachment; and I am now about to procure his discharge, that he may be able to return. All his thoughts are upon this point, and he is now waiting with the utmost impatience the arrival of it, that he may again be in your company. You can best judge whether his return will, or will not, be a source of happiness."

Mary raised her head—her face was wet with her tears. "Then he will soon be back again, and I shall see him! Indeed, his return shall be no source of unhappiness if I can make him happy; indeed it shall not, Mr. Faithful; but pray don't tell him of my foolish conduct—pray don't. Why make him unhappy? I intreat you not to do it. I will not do so again. Promise me, Jacob, will you?"—continued Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking beseechingly in my face.

"Mary, I never will be a mischief-maker; but recollect, I exact the performance of your promise."

"O! and I will keep it—now that I know he will soon be home. I can—I think I can—I'm sure I can wait a month or two without flirting; but I do wish that I was not left so much alone. I wish Tom was at home to take care of me, for there is no one else. I can't take care of myself."

I saw by Mary's countenance that she was in earnest, and I therefore made friends with her, and we conversed for two hours, chiefly about Tom. When I left her, she had recovered her usual spirits, and said at parting, looking archly at me, "Now you will see how wise and how prudent I shall be." I shook my head, and left her to find out old Stapleton, who, as usual, was at the door of the public-house smoking his pipe.

At first he did not recognize me; for when I accosted him by his name, he put his open hand to his ear as usual, and desired me to speak a little louder; but I answered, "Nonsense, Stapleton, that won't do with me."

He then took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked me full in the face. "Jacob, as I'm alive! Didn't know you in your long togs—thought you were a gentleman wanting a boat. Well, I hardly need

say how glad I am to see you after so long—that's no more than 'human natur.' And how's Tom? Have you seen Mary?"

These two questions enabled me to introduce the subject that I wished. I told him of the attachment and troth plighted between the two, and how wrong it was for him to leave her so much alone. The old man agreed with me; said that, as to talking to the men that was, on Mary's part, nothing but "human natur;" and that, as for Tom wishing to be at home and see her again, that also was nothing but "human natur;" but that he would smoke his pipe at home in future, and keep the soldiers out of the house. Satisfied with this assurance I left him, and, taking another wherry, went up to Brentford to see the Domine.

I found the worthy old Domine in the school-room, seated at his elevated desk—the usher not present, and the boys making a din enough to have awakened a person from a trance—that he was in one of his deep reveries, and that the boys had taken advantage of it, was evident.

"Mr. Dobbs," said I, walking up close to the desk. But the Domine answered not. I repeated his name in a louder voice.

"Cosine of $x + ab - z - \frac{1}{2}$; such must be the result," said the Domine, talking to himself. "Yet it doth not prove correct. I may be in error. Let me revise my work;" and the Domine lifted up his desk to take out another piece of paper. "When the desk lid was raised, I removed his work, and held it behind me. "But how is this?" exclaimed the Domine, and he looked every where for his previous calculations. "Nay," continued he, "it must have been the wind;" and then he cast his eyes about until they fixed upon me, laughing at him. "Eheu—what do my eyes perceive? It is, yet it is not—yes, most truly it is, my son Jacob. Welcome, most welcome!" cried the old man, descending from his desk and clasping me in his arms. "Long is it since I have seen thee, my son. '*Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum.*' Long, yes, long have I yearned for thy return; fearful lest '*nudus in ignota arena,*' thou mightest, like another Palinurus, have been cast away. Thou art returned, and all is well; as the father said in the scripture, I have found my son, which I had lost—but no prodigal thou, though I use the quotation as apt. Now all is well; thou hast escaped the danger of the battle, the fire, and the wreck, and now thou may'st hang up thy wet garment as a votive offering—as Horace hath it—'*Uvida suspendisse potenti vestimenta maris Deo.*' During the apostrophe of the Domine, the boys perceiving that he was no longer wrapt up in his algebra, had hastily settled to their desks, and in their apparent attention to their lessons, reminded me of the humming of bees before a hive on a summer's day. "Boys," cried the Domine, "*Nunc est ludendum.* Verily ye shall have a holiday. Put up your books, and depart in peace." The books were hastily put up in obedience to the command—the depart in peace was not quite so rigidly adhered to. They gave a loud shout, and, in a few seconds, the Domine and I stood alone in the school-room. "Come, Jacob, let us adjourn to my sanctum—there may we commune without interruption; thou shalt tell me thine adventures, and I will communicate to thee what

hath been made known to me, relative to those with whom thou wert acquainted."

"First let me beg you to give me something to eat, for I am not a little hungry," interrupted I, as we gained the kitchen.

"Verily shalt thou have all that we possess, Jacob. Yet now I think that will not be much, seeing that I and our worthy matron did pick the bones of a shoulder of mutton, this having been our fourth day of repast upon it. She is out, yet will I venture to intrude into the privacy of her cupboard for thy sake. Peradventure she may be wroth—yet, will I risk her displeasure." So saying, the old Domine opened the cupboard, and one by one, handed to me the dishes with their contents. "Here, Jacob, are two hard dumplings from yesterday. Canst thou relish cold hard dumplings? but stop, here is something more savoury, half of a cold cabbage, which was left this day. We will look again. Here is meat—yes, it is meat; but now I do perceive it is a piece of lights, reserved for the dinner of the cat to-morrow. I am fearful that we must not venture upon that, for the dame will be wroth."

"Pray put it back, sir; I would not interfere with Puss on any account."

"Nay then, Jacob, I see nought else, unless there may be viands on the upper shelf. See, here is bread, the staff of life, and also a fragment of cheese; and now methinks I discern something dark at the back of the shelf." The Domine extended his hand, and immediately withdrew it, jumping from his chair with a loud cry. He had put his fingers into a rat gin, set by the old woman for those intruders, and he held up his arm and stamped, as he shouted out with pain. I hastened to him, and pressing down the spring, released his fingers from the teeth, which however had drawn blood, as well as bruised him; fortunately, like most of the articles of their *ménage*, the trap was a very old one, and he was not much hurt. The Domine thrust his fingers into his capacious mouth, and held them there some time without speaking; he began to feel a little ease, when in came the matron.

"Why what's all this," said she, in a querulous tone, "Jacob here, and all my cupboard on the table. Jacob, how dare you go to my cupboard?"

"It was the Domine, Mrs. Bately, who looked there for something for me to eat, and he has been caught in a rat-trap."

"Serve him right; I have forbid him that cupboard. Have I not, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Yea, and verily," quoth the Domine, "and I do repent me that I took not thine advice, for look at my fingers," and the Domine extended his lacerated digits.

"Dear me! well I'd no idea that a rat-trap pinched so hard," replied the old woman, whose wrath was appeased. "How it must hurt the poor things—I won't set it again, but leave them all to the cat, he'll kill them, if he only can get at them." The old lady went to a drawer, unlocked it, brought out some fragments of rags, and a bottle of friar's balsam, which she applied to the Domine's hand, and then bound it up, scolding him the whole time. "How stupid of you,

Mr. Dobbs; you know that I was only out for a few minutes? Why didn't you wait—and why did you go to the cupboard. Hav'n't I always told you not to look into it? and now you see the consequences."

"Verily my hand burneth," replied the Domine.

"I will go for cold water, and it will ease you. What a deal of trouble you do give, Mr. Dobbs; you're worse than a charity-boy;" and the old lady departed to the pump.

"Vinegar is a better thing, sir," said I, "and there is a bottle in the cupboard, which I dare say is vinegar." I went to the cupboard, and brought out the bottle, took out the cork and smelt it. "This is not vinegar, sir, it is Hollands or gin."

"Then would I like a glass, Jacob, for I feel a sickening faintness upon me; yet be quick, peradventure the old woman may return."

"Drink out of the bottle, sir," said I, perceiving that the Domine looked very pale, "and I will give you notice of her approach." The Domine put the bottle to his mouth, and was taking a sufficient draught, when the old woman returned by another door which was behind us; she had gone that way for a wash-basin. Before we could perceive her, she came behind the Domine, snatched the bottle from his mouth with a jerk that threw a portion of the spirits in his eyes, and blinded him.

"That's why you went to my cupboard, is it, Mr. Dobbs?" cried she, in a passion. "That's it, is it? I thought my bottle went very fast; seeing that I don't take more than a tea-spoonful every night for the wind which vexes me so much. I'll set the rat-trap again, you may depend upon it; and now you may get somebody else to bind your fingers."

"It was I who took it out, Mrs. Bately; the Domine would have fainted with pain. It was very lucky that he has a housekeeper who is careful to have something of the kind in the house, or he might have been dead. You surely don't begrudge a little of your medicine to recover Mr. Dobbs?"

"Peace, woman, peace," said the Domine, who had gained courage by his potation. "Peace, I say: I knew not that thou had'st in thy cupboard either a gin for my hand, or gin for thy mouth; since I have been taken in the one, it is but fair that I should take in the other. In future, both thy gins will not be interfered with by me. Bring me the basin, that I may appease my angry wounds, and then hasten to procure some viands to appease the hunger of my son Jacob; lastly, appease thine own wrath. *Pax.* Peace, I say:" and the old woman, who perceived that the Domine had asserted his right of dominion, went to obey his orders, grumbling till she was out of hearing. The application of the cold pump-water soon relieved the pain of the good old Domine, and, with his hand remaining in the basin, we commenced a long conversation. At first, I narrated to him the events which had occurred during my service on board of the frigate. When I told him of my parting with Tom, he observed, "Verily do I remember that young Tom, a jocund, pleasant, yet intrusive lad. Yet do I wish him well, and am grieved that he should

be so taken by that maiden, Mary. Well may we say of her, as Horace hath of Pyrrha—*‘Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosâ, perfusis liquidis urgit odoribus, grate Pyrrha sub antro. Cui flavam religas comam, simplex munditiis.* I grieve at it, yea, grieve much. *Heu quoties fidem, mutatos que Deos flebit!* Verily, Jacob, I do prophesy that she will lead him into error, yea, perhaps into perdition.”

“I trust not, sir,” replied I; but the Domine made no answer. For half an hour he was in deep and serious thought, during which Mrs. Bately entered, and spreading a cloth, brought in from the other room some rashers of bacon and eggs, upon which I made a hasty and hearty meal. The old matron’s temper was now smoothed, and she welcomed me kindly, and shortly after went out for a fresh basin of cold water with which the Domine might bathe his hand. This roused him, and he recommenced the conversation.

“Jacob, I have not yet congratulated thee upon thy accession to wealth; not that I do not sincerely rejoice in it, but because the pleasure of thy presence hath made me unmindful of it. Still, was it fortunate for thee that thou hadst raised up such a friend as Mr. Turnbull, otherwise what would have been the result of thy boasted independence; thou wouldst probably have remained many years on board of a man-of-war, and have been killed, or have returned mutilated, to die unknown.”

“You were right, sir,” replied I, “my independence was nothing but pride; and I did bitterly repent, as you said I should do, even before I was pressed into the king’s service—but Mr. Drummond never repeated his offers.”

“He never did, Jacob; but as I have since been informed by him, although he was taken by surprise at thy being forced away to serve thy country, still he was not sure that you would accept them; and he, moreover, wished you fully to feel thine own folly. Long before you had made friends with him, he had attested the will of Mr. Turnbull, and was acquainted with the contents. Yet, did he watch over thee, and had he thought that thy way of life had led thee into that which was wrong, he would have interfered to save thee—but he considered with Shakspeare, that “sweet were the uses of adversity,” and that thou wouldst be more schooled by remaining some time under her unprepossessing frowns. He hath ever been thy friend.”

“I can believe it. I trust he is well, and his family.”

“They were well and prosperous but a little while ago, Jacob; yet have I seen but little of them since the death of Mr. Turnbull. It will pain thee to hear, that affliction at thy absence hastened his dissolution. I was at his death-bed, Jacob; and I verily believe that he was a good man, and will meet the reward of one; yet did he talk most strangely, and reminded me of that remnant of a man you call old Tom. ‘It’s no use, old gentleman,’ said he, as he laid in his bed supported by pillows, for he had wasted away till he was but a skeleton, having broken a blood-vessel with his violent coughing. ‘It’s no use pouring that doctor’s stuff down my throat; my anchor’s short stay a-peak, and in a few minutes I shall trip it, I trust for heaven, where I hope there are moorings laid down for me.’ ‘I would fain comprehend thee,’ replied I, ‘but thou speakest in parables.’ ‘I

mean to say that death has driven in his harpoon up to the shank, and that I struggle in vain. I have run out all my line. I shall turn up in a few minutes—so give my love and blessing to Jacob—he saved my life once—but now I'm gone.' With these last words his spirit took its flight; and thus, Jacob, did your benefactor breathe his last, invoking a blessing on your head." I remained silent for a few minutes, for I was much affected by the Domine's description. At length he resumed the conversation. "Thou hast not yet seen the Drummonds, Jacob?"

"I have not," I replied, "but I will call upon them to-morrow; but it is time that I should go, for I have to return to London."

"Thou needest not, Jacob. Thine own house is at hand."

"My own house!"

"Yes; by the will of Mr. Turnbull, his wife has been left a handsome jointure, but for reasons which he did not explain, the house and furniture are not left to her, but, as residuary legatee, belong to thee."

"Indeed—then where is Mrs. Turnbull?"

"At Bath, where she hath taken up her residence. Mr. Drummond, who hath acted in thy behalf, permitted her to take away such articles as she might wish, but they were but few, chiefly those little objects, which filled up, rather than adorned the drawing-room. The house is all ready for thy reception, and thou mayst take possession this evening."

"But why did not Mr. Turnbull leave it to his widow?"

"I cannot exactly say, but I think he did not wish her to remain in this place. He therefore left her 5,000*l*., at her own disposal, to enable her to purchase and furnish another." I then took my leave of the Domine, and it being rather late, I resolved to walk to the house and sleep there.

On my arrival, the front gates were opened by the gardener's wife, who made me a profound courtesy. The gardener soon afterwards made his appearance, hat in hand. Every thing was neat and in good order. I entered the house, and, as soon as possible, rid myself of their obsequious attentions. I wished to be alone. Powerful feelings crowded on my mind. I hastened to Mr. Turnbull's study, and sat down in the chair so lately occupied by him. The feeling of proud possession, softened with gratitude to Heaven, and sorrow at his death, came over me, and I remained for a long while in a deep reverie. "And all this, and more, much more, are mine," I mentally exclaimed. "The sailor before the mast—the waterman on the river—the charity boy—the orphan, sits down in quiet possession of luxury and wealth. What have I done to deserve all this?" My heart told me nothing, or if any thing, it was almost valueless, and I poured forth my soul in thanks to Heaven. I felt more composed after I had performed this duty, and my thoughts then dwelt upon my benefactor. I surveyed the room—the drawings—the furs and skins—the harpoons and other instruments, all remaining in their respective places as when I last had an interview with Mr. Turnbull. I remembered his kindness—his singleness of heart—his honesty, his good sense, and his real worth, and I shed many tears for his loss. My thoughts then

passed to Sarah Drummond, and I felt much uneasiness on that score. Would she receive me, or would she still remember what I had been? I recollected her kindness and good-will towards me. I weighed these and my present condition against my origin, and my former occupation, and could not ascertain how the scale might turn. I shall soon see, thought I. To-morrow even may decide the question. The gardener's wife knocked at the door, and announced that my bed was prepared. I went to sleep, dreaming of Sarah, young Tom, the Domine, and Mary Stapleton.

I was up early the next morning, and hastened to the hotel, when, having arrayed my person to the best of my power, (but at the same time never so little to my satisfaction,) I proceeded to the house of Mr. Drummond. I knocked, and this time I was not desired to wait in the hall, but was immediately ushered up into the drawing-room. Sarah Drummond was sitting alone at her drawing. My name was announced as I entered. She started from her chair, and blushed deeply as she moved towards me. We joined hands in silence. I was breathless with emotion. Never had she appeared so beautiful. Neither party appeared willing to break silence—at last I faltered out “Miss Drummond——” and there I stopped.

“Mr. Faithful,” replied she; and then after a break—“How very silly this is! I ought to have congratulated you upon your safe return, and upon your good fortune; and, indeed, *Mr. Faithful*, no one can do so more sincerely.”

“Miss Drummond,” replied I, confused, “when I was an orphan, a charity-boy, and a waterman, you called me Jacob. If the alteration in my prospects induces you to address me in so different a manner—if we are in future to be on such formal terms—I can only say, that I wish that I were again—Jacob Faithful, the waterman.”

“Nay,” replied she, “recollect that it was your own choice to be a waterman; you might have been different, very different: you might at this time, have been partner with my father, for he said so but last night, when we were talking about you—but you refused all; you threw away your education, your talents, your good qualities, from a foolish pride, which you considered independence. My father almost humbled himself to you, not that it ever is humiliating to acknowledge and attempt to repair a fault—but still he did more than could be expected from most people; your friends persuaded you, but you rejected their advice, and, what was still more unpardonable, even I had no influence over you. As long as you punished yourself, I did not upbraid you, but now that you have been so fortunate, I tell you plainly——”

“What?”

“That it's more than you deserve—that's all.”

“You have said but the truth, Miss Drummond; I was very proud and very foolish, but I had repented of my folly long before I was pressed; and I candidly acknowledge, that I do not merit the good fortune I have met with. Can I say more?”

“No; I am satisfied with your repentance and acknowledgment, so now you may sit down and make yourself agreeable.”

“Before I can do that, allow me to ask, as you address me as Mr.

Faithful, how am I to address you? I should not wish to be considered impertinent."

"My name is Miss Drummond, but those who feel intimate with me, call me Sarah."

"I may reply, that my name is Faithful, but those who feel intimate with me, call me Jacob."

"Very true; but allow me to observe, that you show very little tact. You should never force a lady into a corner. If I appear affronted when you call me Sarah, then you will do wise to fall back upon Miss Drummond. But why do you fix your eyes upon me so earnestly?"

"I cannot help it, and must beg your pardon; but you are so improved in appearance since I last saw you. I thought then that no one could be more perfect; but ——"

"Well, that's not a bad beginning, Jacob; I like to hear of my perfections: now follow up your *but*."

"I hardly know what I was going to say; but I think it was, that I do not feel as if I ought or can address you otherwise than as Miss Drummond."

"O, you've thought better of it, have you. Well, I begin to think myself, that you look so well in your present dress, and have become so very different a person, that I ought not to address you by any other name than Mr. Faithful. So now we are agreed."

"That's not what I meant to say."

"Well, then, let me know what you did mean to say."

This puzzling question fortunately did not require an answer, for Mr. Drummond came into the room, and extended his hand. "My dear Jacob," said he, in the most friendly manner, "I am delighted to see you back again, and to have the pleasure of congratulating you on your good fortune. But you have business to transact which will not admit of delay. You must prove the will, and arrange with the lawyers as soon as possible. Will you come now? all the papers are below, and I have the whole morning to spare. We will be back to dinner, Sarah, if Jacob has no other engagement."

"I have none," replied I, "and shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness. Miss Drummond, I wish you a good morning."

"*Au revoir*, Mr. Faithful," replied Sarah, courtesying with formality, and a mocking smile.

The behaviour of Mr. Drummond towards me was most kind and parental, and my eyes were often suffused with tears during the occupation of the morning. The most urgent business was got through, and an interview with Mr. Turnbull's solicitor put the remainder in progress. Still it was so late when we had accomplished it, that I had no time to dress. On my return, Mrs. Drummond received me with her usual kindness. I narrated, during the evening, my adventures since we parted, and took that opportunity of acknowledging to Mr. Drummond how bitterly I had repented my folly, and I may add, ingratitude towards him.

"Jacob," said he, as we were sitting at the tea-table with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, "I knew that at the time that you were

toiling on the river for shillings, you were the inheritor of thousands ; for I not only witnessed, but read the will of Mr. Turnbull ; but I thought it best that you should have a lesson which you would never forget in after life. There is no such thing in this world as independence, unless in a savage state. In society we are all mutually dependent upon each other. Independence of mind you may have, but no more. As a waterman you were dependent upon your customers, as every poor man must be upon those who have more means ; and in refusing my *offers*, you were obliged to apply for employment to others. The rich are as entirely dependent upon others as the poor. They depend upon them for their food, their clothing, their necessities, and their luxuries. Such ever will be the case in society ; and the more refined the society may be, the more civilized its parts, the greater is the mutual dependence. Still it is an error originating in itself from high feelings, and therefore must be considered as an error on the right side. But recollect how much you might have thrown away, had not you, in the first place, secured such a friend as Mr. Turnbull, and secondly, if the death of that friend had not so soon put you in possession."

I was but too ready to acknowledge the truth of these remarks. The evening passed away so rapidly, that it was midnight before I rose to take my leave, and I returned to the hotel as happy in mind, and as grateful as any mortal could possibly be. The next day, I removed to the house left me by Mr. Turnbull, and the first order I gave was for a wherry. Such was the force of habit, I could not do without one, and half my time was spent on the river, pulling every day down to Mr. Drummond's, and returning in the evening, or late at night. Thus passed away two months, during which I occasionally saw the Domine, the Stapletons, and old Tom Beazeley. I had exerted myself to procure Tom's discharge, and at last had the pleasure of telling the old people that it was to go out by the next packet. By the Drummonds I was received as a member of the family ; there was no hindrance to my being alone with Sarah for hours, and although I had not ventured to declare my sentiments, they appeared to be well understood, as well by her parents as by Sarah herself.

Two days after I had communicated this welcome intelligence to the old couple, as I was sitting at breakfast, attended by the gardener and his wife, for I had made no addition to my establishment, what was my surprise at the appearance of young *Tom*, who entered the room, as usual, laughing as he held out his hand.

"Tom," exclaimed I, "why, how did you come here?"

"By water, Jacob, as you may suppose."

"But how have you received your discharge? Is the ship come home?"

"I hope not. The fact is, I discharged myself, Jacob."

"What! did you desert?"

"Even so. I had three reasons for so doing: in the first place, I could not remain without you; in the second, my mother wrote to say Mary was taking up with a sodger; and the third was, I was put into the report for punishment, and should have been flogged as sure as the captain had a pair of epaulettes."

"Well, but sit down, and tell me all about it. You know your discharge is obtained?"

"Yes, thanks to you, Jacob. All the better, for now they won't look after me. All's well that ends well. After you went away, I presume I was not in the very best of humours, and that rascal of a master's mate who had us pressed, thought proper to bully me beyond all bearing. One day, he called me a lying scoundrel, upon which I forgot that I was on board of a man-of-war, and replied that he was a confounded cheat, and that he had better pay me his debt of two guineas for bringing him down the river. He reported me on the quarter-deck for calling him a cheat; and Captain Maclean, who you know, won't stand any nonsense, heard the arguments on both sides, upon which he declared that the conduct of the master's-mate was not that of an officer or a gentleman, and therefore *he* should leave the ship, and that my language to my superior officer was subversive of the discipline of the service, and therefore he should give *me* a good flogging. Now, Jacob, you know that if the officers don't pay their debts, Captain Maclean always does, and with interest into the bargain; so finding that I was in for it, and no mistake, I swam on shore the night before Black Monday, and made my way to Miramachi, without any adventure except a tussle with a serjeant of marines, who I left for dead about three miles out of the town. At Miramachi I got on board of a timber ship, and here I am."

"I am sorry that you deserted, nevertheless," replied I; "it may come to mischief."

"Never fear; the people on the river know that I have my discharge, and I'm safe enough."

"Have you seen Mary?"

"Yes; and all's right in that quarter. I shall build another wherry, wear my badge and dress, and stick above bridge. When I'm all settled, I'll splice, and live along with the old couple."

"But will Mary consent to live there? it is so quiet and retired that she won't like it."

"Mary Stapleton has given herself airs enough in all conscience, and has had her own way quite enough. Mary Beazeley will do as her husband wishes, or I will know the reason why."

"We shall see, Tom; bachelor's wives are always best managed, they say; but now you want money to buy your boat."

"Yes, if you'll lend it to me—I don't like to take it away from the old people—and I'll pay you when I can, Jacob."

"No, you must accept this, Tom; and when you marry, you must accept something more," replied I, handing the notes to him.

"With all my heart, Jacob. I never can repay you for what you've done for me, and so I may just as well increase the debt."

"That's good logic, Tom."

"Quite as good as independence, is it not, Jacob?"

"Better—much better, as I know, to my cost," replied I, laughing.

Tom finished his breakfast, and then took his leave. After breakfast, as usual, I went to the boat-house, and unchaining my wherry, pulled up the river, which I had not hitherto done, my attendance upon Sarah having invariably turned the bow of my wherry in the

opposite direction. I swept by the various residences on the banks of the river until I arrived opposite to that of Mr. Wharncliffe, and perceived a lady and gentleman in the garden. I knew them immediately, and, as they were standing close to the wall, I pulled in and saluted them. "Do you recollect me?" said I to them, smiling.

"Yes," replied the lady; "I do recollect your face—surely—it is Faithful, the waterman."

"No, I am not a waterman; I am only amusing myself in my own boat."

"Come up," replied Mr. Wharncliffe; "we can't shake hands with you at that distance."

I made fast my wherry and joined them. They received me most cordially. "I thought you were not a waterman, Mr. Faithful, although you said that you were," said Mr. Wharncliffe. "Why did you deceive us in that way?"

"Indeed, at that time I was, from my own choice and my own folly, a waterman—now I am so no longer."

We were soon on the most intimate terms, and I narrated part of my adventures. They expressed their obligations to me, and requested that I would accept their friendship. "Would you like to have a row on the water?—it is a beautiful day; and if Mrs. Wharncliffe will trust herself——"

"O, I should like it above all things; will you go, Henry? I will run for a shawl."

In a few minutes we were all three embarked, and I rowed them to *my villa*. They had been admiring the beauty of the various residences on the banks of the Thames. "How do you like that one?" inquired I, of Mrs. Wharncliffe.

"It is very handsome, and I think one of the very best."

"That is mine," replied I; will you land, and allow me to show it to you?"

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine; but I have a very small establishment, for I am a bachelor."

We landed, and after walking about the grounds, went into the house. "Do you recollect this room?" said I, to Mr. Wharncliffe.

"Yes, indeed I do; it was here that the box was opened, and my uncle's—but we must not say any thing about that, he is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, he never held his head up after his dishonesty was discovered. He pined and died within three months, sincerely repenting what he had attempted."

I accepted their invitation to dinner, as I rowed them back to their own residence, and afterwards, had the pleasure of enrolling them among my sincerest friends. Through them I was introduced to Lady Auburn and many others; and I shall not forget the old housekeeper recognizing me one day, when I was invited to Lady Auburn's villa.

"Bless me, what tricks you young gentlemen do play; only to think how you asked me for water, and how I pushed the door in your face, and wouldn't let you rest yourself; but if you young gentlemen will disguise yourselves, it's your own faults, and you must take the consequence."

My acquaintances now increased rapidly, and I had the advantage of the best society. I hardly need observe, that it was a great advantage, for, although I was not considered as awkward, still I wanted that polish which can only be obtained by an admixture with good company. The reports concerning me were various; but it was generally reported that I was a young man who had received an excellent education, and might have been brought forward, but that I had taken a passion for the river, and had chosen to be a waterman in preference to any other employment. That I had since come in to a large fortune, and had resumed my station in society. How far the false was blended with the true, those who have read my adventures will readily perceive. For my part, I cared little what they said, and I gave myself no trouble to refute the various assertions. I was not ashamed of my birth, because it had no effect upon the Drummonds; still, I knew the world too well to think it necessary to blazon it. On the whole, the balance was in my favour. There was a degree of romance in my history, with all its variations, which interested, and, joined to the knowledge of my actual wealth, made me to be well received, and gained me attention wherever I went. One thing was much to my advantage, my extensive reading, added to the good classical education which I had received. It is not often in society that an opportunity does occur, when any one can prove his acquisitions; but when it does come, they always make an impression; and thus did education turn the scale in my favour, and every one was much more inclined to believe the false rather than the true versions of my history.

I had often ruminated in what manner I could render the Domine more comfortable, I felt that to him I was as much indebted as to any living being, and one day I opened the subject, but his reply was decided.

"I see, Jacob, my son, I see what thou wouldst wish—but it must not be. Man is but a creature of habit. Habit becomes to him not only necessity but luxury. For five-and-forty years have I toiled, instilling precepts and forcing knowledge into the brains of those who have never proved so apt as thou—truly, it has been a painful task, yet can I not relinquish it. I might at one time, that is, during the first ten years, have met the offer with gratitude, for I felt the humiliation and annoyance of wearying myself with the rudiments when I would fain have commented upon the various peculiarities of style in the ancient Greek and Latin authors; but now, all that is passed away. The eternal round of concord, prosody, and syntax, has charms for me from habit; the rule of three is preferable to the problems of Euclid; and even the Latin grammar has its delights. In short, I have a *hujus* pleasure in *hic, hæc, hac, (cluck, cluck,)* and even the flourishing of the twigs of that tree of knowledge, the birch, hath become a pleasurable occupation to me, if not to those upon whom it is inflicted. I am like an old horse, who hath so long gone round and round in a mill, that he cannot walk straightforward, and, if it please the Almighty, I will die in harness. Still I thank thee, Jacob, and thank God that thou hast again proved the goodness of thy heart, and given me one more reason to rejoice in thee and in thy

love—but thine offer, if accepted, would not add unto my happiness ;
for what feeling can be more consolatory to an old man, near unto
his grave, then the reflection, that his life, if not distinguished, had at
least been useful ?

(*To be continued.*)

THE ELOPEMENT ; OR LIGHTLY SPEEDS THE BOATIE.

Air—" *Carles of Dysart.* "

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Lightly speeds the boatie,
Bonnie stars above her ;
Lightly speeds the boatie,
Gaily sings the lover.
Row, boys, row !—row—row !
Ye'll have gold full measure ;
Quicker boys !—row—row !
Time waits no man's pleasure.

Brightly shines the moonlight,
Smoothly flows the water ;
Brightly shines the moonlight,
Brighter Gordon's daughter.
Ellen, wake ! wake, wake !
'Tis thy Douglas greeting ;
Ellen, wake ! wake, wake !
Golden time is fleeting.

Softly steals the maiden,
Quick her heart is beating ;
Softly steals the maiden,
Brief the lover's greeting.
Ellen, haste ! haste, haste !
While thy father's sleeping ;
Ellen, haste ! haste, haste !
Why, love, art thou weeping ?

Sair will weep my mither,
('Tis for her I sorrow,—)
Sair will weep my mither,
When she wakes to-morrow !
Ellen, fly ! fly, fly !
Hark ! they come to sever ;
Ellen, fly ! fly, fly !
Now, thou'rt mine for ever !

Lightly speeds the boatie,
Bonnie stars above her ;
Lightly speeds the boatie,
Gaily sings the lover,—
Row, boys, row !—row—row !
Ye'll have gold full measure ;
Quicker, boys !—row—row !
Time waits no man's pleasure.

ITALY.

ITALY is the garden of Europe. Its surface presents every variety of scenery, from the cultivated plains of Lombardy to the wild mountains of Calabria. Magnificent cities stand at short distances from each other, and beautiful villas adorn the intervening spaces. In Genoa, Florence, and Rome, are found the finest specimens of architecture; while the papal palaces and ducal galleries contain the noblest works of sculpture. Painting flourished in Italy, and music has made it her home.

Favoured as she is, Italy is still the least influential nation of Europe. Her independent provinces are too weak to command respect, and the rest of her people groan under a foreign yoke. Naples sent her fleet to Tripoli, and Tripoli sent back the Italian flag dishonoured and defeated. Piedmont is her best organized military power, and even there the frontier forts are garrisoned by Austrians. Rome itself has fallen into contempt; the Papal See has not only lost its intrinsic strength, but even its outward splendour. Foreigners inhabit the palaces, and wealthy heretics take the lead of orthodox nobles. The gorgeous ceremonies of the church are converted into spectacles for the curiosity of strangers; the Roman seldom enters the Vatican, and the very ruins of the ancient city are excavated at the expense of foreigners. England, Russia, and Prussia, profess a hostile creed; France has nurtured infidelity; and Switzerland garrisons the Alps with heretic troops. Two-thirds of the Mediterranean shores are peopled by Mahomedans. The Catholic island of Malta is in the hands of the English, and the Catholic king of Greece rules an *anti-catholic* population. Austria, Spain, and Portugal, alone revere in the Roman pontiff the vicegerent of the Almighty. Beyond these limits the thunders of the Vatican are not heard, and even within them the sound inspires no fear. Without its moral influence, the See of Rome is impotent. An empty treasury, a dastard army, imbecile ministers, and a discontented population, are the sole resources at the hands of the dotting monarch. The state of the papal power not only prevents respect, but even affords ridicule.

Lucca is too small to have political influence, even in Italy. The reckless prince who fills the ducal chair, awaits the death of Marie Louise to ascend the throne of Parma; and as Parma becomes vacant, Lucca becomes incorporate with Modena. Tuscany flourishes in comparison with the rest of Italy. The banks of the Arno are well cultivated, and the Etruscan peasantry contented. The revolution which swept round the frontiers from Bologna to Viterbo left Florence in the undisturbed possession of tranquillity. An absolute prince sat upon the ducal throne, but that prince swayed the sceptre with so gentle a hand, that his subjects did not feel the weight of absolute government. No outrageous tyranny inspired the people with a wish for innovation. Constitutional institutions were not wanted. The law was mild, and the taxes light. The pure monarchy deprived them of nothing which a constitutional government would have given. The absence of actual evil prevented the Florentines from securing a certain good. They enjoy a negative state of happiness, and contented with that state, are reluctant to join in the more active measures of their neighbours. Under Leopold they are secure, but, with Leopold, the security ends. His son (if son he ever have) may mount the throne in a less generous spirit. The father's example may be given in vain, and the more common principles of absolute monarchs adopted in its stead. But even this is not the worst of the future

evils with which the city of the Medici is threatened. Another and a darker lot will be her probable fate. The Salic law exists, and Tuscany falls to Austria by reversion. Until a fruitful marriage has annulled the male-intail, Leopold is no more than a factor to his imperial kinsman; for in default of male issue, the grand duchy becomes incorporate with Lombardy: and the fate of the latter holds out a miserable prospect to the former.

A warlike prince rules with an iron rod the territory of Modena. He alone of the discomfited monarchs in 1831, dared to avenge his dishonour; for on his reinstalment, Minotti and Baretti were immolated as a holocaust to despotism. The unforgiving spirit of the prince has, however, roused a corresponding energy amongst his subjects, and the people of Modena surpass in martial ardour their neighbours of Parma.

Thus divided into petty states, the powers of central Italy is annulled. The interest of one province neutralizes the interest of another. The despotism of Modena counterbalances the liberality of Tuscany. The content which prevails in the latter state renders impotent the attempts at revolt in the former. The people do not sympathize with each other. Until a tyrant sits on every throne, and every province feels an equal burden of injustice, the Modenese must eat the bitter bread of oppression in silence. Their complaints may be heard, but will not be echoed back from the happy valley of the Arno. Priestly presumption may excommunicate the entire district of the marshes, but the crying injustice of such an act will not induce the Luccese to leave their olive grounds in order to resent the insult put upon the anathematized inhabitants of Rumeni. Without sympathy of interests there can be no unity of efforts; and without such a combination, central Italy must remain as it now is—enslaved, impotent, and despised.

The insignificance of the provinces in the centre gives a comparative importance to the two kingdoms at the extremes of Italy. On them the eyes of politicians are turned; and a movement in Savoy, or a commotion amongst the Lazaroni of Naples, creates a greater sensation than the entire revolt of Romagna.

Misgovernment and an indolent population have reduced to the brink of ruin the kingdom of the Sicilies. The nation, whose army is branded with cowardice, and whose fleet was driven back from the pirate coast of Africa, can scarcely be expected to give an example of reform to the rest of Italy. So indifferent to national pride was once this imbecile government, that it hesitated between paying a just indemnity to America, or surrendering the seaport of Syracuse to that maritime power. Civilization has enriched the capital at the expense of the provinces, and an erroneous opinion has been often formed of the kingdom from the flourishing state of the city.

Piedmont presents the best organized power in Italy. A revolution in the Sardinian territories would affect the entire peninsula; but the influence of Austria at the court of Turin prevents such an event. Piedmont, like the rest of Italy, is suspended between the opposing principles of Austria and France. Its progress, in either direction, is neutralized by the counteracting influence of the two countries. The people study the liberal institutions of the popular monarchy, while the government practise the military despotism of the imperial court. From time to time a feeble effort has been made to unfurl the standard of revolt, but the head of rebellion has been crushed as soon as raised.

Thus unhappy Italy bows under the actual yoke of Austria, while it looks for inspiration to the visionaries of Paris. Nor have the latter been wanting in holding forth a vain hope of emancipation. These prolific writers have chalked out, on paper, the march of Italian liberty. They neither reflect on the difficulties of the attempt, nor the character

of the people ; but indulge the imagination in building up a visionary kingdom of Italy. Utopia succeeds Utopia, and it would be well if the baseless fabrics of these visions always melted into air before they quit the enchanter's study. But, alas ! for Italy ; they have misguided many a patriot family, and thousands of refugees are the living wrecks they leave behind them.

The journal, which notwithstanding its title of *Giovane Italia*, is threatened with a premature death, contains the extravagant principles of the country in which it is printed, instead of exposing the wants of the people in whose language it is written. It professes no fixed opinions—it adheres to no uniform plan. A change, and a change to any end or by any means, is the sole point on which its contributors are agreed. Beyond this they wander in wild and contradictory theories : some advocate the establishment of a single republic, others the erection of a new kingdom ; all seek the destruction of existing systems, and none are prepared to create new ones in their stead. The Italians are little advanced in the science of politics : not one great name arose during the turbulent year of 1831. Minotti is remembered for his personal ingratitude to the monarch, more than his exertions on behalf of liberty ; while Zucchi is confined in Austria as a criminal, and designated in Italy as a traitor. The short-lived success of Bologna proved the weakness of the papal government, rather than the abilities of the liberal party. After the work of destruction was done, not one master-mind came forward to erect a new and more durable fabric. No well-considered design had been previously resolved on : the selection of a form of government was still to be made : the choice caused delay, and the delay proved fatal. To this want of fixed principles in the liberal leaders may be added a want of proper information. Few study the capabilities of their present government, or avail themselves of the immediate means to modify their condition. They condemn wholesale, and in the absence of native writers listen to the suggestions of foreign pamphleteers. The prolific press of Paris has extended its dominion over the peninsula ; and, though the soil of Italy is trodden by Austrian troops, the intellectual part of the nation is under the sway of Parisian writers. The moral influence of France is greater than her military power. From her proceed the doctrines and theories that, by turns, enlighten or revolutionize continental Europe. The general knowledge of the language gives French works a wider circulation than those of other countries. The Spaniard writes for Spain—the Frenchman for Europe. A German author may possess more profound knowledge, an Italian may display more elegance of style ; but neither can command as many readers as a superficial Parisian pamphleteer. The press of France is omnipotent. The riots of Paris disturb the peace of a single capital ; but the leading articles in her newspapers shake the foundations of distant thrones. The *Constitutionnel* is read and understood from Lisbon to Moscow. The consciousness of this makes the French writer extensive in his views, though often theoretical in his systems. He speculates on society in general, and adopts for all Europe the principles which are only applicable to the narrow circle of his immediate observation. This defect is obvious in the systems so prolifically given to Italy. Centralization is the reigning principle, as well as the reigning vice, of French administration. It appears to simplify the forms of government, by obliging every branch of authority to issue from the central power, and fascinates the mind, by giving to a moral system the regularity of a geometrical problem ; it concentrates within a single city the entire force of the kingdom, and gratifies the vanity of the capital by making it the pivot on which the whole country revolves. This system, however, which is injurious to every nation, would be utter ruin to the people of Italy. The large cities have been so long divided from each

other, that they have acquired different wants and different usages. The laws which might be effective amongst the laborious Tuscans would form an useless code amongst the mountaineers of Calabria. Each municipality requires its particular regulations, and those regulations can be only known to the municipalities themselves. Civilization, which is general in France, is partially distributed over Italy; and the uniformity of provincial administration, which is advantageous to one country, would be consequently injurious to the other. If Italy must study its institutions in foreign examples, the German diet holds out the best model to imitate. Germany, like Italy, is divided into disproportionate states. Those states, however, are united by the common levy of contingents. Another and a stronger link of union has been rivetted by the Prussian system of customs. When commercial interests combine, political divisions have little influence.

Let Italy follow, but with more rapid steps, in the path of Germany: let her independent princes ally themselves by commercial treaties: break down the banners which keep each province cooped within its narrow limits, and bind the dukedoms in an offensive and defensive compact: then, and then only, will Italy have a rank amongst the nations: her voice, which has long been silent, will be heard once more in the councils of Europe. Austria will no longer cross and recross the Po at pleasure; nor will France send an expedition to seize, like a thief in the night, on the port of Ancona. As allied powers, the dukedoms of Italy might acquire a political importance, which, in their individual capacity, they can never hope to attain.

Beginning by an alliance between the independent powers, and thence generalizing the now-divided interests of the country, Italy might amalgamate the people of different provinces, and give to her motions an air of nationality. Reforming her institutions by degrees, and strengthening herself by combination, she might, at length, break the unholy chains of Austria, and no longer crave the humiliating protection of France. Piedmont would promote the commercial intercourse of the peninsula, as Prussia has promoted the commercial intercourse of Germany. Naples would soon find the folly of its exclusive system. The quarantine laws would be modified, and the Levant trade revived. Then would the waters of Genoa and Leghorn, Naples and Ancona, be covered with vessels: the silence which has long reigned in the harbours of Syracuse and Palermo would be broken, and unfortunate Venice might dispute with its rival of Trieste the long-lost sovereignty of the Atlantic. Even if the enthralled provinces of the north should retain the Austrian yoke, an union of the independent states would form a new and influential power in the south.

This consolidation, peaceable and progressive as it would be, lies still beyond the bourns of probability. The imperial hand stretches beyond its own dominions, and binds down with an iron chain the regenerating spirit of all Italy. The archdukes, obedient satraps to the Austrian cabinet, hold in thralldom the desire for reform. Talent and patriotism sink beneath oppression. Hope, so often disappointed, turns at last to despair. Austria watches the sickly state of its victim, and would fain anticipate the fatal hour. With a greedy appetite it hungers for the empty chair of Tuscany. Open foe or false friend, it crushes Lombardy, and undermines Rome. Under the pretext of bolstering up the crumbling power of St. Peter's, it covers Romagna with its legions. Its wary policy has crept round the Papal See, till

“ Like the ivy, it has hid the princely trunk,
And suck'd the verdure out on't.”

As long as Austrian influence, like a miasma, covers the land, Italian

regeneration is a vain hope. Venice sinks, and will continue to sink, into the slime of its own canals. Commerce has forsaken the ocean-queen, and fixed its residence in the favoured port of Trieste. The gloomy arcades of Bologna echo back German accents as often as Italian complaints. Grass grows in the streets of Ferrara. Pisa sees her splendid quays deserted, and her palaces tenanted by sickly foreigners from the north of Europe. Rome itself accumulates debts and loses respect. Arts decay, trade fails, and religion itself is turned to laughter and contempt. Such is Italy, and without some bold effort of her own, such must she continue to be: a dead letter—a neutral power—a foreign possession—or at best, the most insignificant member of the great European family.

A confederation would remove this nullity, and give Italy as influential a voice in the south as the German diet has in the centre of Europe. But unfortunately her efforts have not been directed to this practicable object. Listening to the false promises of France, and dreading the exaggerated power of Austria, she has, by turns, attempted extravagant reforms, and then meanly submitted to an inferior force.

A band of foreigners hold in subjugation an entire nation, for a conservative party does not exist in Lombardy or central Italy. There are the Italian subjects, and there is the Austrian master, but there is no set of politicians amongst the former, who wish to retain the yoke of the latter. The native delegates or representatives of authority in the Milanese territory, are but the hireling tools and inert machinery of a foreign government. They are the ready servants of the ascendant power, and proportion their exertions to the wages, and not to the merit of their employers. The rest of the population are unanimous to a man. The grand duke avoids the assistance of Austrian bayonets, and the Roman pontiff, himself, would fain do without it. In the year thirty, revolution spread from the Po to the Tiber: it was not the triumph of a party, but the accord of a nation. Though there was neither wisdom in their councils, nor energy in their actions, there was unanimity in their will. This fact proved the necessity, but did not effect the establishment, of a national union. The Austrian army marched, and the revolution halted. Scarce a shot was fired, scarce an arm was raised in resistance. Instead of repelling foreign invasion, the newly instituted governments craved an asylum in France. They had been so long the attentive admirers of Parisian visionaries, that instead of mustering their own resources, they looked to France for the realization of their Utopian expectations. More importance was given to the arrival of a courier from Paris, than to the spontaneous insurrection of the entire marshes. While the Austrian troops were passing the Po, the eyes of Italy were fixed on the Alps. There they watched with impatience for the arrival of the tri-coloured flag. The first French bayonet that entered Piedmont was to restore lasting prosperity and liberty to Italy. Pamphlets had announced it, and political prophets had foretold it. The Italians were strong in faith: they waited in hourly expectation of the liberator's coming: the time was ripe: they waited still: the years rolled by, and the promised millennium never arrived. But neither the recollections of past meanness, nor the gloomy forebodings of the future, should dissuade us from proclaiming the wrongs of Italy, and speculating on their possible redress. Day after day reveals some old, but until now, unheard-of injury.

Misley has exposed the treachery of Modena, and Pellico has told the secrets of his prison-house. The former has not completed his narrative, but if we judge from what is already disclosed, the tale tells ill for the faith of kings. The work contains a history of the unsuccessful revolution in 1831. A revolution which began in the private apartments of Menotti, and ended a few months afterwards in the execution of its gal-

lant but ill-starred leader. By attempting too much, Menotti effected nothing. If instead of intriguing with foreign courts, he had pressed on the native princes the necessity of a union, central Italy might have escaped the armed interference of Austria, and repealed the reversionary claims of that encroaching power. For the curse of Italy has been, and is still, the family interests of sovereigns. Provinces have been given as dowries, and people have been bartered away like moveable property. Dukedoms have changed, exchanged, and changed again their owners, as the number of children have increased, or decreased in the imperial family. Nations may be defined by natural boundaries, or the crying interests of the population; but to parcel out, let and under-let the human species according to the pretensions of a single family, is an act beyond the pale of justice. To entail a living nation is almost impious; to establish at will reversionary rights to part or portions of the same, is an outrage on humanity: for it is not only against the rights of mankind, but against the welfare of society, that such compacts are made. The duchy of Lucca and Massa, as well as Tuscany and Parma, might combine for their mutual good, if the reversionary right of the Austrian did not destroy future security. The expectation of that future has induced even an Italian politician to reconcile the imperial government, rather than make terms with the reigning dukes.

Humbly acknowledging the incapacity of Italy to expel the Austrians, Count Dalpozzo proposes to naturalize them in the northern provinces. Considering their right of conquest as matured by time into a right of birth, he qualifies the tenacity with which they have kept possession, as a willingness to become identified with the natives. While he declares that Italy is too extensive for the conformation of a single kingdom, he allows that its present divisions are far too numerous for the benefit of the country. To remedy this evil he permits Piedmont and Naples, with the territories of the church, to remain as they are, but surrenders Lombardy and Tuscany, with all the smaller states, to the irresistible power of Austria. An extraordinary mortality amongst the reigning dukes would be necessary to the completion of his scheme, which otherwise bears the stamp of originality, but stands little chance of being perfectly realized. For should default of issue add Tuscany to Lombardy, and Lucca to Modena, the numerous family of the duke prevents the probability of Modena being incorporated with Lombardy. Even if the three dukedoms, with the future territories of the infant, were united under the immediate sway of the emperor, that monarch would be still regarded in his Italian possessions as a stranger and intruder. The difference of language is an insurmountable barrier, and the countrymen of Dante could never look on a German prince as their natural sovereign. His court would not be amongst them, his festivities would not gladden up the salons of Milan: his children would not hear Italian accents spoken round their cradle, nor would the last honours due to a beloved monarch be performed beneath the aisles of Monza. Better that the proud Duke of Modena should hold beneath his sway the north of Italy, than that the mildest of the House of Hapsburg should govern by deputy so fair a kingdom. Delegated authority is more severe and less revered than the original source of power. The monarch, who has been described as a kind shepherd, taking out his flock in the morning, and bringing them safe home at night, is looked upon as an overbearing tyrant, when only known through his representative at Milan. Distant provinces require sterner laws, because less subject to accurate inspection than the immediate neighbourhood of the seat of government. It is impossible, therefore, that the emperor should be regarded by the Lombards with the same affection as he is in his favoured home on the banks of the Danube. Not against him or any member of his family can a personal

attack be made. Mild in disposition, and indulgent on principle, the house of Hapsburg is perhaps better calculated to fill the throne of absolute monarchy than any other family in Europe. But it is in the form of government, not in those who administer it, that the fault is found.

Let it then be received as an undisputed maxim, that Italian prosperity decreases in proportion as Austrian domination increases. It becomes, in consequence, the duty of those states which are still independent, to resist the encroachment of that power, and ought to be the prayer of those already enslaved, that the cup of servitude may, in time, pass from them. But how far the former have a right to interfere on behalf of the latter, is a questionable point, for, according to the existing division of territory, Lombardy is as distinct from Modena or Tuscany, as Bavaria from Naples; while, on the other side, the intervention of Austria gives a colouring of justice to a similar retaliation. But be this as it may, it is by the peaceable alliance of the independent dukes, not by the armed insurrection of their subjects, that the work of improvement must begin. The miserable conclusion of the last revolution proves that a violent change often only produces a still more violent recoil, and the bad faith of France must have taught the Italians that more is to be gained by studying the capabilities of their own governments, than by adopting violent measures of foreign suggestion. A close alliance of the independent states is all the consolidation Italy is capable of. Such an alliance would be the groundwork of a confederation, which, while it ameliorated the condition of the people, would restore to the peninsula its due weight in the scale of nations. Freedom of internal communication, a uniform monetary system, and a common scale of duties, would be its immediate effects. The two kingdoms which lie to the extreme north and south of Italy, would have equal motives for supporting the central alliance,* and thus, central Italy would become the tie which can alone unite in one bond the now divided interests of Piedmont and Naples. Further consolidation is impracticable; a uniform kingdom, or a vast republic, are idle theories. Centralization to the extent it is carried in France, would be a deathblow to Italian prosperity. The various character of the people, and the wide difference between the social state of even neighbouring towns, prevent the practicability of an uniform administration. One criminal code may be applicable to the entire peninsula, but the civil code must vary according to the exigencies of different districts. Moral crime is the same throughout the world, and the penal regulations which would be just in the populous city of Milan, could not be unjust in the mountainous provinces of the Abruzzi. But conventional laws have no uniform standard, and can only be appreciated by those who witness their application.

The want of independence in the municipal government is fully proved by the wretched state of Lombardy. The tardy progress which attends the management of public works, deadens the energy of the people; while the necessary approval of a third and fourth power, renders the administrative bodies contemptible. The town councils must refer their decisions to a provincial assembly; the provincial assembly must submit in its turn to a central council, and the central council must, in the last case, obtain the imperial sanction.

But while we are suggesting the most practicable and least revolutionary amelioration of which Italy is capable, the spirits of her children are daily sinking. Austria is rivetting closer and closer the chains of

* The anomalous government of Rome makes that power an impediment to every species of reformation; but time is secularizing even the papal court, and the Pope now seeks in alliances and treaties the security he once found in bulls and excommunications.

bondage, and the few who dared to raise their voices in complaint, have been driven from shore to shore, till hard treatment or good luck has at last cast them on the British coast. There may they find a kinder reception than they experienced at the hands of France. The citizen-king has played them false: his people held out the promise of support, and then forsook them in the hour of need. England never joined in the propaganda system, nor can any blame (as regards Italy) be laid at her doors. On her the Italian refugees have but one claim—the common right of wretchedness—the right of compassion. And we trust that right will not be denied by a people who has ever had

A tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day to melting charity.

M. T. S.

THE MORAL SAILOR.—A PETER PINDARIC.

BY DR. PUNEVER.

I, DOCTOR PUNEVER, an Aberdeen M. D.
Also A double S, do, without fee,
The poet laureate constitute myself
To all those hardy tars who rule the sea.
Take I mine office for no love of pelf;
Tho' great th' honour, small will the profit be.
No *pipe* shall I obtain, like Mister Southey,
To cool my lyric lips, when I am drouthy.
Of dudeen, from Jack's jaw, a whiff or two
Perchance I'll win, if I, with honour due,
Exalt him to the stars above—but yet,
When weary I, Parnassian paths am treading
Never will awmous *sack*, alas! be mine;
And, should I fail, when on the "sounding line,"
A purser's *bread-bag* will be all I get
To hide my head in.
"The sounding line," quoth Jack, and shakes his head,
"How many fathom, doctor, may it boast?"
Fathom, dear Jack! tho' it oft carries *lead*,
"We measure it by feet, and twelve the most
It ever counts, but generally ten."
"Lubbers on shore," says Jack, "are little men.
I'll take my line, and tell ye 't shall go hard,
But that that I'll rise it o'er the spritsail yard,

Some fifty fathom long—a *sounding line*!
 By which, 'tis plainly seen,
 A *lead-line* you would mean,
 Pooh, doctor, what is yours compared to mine?
 Your *lines* are bad, a jolly might dissarn,—
 To set you right, I'll spin a single *yarn*."

Jack Brace had serv'd his country, and his brow
 Was crowned—with low-built, well tarr'd, canvas hat,
 Had fought and bled for glory, sirs, and now
 In conscious triumph—in a wheel-barrow sat,
 Not quite so drunk as David's far-fam'd sow,
 For that
 Were beastly quite; but drunk with some propriety
 And dignity, a sort of calm ebriety
 That judges itself, and holds that self to be
 Most clearly sober. 'Twas a sight, to see
 Jack wheel'd through Wapping;
 He, not seldom stopping
 To lecture any shipmate he might meet
 Upon the sin of reeling out of rooms,
 Call'd "taps," said reelers being "mops and brooms,"
 At noon-day, in the public street.

Jack Brace had not proceeded far,
 Upon his useful, missionary preaching,
 When all at once was stopp'd his lowly car
 With such a jerk that tried Jack's canvas breeching,
 And brought him up all *standing*—for he *fell*
 Prone in his vehicle, his heels aloft.
 As Jack the interrupter sent to h—l.
 The interrupter stayed—had he not cough'd,
 His laugh would perhaps have lasted, till the Whigs
 Had ceas'd to run their vacillating rigs
 Becoming efficient.

Your coffin ever yet was a mirth queller
 And has no equal, he's so sad a feller.

"Damme, Jack, be decent,"

The stranger cried—"desert that filthy craft,
 And take another trip with me—I'm all a tant."

Jack righted quick, hitch'd up his ducks abaft,

Touching his hat, said, "sorry sir, I can't."

This "sir," was Jack's late skipper, one who sail'd

His own tight ship, a regular sea-swell,

Who lov'd Brace much, for Brace had never quail'd;

Blow high, blow low, he did his duty well.

"Not sail with me, Brace! why the devil! What

Confounded crotchet in your head has got?

I sail just three days hence, on Sunday next."

"Aye, there's the thing at which I'm so much vext,"

Quoth Jack,

"I'm taken aback,

And cannot enter; sorry sir, I'm hinder'd,
For I must own, that you are, chock-a-block,
As worthy, fine, and noble an old cock

As e'er look'd out to windward."

"What hinders you, Jack Brace, come let us know,
When I say 'Come,' 'tis hard to say, 'No go.'"

"Behold the reason, sir,"—Jack then undid
His new bandanna, from its knot outslid
Some twelve or thirteen pretty yellow faces,
So few of which your poet's presence graces.

"In three days time, to sail from here you fix,
But to spend these, will surely take me six.

I am no spendthrift, more than half seas over
I never get—after the girls no rover—

I trust the reflection, sir, will never hurt you,

But I'm a sort of monster of sea virtue,

A moving pulpit; I have made this barrow

To show to sinners, sir, the road that's narrow.

You see the difficulty?" "Yes, 'tis great;

But do me the favour now, Jack, just to state

What means you've ta'en, those guineas to dispense,
Of course, without shocking your nice moral sense."

"Why, sir, d'ye see—

To dance with me, I've got my Poll.

My table's laid for

Three persons daily,—self, and Poll, and fiddler,

And do my best, that's in a moral way,

I can't spend more than two pound two a-day,

There's an obstruction, sir, I call a diddler!

We can't get over that. 'Tis very plain

That here I'm fix'd until six days be ended,

For I can never go afloat again,

Till, from the locker, the last shot's expended."

"I think, Jack Brace, I've hit upon a plan—

One Poll—one fiddler!—ah! the plan will do—

Suppose you, like a bold and honest man,

Of Polls and fiddlers, take of both, just *two*?"

Jack's wave-worn phiz, with joy, grew quite elate,
He chuckled, rubbed his hands, then kick'd his barrow,

"Sir," he exclaimed, "your thought *is* truly great,

I'll do't and save the run. For me, to wait

You'll have no need. I'll keep exact my time—

Upon my soul, th' idea is noble, prime!"

And off he darted like a well-shot arrow.

THE GIPSY; OR, "WHOSE SON AM I?"

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

SIR GILBERT ETHERIDGE, *an old Admiral.*

CAPTAIN ETHERIDGE, *his son, grave.*

CAPTAIN MERTOUN, *gay.*

OLD BARGROVE.

YOUNG PETER BARGROVE, *his son.*

WILLIAM, *the Admiral's sailor-footman.*

BILL, } *Gipsys.*
DICK, }

Women.

LADY ETHERIDGE, *the Admiral's wife.*

AGNES, *her daughter.*

LUCY, *the daughter of Bargrove.*

MRS. BARGROVE.

NELLY, *the Gipsy.*

SCENE—*The Hall, the residence of Sir Gilbert, and the vicinity. Time, that of acting.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A room in a respectable country inn.

Enter Captain Etheridge and Captain Mertoun, ushered in by the Landlord.

Land. Will you be pleased to take any thing, gentlemen?

Capt. Eth. I can answer for myself—nothing.

Capt. Mer. I agree, and disagree, with you; that is, I coincide with you in—nothing.

Capt. Eth. Then I trust, Mr. Harness, that you will coincide with us in expediting the greasing of that radical wheel as soon as possible, and let us know when the horses are put to.

Land. Most certainly, Captain Etheridge; I will superintend it myself. *[Exit Landlord.]*

Capt. Eth. An old butler of my father's, who set up many years ago with a few hundred pounds, and the Etheridge Arms as a sign. He has done well.

Capt. Mer. That is to say, the Etheridge Arms have put him on his legs, and drawing corks for your father has enabled him to draw beer for himself and his customers. Of course he married the lady's maid.

Capt. Eth. No, he did more wisely; he married the cook.

Capt. Mer. With a good fat portion of kitchen stuff, and a life interest of culinary knowledge. I have no doubt but that he had a further benefit from your liberal father and mother.

Capt. Eth. By-the-by, I have spoken to you of my father repeatedly, Edward; but you have not yet heard any remarks relative to my mother.

Capt. Mer. I take it for granted, from your report of your father, and my knowledge (*bowing*) of the offspring, that she must be equally amiable.

Capt. Eth. Had she been so, I should not have been silent ; but as I have no secrets from you, I must say, she is not the—the very paragon of perfection.

Capt. Mer. I am sorry for it.

Capt. Eth. My father, disgusted with the matrimonial traps that were set for the post-captain, and baronet of ten thousand a year, resolved, as he imagined wisely, to marry a woman in inferior life ; who, having no pretensions of her own, would be humble and domestic. He chose one of his tenant's daughters, who was demure to an excess. The soft paw of the cat conceals her talons. My mother turned out the very antipodes of his expectations.

Capt. Mer. Hum !

Capt. Eth. Without any advantages, excepting her alliance with my father, and a tolerable share of rural beauty, she is as proud as if descended from the house of Hapsburg—insults her equals, tramples on her inferiors, and—what is worse than all—treats my father very ill.

Capt. Mer. Treats him ill ! What ! he that was such a martinet, such a disciplinarian on board ! She does not beat him ?

Capt. Eth. No, not exactly ; but so completely has she gained the upper hand, that the admiral is as subdued as a dancing bear, obeying her orders with a growl, but still obeying them. At her command he goads himself into a passion with whomsoever she may point out as the object of his violence.

Capt. Mer. How completely she must have mastered him ! How can he submit to it ?

Capt. Eth. Habit, my dear Mertoun, reconciles us to much ; and he, at whose frown hundreds of gallant fellows trembled, is now afraid to meet the eye of a woman. To avoid anger with her, he affects anger with every one else. This I mention to you, that you may guide your conduct towards her. Aware of your partiality to my sister, it may be as well—

Capt. Mer. To hold the candle to the devil, you mean. Your pardon, Etheridge, for the grossness of the proverb.

Capt. Eth. No apology, my dear fellow. Hold the candle when you will, it will not burn before a saint, and that's the truth. Follow my advice, and I will insure you success. I only wish that my amatory concerns had so promising an appearance.

Capt. Mer. Why, I never knew that you were stricken.

Capt. Eth. The fact is, that I am not satisfied with myself ; and when I am away from my Circe, I strive all I can to drive her from my memory. By change of scene, absence, and occupation, I contrive to forget her indifferent well. Add to all this, I have not committed myself by word or deed. I have now been three years in this way ; but the moment I find myself within two miles of my fair one, as the towers of my home rise upon my sight, so rises the passion in my bosom ; and what I supposed I had reasoned away to a mere dwarfish penchant, becomes, at once, a mighty sentiment.

Capt. Mer. That looks very like attachment. Three years, did you say ? My dear brother in affliction, make me your confidant.

Capt. Eth. I intended to do so, or I should not have originated the subject. My father brought up the daughter of our steward, Bargrove, with my sister Agnes. I have therefore known Lucy from her infancy ; and ought I to be ashamed to say, how much I am in love with her ?

Capt. Mer. Etheridge, this is a point on which, I am afraid, my advice would not be well received.

Capt. Eth. Of course you would imply that she must be renounced.

Capt. Mer. Most assuredly ; that is my opinion on a *primâ facie* view of the case. You have your father's example.

Capt. Eth. I have, but still there are many points in my favour. Bar-grove is of a very old, though decayed family. Indeed, much more ancient than our own.

Capt. Mer. I grant you, there is one difficulty removed. But still your relative position. He is now your father's steward.

Capt. Eth. That is certainly a great obstacle ; but, on the other hand, she has been really well educated.

Capt. Mer. Another point in your favour, I grant.

Capt. Eth. With respect to Lucy herself, she is——

Capt. Mer. As your father thought your mother—perfection. Recollect, the soft paw of the cat conceals the talons.

Capt. Eth. Judge for yourself when you see and converse with her. I presume I am to consider myself blind. At all events, I have decided upon nothing ; and have neither, by word or deed, allowed her to suppose an attachment on my part : still it is a source of great anxiety. I almost wish that she were happily married. By-the-by, my mother hates her.

Capt. Mer. That's not in your favour, though it is in her's.

Capt. Eth. And my father doats upon her.

Capt. Mer. That's in favour of you both.

Capt. Eth. Now you have the whole story, you may advise me as you please : but remember, I still preserve my veto.

Capt. Mer. My dear Etheridge, with your permission, I will not advise at all. Your father tried in the same lottery and drew a blank ; you may gain the highest prize ; but my hopes with your sister render it a most delicate subject for my opinion. Your own good sense must guide you.

Capt. Eth. Unfortunately it often happens, that when a man takes his feelings for a guide, he walks too fast for good sense to keep pace with him.

Capt. Mer. At all events, be not precipitate ; and do not advance one step, which, as a man of honour, you may not retrace.

Capt. Eth. I will not, if I can help it. But here comes Mr. Harness.

Enter Landlord.

Land. The horses are to, Captain Etheridge, and the wheel is in order.

Capt. Eth. Come then, Edward, we shall not be long getting over these last eight miles. The boys know me well.

Capt. Mer. (*Going out.*) Yes, and the length of your purse, I suspect, my dear fellow. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

SCENE II.

A wood in the back ground. Gipsies tents, &c.

Gipsies come forward, group themselves, and sing.

The king will have his tax,
Tithes to parsons fall,
For rent the landlord racks,
The tenant cheats them all ;
But the gipsy's claim'd right is more ancient yet,
And that right he still gains by the help of his wit.

Chorus (joining hands).

Then your hands right and left, see saw,

(*All turn.*)

Turn your backs on the church and the law ;

Search all the world through,

From the king on his throne

To the beggar—you'll own

There are none like the gipsy crew.

Wherever we rove,
 We're sure to find home ;
 In field, lane, or grove,
 Then roam, boys, roam !
 'Tis only when walls his poor body surround,
 That homeless a free roving gipsy is found.
 (*Chorus as before.*)

[*Exeunt all the gipsies except Nelly, who, with Bill, come forward ; Bill, with a bundle on a pitchfork, over his shoulder. Throws down the bundle, and takes out a turkey.*]

Nelly. Is that all that thou hast gathered ?

Bill. All ! Enough too, did ye know the sarcumstances. Travelled last night good twelve miles before I could light on this here cretur. Never seed such a scarcity o' fowl. Farmers above tendin' sich like things now-a-days—dom pride ! says I.

Nelly. But what kept ye out till morning ?

Bill. 'Cause why, I was kept in. Lock'd up, by gosh ! Why, arter dark, I'd just nabbed this here, when out pops on me the farmer's wife ; and so she twists her scraggy neck round like a weathercock in a whirlwind, till at last she hears where Master Redcap wor a gobbling. I'd just time to creep under a cart, when up she comes ; so down goes I on all fours and growls like a strange dog.

Nelly. And one day thou wilt be hung like one.

Bill. Every one gets his promotion in time. In goes the woman and calls her husband ; and though on all fours, I warn't a match for two ; so I slinks into a barn and twists the neck of the hanimal, that a might not peach. Well ; farmer comes out, and seeing nought but barn door open, curses his man for a lazy hound and locks it, and then walks home, leaving I fixed. Warn't that a good un ?

Nelly. How didst thou contrive to escape ?

Bill. I burrowed into the back of the wheat. Two jockies came in at daylight to thrash—

Nelly. And they would have done well to have begun upon the rogue in grain.

Bill. Thank ye, mistress. But, howsomedever, the farmer came wi' um, and a waundy big dog that stagged me, and barked like fury. "There be summut there," says farmer ; so I squealed like a dozen rats in the wheat. "Rats agen," says he. "Tummus, go fetch the ferrets ; and Bob, be you arter the terriers I'll go get my breakfast, and then we'll rout un out. Come, Bully." But Bully wouldn't, till farmer gave un a kick that set un howling ; and then out they all went, and about a minute arter I makes a bolt. Terrible fuss about a turkey ; warn't it, Nell ?

Nelly. Hast thou seen Richard ?

Bill. Never put eyes on him since we parted last night ; but, as his tongue is as well hung as he will be himself, he'll gie ye a triple bob major, for here he comes.

Enter Dick, who pulls out two geese, and flings them down.

Dick. Ah, missus, I sha'n't last long. I shall soon be scragged. I'm growing honest. Out of a flock of forty, I've only prigged two. To make amends, I did gnaw off the heads of two more, and so the foxes will have the credit of the job.

Bill. That was well thought of, my pal.

Dick. May I one day grow honest, if I don't make up for last night's paltry prig. Come, let's have one roasted, missus—I prefers roast goose. Honest hanimal ! only fit to be plucked and eaten. I say, missus, I

stumbled on a cove this morning, that I thinks will prove a bleeding cull, —honest hanimal, only fit to be plucked—

Bill. And eaten, Dick?

Dick. Yes, with your dom'd jaw, and so cly it. This here cove sits him down under a tree, with his head a one side, like a fowl with the pip, and, with a book in his hand talks a mortal deal of stuff about shaking spears and the moon. So, when I had spied enow, I gets up and walks straight to him, and axes him, could he tell me where the great fortin-telling woman were to be found in the wood; she as knew the past, the present, and future. Laid a coil for him, my girl. He be the son of the great squire's steward, that lives at the hall, and he says that he be mightily anxious to have his fortin told. He seems to be mortal simple.

Nelly. What didst thou hear him mouth about?

Dick. May I grow honest if I bees able to tell, 'twere sich outlandish gibberish. What have the rest done, missus?

Nelly. Why, like you, Richard, they're growing honest.

Dick. Ah! ware o' that. My grandam, who was the real seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, said of I, in my cradle, "The moment this here child grows honest, he'll be hung." I've done my best, all my life, to keep my neck out of the halter.

Nelly. So you have, Richard. I went up to the hall to beg for the fragments of the rich man's table. Lady Bountiful, who was bountiful in nought but reviling, was the person whom I met. Bridewell and the stocks was the tune, and the big dog sang the chorus at my heels. But I'll be more than even with her. If I have the heart to feel an injury, she shall find that I've a head to help my heart to its revenge. Revenge—I love it!

Bill. That you do, missus; I'll answer for you there. If you be affronted, you be the most cantackerous hanimal that ever boiled a pot. Come, Dick, let's take the jacket off our customers, for fear of mischief. (*Dick and Bill retire with the poultry.*)

Nelly (assuming a more elevated manner.) Heigho! how many things, long forgotten, come to my memory on this spot! Hard by I was brought up, and even from this place I can see where my father and mother lie buried. Here I was once innocent and happy. No, not happy, or I should have stayed, and still been innocent. But away with the useless thought! The steward's son—it must be young Bargrove. I did not meet him yesterday when I was at the village, but I saw and spoke to Lucy, his sister, who was nursed at this breast; and how I yearned to press her to it! Pretty creature, how she hath grown! Little did my lady think, when she drove me away, that I was the Nelly who used to be so much at the Hall, nursing Lucy, whilst Mrs. Bargrove gave her breast to Miss Agnes. Little did Lucy, when she loaded my wallet with victuals, think that she had so long lain in these arms. Heigho! bye-gone is bye-gone! What a haughty woman is that Lady Etheridge! And yet, she was once a farmer's daughter, but little better than myself. Could I be revenged on her! Ah! I may; I know every particular connected with the family; but here comes the lad. (*Nelly retires.*)

Enter Peter Bargrove, a book in his hand.

Peter. O solitude—solitude! What a quiet thing is solitude! especially when you hold your tongue. I only wish that I had a dozen of my old schoolfellows here to enjoy it with me, for, as this divine Shakspeare says, it is so sweet to be alone. I wonder whether, if I were to take to study, if I could not, in time, write a Shakspeare myself? I'm blessed if I couldn't! How proud father ought to be of such a son! But father wouldn't care if I did: he thinks of nothing but the harvest. What a

difference there is between father and me! I can't account for it. O here comes the woman of fate. What a gaunt-looking body! What eyes! She can see through a post! Her looks go through me already.

Nelly (advancing.) There is a bright leaf in the book of your fate, young sir, that waits only for my finger to turn it.

Peter. Then wet your thumb, good woman, and let's have the news in a twinkling.

Nelly. Not so fast, thou youth of lustrous fortunes! The time is not yet come. Time was, time is, and time shall be!

Peter. Bless me! how very prophetic!

Nelly. Meet me here, three hours hence; I shall then have communed with the astral influences

Peter. Astral influences! I know of no such people hereabouts.

Nelly. The stars—the noonday stars!

Peter. The noonday stars! who can see the stars at noonday?

Nelly. The gifted.

Peter (looking up.) Well, then, I ar'n't one of the gifted.

Nelly. Yes; but you might be, if you had but faith.

Peter. Well, I'm sure I've got plenty—try me.

Nelly. Very well; stand thus. Now wave your hands thus high in the air, then shade the sight, and close the left eye; look up, and tell me what thou seest there.

Peter. Three carrion crows.

Nelly. Nought else?

Peter. No.

Nelly. Not all the heavenly hosts?

Peter. Not a star as big as a sparkle from a red-hot horse-shoe.

Nelly (pointing up.) Seest thou not those two bright stars, Castor and Pollux?

Peter. No, I can't, upon my honour.

Nelly. Not Copernicus, so fiery red? not the Great Bear?

Peter. Why, I don't know; I really think I do see something. No, I don't, after all.

Nelly. Ah! then you want faith—you want faith. I, who see them all, must read them for you. Away; in three hours hence, you'll meet me here. (*Turns away.*)

Peter. Well, you might at least be civil; but that's not the custom of great people. What a wonderful woman, to see the stars at noon-day! Well, I'll put my faith in her, at all events.

[*Exit Peter. Dick and Bill come forward, with the poultry picked.*]

Dick. Well, missus, ban't he a soft cove?

Nelly. I have not done with him yet.

Bill. Now let's get our dinner ready. The fowls be a axing for the pot.

Dick. And goose to be roasted.

Bill. No, I say; they'd smell us a mile. Your liquorice chops will transport you yet.

Dick. Tell ye, Bill, goose shall be roasted. May I grow honest, but it shall. I'll give up a pint—I'll sacrifice sage and innions. Eh, missus?

Nelly. The sooner they are out of sight the better.

[*They retire; the scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

A Drawing Room in the Hall.

Enter Admiral and Lady Etheridge.

Lady Eth. Indeed, admiral, I insist upon it, that you give that brutal seaman warning; or, to avoid such a plebeian mode of expression, advertise him to depart.

Adm. My dear, old Barnstaple has served me afloat and ashore these four-and-twenty years, and he's a little the worse for wear and tear. In a cutting-out affair his sword warded off the blow that would have sacrificed my life. We must overlook a little —

Lady Eth. Yes, that's always your way ; always excusing. A serving man to appear fuddled in the presence of Lady Etheridge !—faugh ! And yet, not immediately to have his coat stripped off his back, and be kicked out of doors ; or, to avoid the plebeian, expatriated from the portals.

Adm. Expatriated !

Lady Eth. How you take one up, admiral. You know I meant to say expatriated.

Adm. Ah ! that is mending the phrase, indeed. I grant that he was a little so so ; but then, recollect, it was I who gave them the ale.

Lady Eth. Yes, that's your way, Sir Gilbert ; you spoil them all. I shall never get a servant to show me proper respect. I may scold, scold, scold ; or, to speak more aristocratically, vituperate, from morning till night.

Adm. Well, then, my dear, why trouble yourself to vituperate at all, as you call it ? Keep them at a distance, and leave scolding to the house-keeper.

Lady Eth. Housekeeper, indeed ! No, Sir Gilbert ; she's just as bad as the rest. Once give her way, and she would treat me with disrespect, and cheat you in the bargain ; or, less plebeianly, nefariously depropriate —

Adm. Appropriate, you mean, my dear.

Lady Eth. And appropriate I said, admiral, did I not ?

Adm. Why, really —

Lady Eth. (*raising her voice.*) Did I not, Sir Gilbert ?

Adm. Why, my dear, I suppose it was a mistake of mine. Well, my love, let them appropriate a little—I can afford it.

Lady Eth. You can't afford it, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. My dear Lady Etheridge, money can but buy us luxuries ; and, as I don't know a greater luxury than quiet, I am very willing to pay for it.

Lady Eth. You may be so, admiral ; but my duty as a wife will not permit me to suffer you to squander away your money so foolishly. Buy quiet, indeed ! I would have you to know, Sir Gilbert, you must first consult your wife, before you can make your purchase.

Adm. Yes, my lady, it is a fatal necessity.

Lady Eth. Fatal fal, lal. But, Sir Gilbert, you were always a spendthrift ; witness the bringing up of the steward's children with your own, mixing the aristocratic streams with plebeian dregs ! Sir Gilbert, the Bargroves are constantly intruding in our house, and Agnes will be no gainer by keeping such company.

Adm. Whose company, my dear ? Do you mean Lucy Bargrove's ? I wish all our fashionable acquaintance were only half so modest and so well informed. She is a sweet girl, and an ornament to any society.

Lady Eth. Indeed, Sir Gilbert ! Perhaps you intend to wear the ornament yourself. A second Lady Etheridge,—he, he, he ! When you have vexed me to death ; or, to speak more like a lady, when you have inurned my immortal remains.

Adm. Indeed, my lady, I have no idea of the kind. I don't want to break the fixed resolution that I have long since made, never to marry a second wife.

Lady Eth. I presume you mean to imply, that you have had sufficient torment in the first ?

Adm. I said not so, my dear ; I only meant to remark, that I should not again venture on matrimony.

Lady Eth. I can take a hint, Sir Gilbert, though I don't believe you. All husbands tell their wives they'll never marry again; but, as dead men tell no tales, so dead wives —

Adm. (Aside.) Don't scold.

Lady Eth. What's that, Sir Gilbert?

Adm. Nothing—not worth repeating. But to revert to the Bargroves; I think, my dear, when you consider their father's long and faithful services, some gratitude on my part —

Lady Eth. Which they may live, not to thank you for.

Adm. Recollect, my dear, that the Bargroves are a very old, though decayed family. One half of this estate was, at one time, the property of their ancestors. It was lost by a suit in chancery.

Lady Eth. Then it never was rightfully theirs.

Adm. I beg your pardon there, my dear; chancery will as often take the property from, as give it to, the rightful owner. Bargrove is of a good old family, and has some money to leave to his children.

Lady Eth. Out of your pocket, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. Not so; Bargrove has a property of his own, nearly three hundred acres, which has been in the family for many years.

Lady Eth. Ever since you afforded him the means of purchasing it.

Adm. I said, many years, long before my name was added to the baronetage.

Lady Eth. Well, admiral, it may be the case; but still there is no excuse for your folly: and, mark me, Sir Gilbert, I will not have that pert minx, Lucy Bargrove, closetted with my daughter Agnes. As to the boy, it is a downright puppy and fool, or, to speak less plebeianly, is a *non-composite mentus*.

Adm. Peter is not clever, but, without education, he would have been worse. It is not our fault if we are not blessed with talent. Lucy has wit enough for both.

Lady Eth. Lucy again! I declare, admiral, my nerves are lacerated; or, to descend to your meanness of expression, it is quite shocking in a person of your age to become so infatuated with an artful hussy. Now, Sir Gilbert, am I to be protected, or am I to submit to insult? Is that sea-brute to remain, or am I to quit the house?

Adm. (aside.) I should prefer the latter. *(Aloud.)* Why, my lady, if he must go —

Lady Eth. Must go? *(rings the bell.)* Yes, Sir Gilbert, and with a proper lecture from you.

Enter William; Lady Etheridge sits down with a wave of her hand.

Lady Eth. Now, admiral.

Adm. William, you—you ought to be ashamed of yourself, getting half seas over, and behaving in that manner—but—to be sure, I sent you the ale.

Will. Yes, your honour, famous stuff it was!

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. And that's no excuse. I did not tell you to get drunk, and the consequence is, that, that,—without a proper apology—

Will. Beg your pardon, admiral, and yours too, my lady.

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. The fact is, that without the apology—in one word, you, you *(looking round at Lady Etheridge,)* must take warning, sir,—you leave this house, sir.

Will. Leave yer honour, arter twenty-five years' sarvitute!

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. Yes, sir, leave the house—damme!

Will. If yer honour hadn't given the ale, I shouldn't have got into trouble.

Lady Eth. (*Rising, and as she is leaving the room.*) Sir Gilbert, I am glad to perceive that you have a proper respect for me, and for yourself.

[*Exit.*]

Adm. William, William, you must be aware that I cannot permit you to remain, when Lady Etheridge is displeased with you.

Will. First offence, yer honour.

Adm. But, however, I'll try and get you another place, as your general conduct has been correct.

Will. Thank you. I little thought, that after twenty-five years' servitude. (*Wipes his eyes.*) I can always get a ship, admiral.

Adm. Why yes, and I only wish that I had one, in which to give you a good rating, my good fellow; but William, you must be aware—

Will. Yes, yer honour, I sees how the cat jumps.

Adm. What do you mean?

Will. I sees that yer honour is no longer in command of your own ship.

Adm. You scoundrel! what do you mean?

Will. Lord, Sir Gilbert, we all knows how the matter be, and as how you can't call your soul your own. It warn't so in the Menelaus, when your little finger was enough to make every man jump out of his shoes. You *were* a bit of a tartar, that's sartin,—and, now you've cotched a tartar.

Adm. You insolent scoundrel!

Will. Your honour arn't angry, I hope—but we all pities ye, we do indeed!

Adm. Unbearable!

Will. And we says, in the servants' hall—and we be all agreed *there*—that you be the kindest master in the world—but, that as for my lady—

Adm. Silence, sir; what insolence is this? Out of the room immediately; now, if I had you on board, you scoundrel, I'd give you as good a four dozen as ever a fellow had in his life. I was just going to pension the blackguard, now I'll see him hanged first. (*The admiral walks up and down the room in a rage, William still remains behind.*) Well, well, even my servants laugh at, pity me. Here I am, cooled down into the quietest man in the world, yet obliged to put myself in a passion whenever my wife pleases. It is very hard to lose my temper and my character at her bidding; but if I don't she would put herself into such a rage with me, that I should be even worse off;—of the two evils I must choose the least; but, in falling in love, I was a great fool, and that's the truth.

Will. So you was, admiral, that's sartain.

[*The admiral runs at him with his stick, William runs off.*]

Adm. Scoundrel! Well, it is the truth.

Enter Lady Etheridge, O. P.

Lady Eth. What's the truth, Sir Gilbert?

Adm. Truth, my lady? why, that when a man's intoxicated, he commits great folly.

Lady Eth. Yes, and ought to be punished for it.

Adm. (*Aside.*) I am sure that I have been.

Enter Agnes, who runs up and kisses her father.

Adm. Well, Agnes, my little clipper, where are you going this morning?

Agnes. Down to the homestead, papa, with Lucy Bargrove.

Lady Eth. I must request, Miss Etheridge, that you will be more select

in your company. A steward's daughter is not the proper companion for the house of Etheridge.

Agnes Indeed, mamma, the society of Lucy Bargrove will never be prejudicial to me. I wish you knew what an unassuming girl she is, and yet so clever and well informed. Besides, mamma, have we not been playmates since we have been children? It would be cruel to break with her now, even if we felt so inclined. I could not do it.

Lady Eth. There, admiral, you feel the effects of your want of prudence, of your ridiculous good-nature. An unequal friendship insisted upon, and a mother treated with disrespect.

Agnes. Indeed, mamma, I had no such intention. I only pleaded my own cause. If my father and you insist upon it, much as I regret it, it will be my duty to obey you.

Lady Eth. Miss Etheridge, we insist upon it.

Adm. Nay, Lady Etheridge, I do not,—that is—exactly—(*Lady Etheridge looks astonished, and bounces out of the room.*) My dearest Agnes, I must defend poor Lucy against the prejudices of your mother, if I can; but I'm afraid,—very much afraid. Your mother is an excellent woman, but her over anxiety for your welfare—

Agnes. There was no occasion to remind me of my mother's kindness. When a daughter looks into a parent's heart through the medium of her duty, she should see there no error, and believe no wrong.

Adm. That's a good girl. Now let us take a turn in the garden before dinner.

Agnes. Shall I ask mamma to accompany us?

Adm. No, no, my love, she's busy, depend upon it. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

SCENE IV.

The hall of an old-fashioned farming house.

Old Bar. (outside.) Don't take the saddle off her, boy, I'll be out again in ten minutes. (*Enter Bargrove.*) Poof—this is, indeed, fine weather for the harvest. We can't cut fast enough—and such crops! (*Sits himself.*) My dear, where are you?

Mrs. Bar. (outside.) I'm coming. [*Enters.*]

Bar. Is dinner ready?—no time, my dear, to wait. We are carrying at North Breck, and Fifteen Acre. Good three miles off; the people will have dined before I'm back.

Mrs. Bar. Lord bless you, Bargrove! don't fuss—can't they go on without you?

Bar. Yes, my dear, they can; but the question is, if they will. This fine weather mustn't be lost.

Mrs. Bar. Nor your dinner either. It will be ready in five minutes.

Bar. Well, well—where's Lucy?

Mrs. Bar. Up stairs, with Miss Agnes. She's a sweet young lady.

Bar. Yes, and so mild, and so good-tempered.

Mrs. Bar. That sweet temper of her's don't come from her mother, but from me.

Bar. From you?

Mrs. Bar. Didn't I suckle her as well as Master Edward? 'Tis the milk makes the nature.

Bar. Good-natured you are, my dear, that's certain. There may be something in it, for look at Peter. He was nursed by that foolish woman, Sally Stone, when you put him away for Master Edward. I can make nothing of Peter, dame.

Mrs. Bar. Well, really, Mr. Bargrove, I can't find much fault in him. Bating that he's idle, and extravagant, and won't mind what's said to

him, and don't try to please you, and talks foolishly, I see no harm in the boy.

Bar. No harm—heh?

Mrs. Bar. All this may appear improper in another, but some how, it does not appear so very bad in one's own child.

Bar. He's his mother's child, that's plain; but I say, (*striking his stick upon the ground,*) he's a foolish, ungrateful, wicked boy.

Mrs. Bar. Not wicked, Bargrove, don't say that. He is a little foolish, I grant, but then he's young; and, by-and-by, he'll grow tired of being idle.

Bar. That's what no one was ever tired of, when he once took a liking to it. But, however, I will try if I can't bring him to his senses. Where is he now?

Mrs. Bar. Heaven knows! He was up very early for him this morning, and took a book with him. So you see there are some signs of amendment.

Bar. Well, well—we shall see. But I think dinner must be ready by this time. Come, my dear, time's precious. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

Enter Agnes, in a walking dress, with Lucy.

Agnes. Now, Lucy dear, I will stay no longer, for your dinner is ready.

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Agnes, I beg that you will not go so soon. Of what consequence is it when I dine? I dine every day, but every day I am not honoured with your company.

Agnes. Nonsense—honoured! How you have altered in your behaviour to me lately—so formal, and so stiff. Now, I quite hate you.

Lucy. Indeed my heart is neither formal nor stiff, but when I was familiar with you, I was young, and knew not the difference of our situations. I do now, and only pay respect to whom respect is due.

Agnes. Then you have become very stupid, and I shall detest you. That's all your knowledge will have gained you, Miss Lucy; nay more, I will not come here so often if you do not treat me as you used to do, and call me Agnes.

Lucy. Rather than that you should stay away, I will obey you, but I still think that it is not right. Consider, when we used to learn and play together, I called your brother "Edward," but how improper it would be if I were to call him so now.

Agnes. I don't think that his objections would be very decided, Lucy, as you happen to be such a pretty girl: however, I'll ask him, when he comes home to-day.

Lucy. Ah, Miss Agnes, pray, pray, don't mention it.

Agnes. Well, you are pretty enough without blushing so much. I'll let you off, provided you speak to me as I wish. But now, Miss Gravity, I've a secret to tell you.

Lucy. A secret?

Agnes. I have found out that there's a gang of gipsies in the wood.

Lucy. Is that your secret? Then dame Fowler was let into it last night, for she lost her best turkey, and she frets about it very much. It was the one that she intended to send to the Hall on Christmas-day.

Agnes. But that is not the secret, Lucy. The real secret is—that I wish to have my fortune told; and you must contrive with me how to manage it.

Lucy. Shall I send the woman up to the Hall; she was here yesterday.

Agnes. No, no, you stupid thing. Lady Etheridge hates the very name of a gipsy. One was at the Hall yesterday, and she threatened her with Bridewell.

Lucy. Well then, shall I find out where they are? and we can go together.

Agnes. That's exactly what I wish, Lucy; but it must be soon, as we expect my brother, and his friend belonging to the same regiment, and I must not be out of the way when they arrive.

Lucy. Who is this friend?

Agnes. A Captain Mertoun, (*sighs.*) I have seen him before.

Lucy. He is then acquainted with your family?

Agnes. Not with my father and mother. When I was at Cheltenham with my aunt, I met him very often. There is a little secret there, too, Lucy.

Lucy. Another?

Agnes. Yes, another. Don't you long to hear it?

Lucy (smiling.) If you long to tell it.

Agnes. How provoking you are! You know I do. Well, then, this Captain Mertoun is—a very handsome man.

Lucy. Is that all?

Agnes. No; but it's something to the point, because he says he is very much in love with me.

Lucy. I'll believe that. Who is not?

Agnes. Don't be silly, Lucy; but the last part of the secret is the most important. I think, Lucy, that I like him—that is—a little—a very little. Now, since my father has told me he was coming down with my brother, I've been in a perfect fever, I don't know why—and so—and so—that is the reason why I wish to have my fortune told. I know that it's very silly, and all nonsense; but still nonsense is very agreeable sometimes.

Lucy. But you will not believe a word that you are told.

Agnes. No, not one word, unless it happens to meet with my own wishes; and then you know—— But I really must be gone. Good bye, Lucy. Remember our meeting in the wood. [*Exit Agnes.*]

Lucy. God bless thee, dearest Agnes; yet would that I had never seen either you or your brother! What is intended in kindness is, too often, cruelty. The kiss of affection that is implanted on the lips, may take so deep a root, as to entwine the heart. Heigho! What an elegant young man is Captain Etheridge! I recollect, when we used to romp, and quarrel, and kiss; then, I had no fear of him; and now, if he but speaks to me, I tremble, and feel my face burn with blushes. Heigho!—this world demands more philosophy than is usually possessed by a girl of nineteen.

SCENE V.

The Gipsy encampment. Enter Nelly.

Nelly. I have been plotting my revenge on Lady Etheridge; and I have a scheme which may succeed. I must, however, be guided by circumstances; yet, by the means of this senseless fool, I hope to make much mischief. O here he comes.

Enter Peter.

Good day, again. I have been waiting for you. The stars are in the ascendant.

Peter. I thought they were up in the sky.

Nelly. Exactly. Now let me read the lines on your face. The finest gentleman in the land would give half his fortune for those lines.

Peter. Then pray, what is my fortune, good woman?

Nelly. One that requires gold, with which to cross my hand; and then it would be too cheap.

Peter. Gold! Won't a shilling do?

Nelly. I wish you a good day, sir ; I thought you were a gentleman.

Peter. Well, so I am ; but gentlemen are not always very flush of guineas. However, I have one here, and it shall go for my fortune.

[*Gives money.*]

Nelly. The planet, Georgium Sidum says, that you are the son of the steward, and your name is Bargrove.

Peter. Now, that is surprising !

Nelly. But Georgium Sidum tells not the truth.

Peter. Do the stars ever lie ?

Nelly. O, the new ones do. They have not been long in the business. But the old ones never fail.

Peter. Astonishing ! And only supposed to be Bargrove's son. Go on, good woman, go on. What do the old planets say ?

Nelly. Nay, I must stop a little. That is all I can see just now ; but more will be revealed to me, by-and-by. What does Artemidorus say in his ninety-ninth chapter, written in double Chaldean before letters were invented ?

Peter. I don't know. What does he say ?

Nelly. That you must gain great truths by little ones. So you must tell me all you know about yourself, and I shall be able to find out more.

Peter. I was educated with Mr. Edward Etheridge ; and, when our education was completed, he went into the army, and I was sent home to my father's—that is—to Mr. Bargrove's.

Nelly. I understand.

Peter. This Mr. Bargrove proposed that I should accompany him every day to obtain a knowledge of agriculture, and employ my evenings in keeping the accounts, that I might be able to succeed him in his office of steward.

Nelly. Exactly—but the stars tell me that you did not like it.

Peter. Couldn't bear it. Why, my boots, which I am so particular in having well polished, were so loaded with clay the very first time, that I could hardly lift my legs, and I stumbled into a ditch filled with stinging nettles ; so I gave it up, and the old gentleman constantly swears that I am no son of his.

Nelly. Did not I, the priestess of the stars, tell you so ?

Peter. But if I am no son of his, the question is, "whose son am I ?"

Nelly. A gentleman's son, no doubt. But I shall discover more when I consult the stars anon. You must return.

Peter. That I surely will. Consult the old stars, if you please.

Nelly. I always do, sir ; no dependence upon the others. In fact, we've quarrelled. I'm hardly on speaking terms with them.

Peter. Speaking terms with the stars ! How intimate you must be !

Nelly. You'll have to cross my hand again. Golden truths will not come out without gold.

Peter. What ! gold again ?

Nelly. Yes, another guinea. One for telling you who you are not, and another for telling you who you are. Don't you see ?

Peter. One for telling me who I am not. Yes, that's told ; I am not my father's son. They say it's a wise man who knows his own father.

Nelly. Wisely said.

Peter. And another for telling me who I am. Well, I think that is as well worth a guinea as the other.

Nelly. Better, I should imagine.

Peter. Yes, better. Well, good bye, good woman. I'll be sure to be here.

Nelly. Fail not, or you'll repent it. (*Exit Peter.*) The gudgeon takes the bait kindly. Peter, Peter, you had always an immense swallow. When Sally Stone nursed him, she was forced to feed the little cormorant

with a table spoon. As far as I can see, notwithstanding his partnership education with the young squire, I think the grown babe should be fed with spoon-meat still. But what dainty lasses are these that come this way? Lucy and Miss Etheridge—how fortunate!

Enter Agnes and Lucy.

Lucy. There is the woman; so, if you are inclined to hear her nonsense, you must wait the sibyl's pleasure.

Agnes. I hope she will not keep us long, or my brother will arrive before we return. (*Nelly advances.*)

Nelly. Save you, fair lady! Which of you will first look into futurity?

Lucy. This young lady. (*Pointing to Agnes.*)

Nelly. Then you must retire out of hearing.

Agnes. No, no; I have no secrets from her. She must stay.

Nelly. That cannot be, my art will be useless, and I decline the task.

Lucy. Yield to her mummery, it can make no difference.

Agnes. Well, then, Lucy, don't go far away.

Lucy. I'll be out of hearing, but not out of sight.

[*Lucy retires, and amuses herself in collecting flowers.*]

Nelly. Your name is Agnes.

Agnes (laughing.) I know that; and I am the daughter of Sir Gilbert of the Hall. Come, I'll help you, good woman.

Nelly. I did not say the last.

Agnes. What do you mean?

Nelly. I only said that your name was Agnes.

Agnes. Well, and I told you more than you knew.

Nelly. The stars reveal not what you assert.

Agnes. Well, then, I do; so I know more than the stars.

Nelly. You are wrong. You know not so much. You are not what you think you are.

Agnes. In the name of wonder, what do you mean?

Nelly. I have said it. Let me see your hand. Your fate is a dark one! Poor young lady! You will be crossed in every thing.

Agnes (laughing faintly.) Love included, I suppose. Shall I not marry the man of my affections?

Nelly. If he is more generous than men usually are.

Agnes. I cannot understand you.

Nelly. There is a dark cloud hanging over your fate. The storm will soon rage. Poor young lady!

Agnes. You almost frighten me. Speak more intelligibly.

Nelly. I have said enough. Agnes Bargrove, fare thee well!

Agnes (astonished.) Agnes Bargrove! what can she mean? Good woman, will you not tell me more?

Nelly. Go home, you will soon hear more from others. (*Aside.*) The wound is given; let it fester. (*Nelly retires.*)

Agnes. Lucy, Lucy! (*Lucy advances.*)

Lucy. Dear Agnes, how confused you are! What can be the matter?

Agnes (much flurried.) I can hardly tell. The woman was so strange. I was a little surprised—that's all. (*Recovering herself.*) Now, Lucy, it's your turn. (*Nelly comes forward.*) There, good woman, is your money. (*Nelly shakes her head, and refuses it.*) How very strange! Come, Lucy, let her tell your fortune, and then we'll go home.

Lucy. Nay, Agnes, I have no curiosity.

Agnes. I insist upon it, Lucy. I will not be the only foolish one. I shall retire until you call me.

Lucy. Well, then, as you please. I know my fortune but too well. (*Sighs.*) [*Agnes retires.*]

Nelly (looking Lucy earnestly in the face for a time.) You are perhaps

come here for amusement. In olden times there were many false prophets ; but still, some of them were true ; so, in these days, there are many who pretend to our art, but really few who do possess it. Do you take this for a mocking matter ?

Lucy. Why, really, good woman, I will not promise to believe all you may say, but I shall be glad to listen to it.

Nelly. I thought as much. But were I to tell you what is known only to yourself, would you then credit my asserted powers ?

Lucy. I should certainly feel more inclined.

Nelly. There are marks upon your person known but to yourself.

Lucy. 'Tis very possible.

Nelly. Can you recollect them.

Lucy (smiling incredulously.) Can you describe them ?

Nelly. To prove my power before I read your destiny, I will. You have a large mole beneath your right shoulder. (*Lucy starts.*) You have a scar on your instep by falling over a sickle in your infancy. Nay, more, —(*Nelly whispers her.*)

Lucy. Merciful heavens !

Nelly. Are you satisfied ?

Lucy. I am a little frightened.

Nelly. So much to prove that I am no impostor. Now, let me see your hand. (*Lucy holds out her hand trembling.*) You have lost your fortune, and your rank in society—but you will soon regain them. The cloud is dispersing from before the sun of your happiness. Sweet girl, I wish thee joy !

Lucy. What mean you ?

Nelly. Others will tell you soon. There are two in the secret, Nelly Armstrong and Martha Bargrove.

Lucy. My mother !

Nelly. No, not your mother. I said, Martha Bargrove. (*Lets go her hand.*) Lucy Etheridge, fare thee well. [*Exit Nelly.*]

Lucy. O God ! Agnes, Agnes ! (*Agnes runs up to her.*)

Agnes. My dear Lucy, has she frightened you too ?

Lucy. O yes ! Indeed she has. Let us go home, Miss Agnes, I am so unhappy.

Agnes. So am I, Lucy. I wish we had never seen the odious woman. [*Exeunt ambo, arm in arm, crying.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Drawing Room in the Hall.

Enter Captain Etheridge, Captain Mertoun, and William.

Will. Sir Gilbert be within gunshot, Captain Edward, and I'll make sail after him. I think he have the gardener in tow.

Capt. Eth. You will oblige me, William. How are you, my good fellow ? You look dull. What's the news here ?

Will. Why, Mr. Edward, mortal bad. There be a misfortune happened in the family this morning.

Capt. Eth. Not to my father, I trust ?

Capt. Mer. Not to Miss Etheridge ?

Will. No ; it be, Mr. Edward, that Sir Gilbert have given me warning, and I have a month's law to find another berth. (*Captain Etheridge and Mertoun look at each other, and laugh.*)

Capt. Eth. Well, William, I think I can doctor that.

Will. I'se afraid not, Mr. Edward, for the admiral be superseded—has hauled down his flag, and I'd as soon have my discharge as not. (*Putting his finger to his nose.*) A woman be at the bottom of all mischief.

Capt. Eth. You, observe, Mertoun, how things are managed here. Now if any difference or dispute arise between my father and mother, do

you immediately espouse the cause of the lady. Recollect, I'll bear you harmless.

Capt. Mer. I am guided by you ; but I'm going to observe——

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Adm. My dear Edward, welcome again to your inheritance !

Capt. Eth. Thanks, my dear father. Allow me to introduce to you my most particular friend, Captain Mertoun, of our regiment.

Adm. Sir, you have the welcome of a father who loves all whom his children love.

Capt. Mer. Sir Gilbert, I am indeed flattered by your kind expressions.

Enter Lady Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. My dear mother, permit me to renew my duty.

Lady Eth. Edward, I have been a martyr to painful anxiety and maternal sentiment ; but my sighs are accomplished now that I embrace my only son. (*Turning to Mertoun, and curtsying haughtily.*) Your friend ?

Capt. Eth. My friend is Captain Mertoun, who is most anxious to pay his homage, and I trust will find favour in the sight of Lady Etheridge.

Capt. Mer. That were indeed anticipating bliss. (*Bowing very low.*)

Lady Eth. Captain Mertoun, you may approximate our kindly feelings.

Capt. Mer. Lady Etheridge, I duly appreciate the distinction. (*Aside to Etheridge.*) Why don't you ask after your sister ?

Capt. Eth. Where is my sister Agnes, my dear mother ? How is it that she is not here to receive her brother ?

Lady Eth. Indeed, Edward, I am ashamed to say that, forgetful of her aristocratic birth, she has permitted herself to be seduced by bad company.

Adm. (*aside*) Wheu ! now for a breeze !

Capt. Eth. Bad company ! Did I hear rightly ? Surely my Lady——

Lady Eth. I have said it, Edward ; and I am sorry to add, that the admiral eggs her on. O pardon, Captain Mertoun, the plebeian slip of the tongue ! I mean to say, corroborates the mésalliance.

Capt. Mer. (*aside to Etheridge.*) For heaven's sake, ask her to explain.

Capt. Eth. What would you infer, my lady ? Surely my sister cannot so far forget herself, much less my father approve of such conduct.

Adm. Edward, this bad company is—Lucy Bargrove.

Lady Eth. Yes, Sir Gilbert, I am sorry to retort before strangers ; but just as you have confessed, it is even so. My daughter has formed an unequal connexion, and dissipates her rank among unequal associates.

Capt. Eth. I am truly glad that it is no worse, my lady.

Lady Eth. What can be worse, sir ? Rank is rank ; but your father has absorbed notions which disgrace his baronetage.

Adm. Lady Etheridge, if I never disgrace my title by any other act, I shall be proud of the manner in which I have supported it. (*Aside.*) I won't give up this point if I can help it.

Lady Eth. You hear, Edward—I am quite cagged—I am all confusion—stigmatized, I mean, by his conduct. His infatuation is quite adulterous !

Capt. Eth. (*aside.*) Now, Mertoun, coincide with her. Never mind me or my father.

Lady Eth. Did you speak, Captain Mertoun ?

Capt. Mer. I did, my lady, but venture to express to Captain Etheridge my admiration of the elegance and elevation of your sentiments.

Adm. (*aside.*) What the devil does he interfere for ?—confounded puppy.

Lady Eth. Captain Mertoun, I conceive at once that you are of Oh

tone. I am sorry that family squabbles—pardon the low word—Captain Mertoun, we cannot touch pitch without being defiled—(*looking at Sir Gilbert.*)

Adm. Sorry you ever meddled with a tar.

Lady Eth. I am grieved, Captain Mertoun, that domestic fractions should be promulgated on our first meeting, and feel much prepossession for your corroboration of the admiral's folly.

Capt. Mer. I cannot but assert that his conduct is most indefensible. Sir Gilbert, allow me to take the privilege of an early friend, and to express my regret at your infatuation, and my hope that you will be swayed by superior judgment.

Adm. Sir, I am much obliged to you for your friendly and polite interference. Does your friend stay dinner, Edward?

Lady Eth. Admiral, assuredly. I trust that Captain Mertoun will do us the honour of taking many dinners with us. At present, Captain Mertoun, you will excuse me; but when you are at leisure, I do not say that I will show you the grounds, as Sir Gilbert would have expressed himself; but I shall, as we of the *Oh tone* say, be most happy to be your cicero. [*Exit Lady Etheridge.*]

Adm. (*angrily to Captain Mertoun.*) And pray, sir, what do you mean by offering your opinion so confounded freely, and disapproving of my conduct?

Capt. Eth. My dear father, you must blame me, and not him. Let us retire to your library, and I will explain every thing. You will find that Captain Mertoun has no other object in view than the happiness of all parties.

Adm. Then I can tell Captain Mertoun, that interfering between man and wife is not the way to secure his own.

Capt. Mer. Your son will soon offer a satisfactory explanation. It is most true that the liberty I have taken with you is most essential to my happiness.

Adm. (*going up and lifting his cane.*) The devil it is! but not to all parties, Captain Mertoun, and I am sorry to say this to any friend of my son's—but you are a d——d impudent puppy, and I expect satisfaction.

Capt. Eth. That you shall have, sir, from me, who requested Captain Mertoun to follow that line of conduct. Do me the favour to retire to the library?

Adm. You requested him to insult your father? I am not so old as to be insulted with impunity; and I hope, as you are a party, that the explanation will be satisfactory. (*Walks about in a rage.*) Captain Mertoun, you'll excuse us. There are the grounds, and as you have been so very assiduous to fall out with me, you may be equally so to fall in with Lady Etheridge. (*Bowing in derision, very low, then exit, attended by Captain Etheridge.*)

Capt. Mer. Well, this is excellent; that a man, who is henpecked till he has not a decent feather left, should be jealous about such a woman. But I feel assured that Etheridge will make all right. I shall take the advice of the old gentleman, and walk about the grounds, perhaps as he says, I may fall in with Lady Etheridge, and improve my acquaintance.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Gipsy encampment in the wood. Nelly comes forward.

Nelly. Lady Etheridge, you spurned me! You chased me from your doors! What! shall humanity in any shape be worried by your pampered dogs? When youth was fresh upon our brows, our steps light

upon the green, and our hearts still more light with innocence, had then the Lady Etheridge more admirers than the poor out-cast gipsy, Nelly Armstrong? Have you forgotten your origin, proud lady of the Hall? Had his partial eyes fallen upon me when Sir Gilbert chose his wife from among the cottage maidens, and you, proud lady, had come hungry and in rags to my door, should I have unslipped the hounds upon your cry for charity? No, no, no! You have given insult—expect retaliation. But here comes one of my instruments. Unbend, Eleanor Armstrong, from this lofty carriage, and be again the miserable—the cheating gipsy.

Enter young Bargrove.

Nelly. A fine morning, most fortunate sir.

Peter. Well, my good woman, have you found it out?

Nelly. What, youth of a brilliant horoscope, do you mean the starlit mystery? It is revealed, but the planets have been very cross. I watched—and watched—and watched—

Peter. Well, and what did you discover?

Nelly. The discovery, sir, is precious. Golden, sir, golden! A guinea! it is worth twenty!

Peter. A bargain's a bargain. There's your guinea. (*Takes out his purse and gives money.*) And now, let me have my value for it.

Nelly. I cast a trine through the rays of Saturn, and placing a quadrature upon his seventh house, I travelled wearily through the heavens; and, at last, this afternoon, at about thirty-five minutes forty-nine seconds after the hour of three, I discovered that your mother was wet-nurse to both Sir Gilbert's children.

Peter. Miraculous! and so indeed she was!

Nelly. You were born at nearly the same time as Captain Etheridge, and was put out to nurse to one Sally Stone. I discovered all about this nursing and suckling in the milky way.

Peter. Did the stars there tell you all this? Wonderful!

Nelly. Yes, and a great deal more. But first promise me, if your fate is no sordid one, you will not yourself be sordid; for now comes the great secret. Money, sir, money for the prophetess. Suppose, now, I should prove you a gentleman of ten thousand a year; what would you give me then?

Peter. Give you! another guinea—perhaps two. (*Holding up his purse.*) Ten thousand a year! I would give you the whole purse.

Nelly (*laying hold of one end of the purse.*) Then listen to me—you were changed at nurse. You are the son of Sir Gilbert Etheridge of the Hall!

Peter. The son of Sir Gilbert Etheridge! and changed by the nurse!

Nelly. Why don't you clasp your hands, turn up your eyes, and thank the stars, that have gained for you your patrimony?

Peter. So I will. (*Clasps his hands, and lets the purse go, Nelly pockets it.*) But what nurse changed me?

Nelly. Why, Mrs. Bargrove to be sure, who nursed you, and put her own son in your place.

Peter. Infamous old woman! but how is this possible?

Nelly. The stars have said it.

Peter. My stars?

Nelly. Yes, yours.

Peter. But how am I to prove this?

Nelly. There again I can assist you. Did you never hear of a girl called Nelly Armstrong?

Peter. To be sure—she nursed my sister, that is, she nursed Lucy Bargrove. A sad reprobate was Nelly—

Nelly. Reprobate in your teeth, young man! Speak of that person

with the utmost respect; for 'tis she that will appear and divulge the whole. She was the accomplice of Mrs. Bargrove; but you must lose no time; challenge Mrs. Bargrove, and she may confess all. Then hasten to Lady Etheridge, and flinging yourself into her arms, sob out upon her bosom that she is your mother.

Peter. Excellent! it will be quite moving. I think a white handkerchief looks most interesting.

Nelly. I hope, when your honour comes to your property, you won't forget the gipsy woman.

Peter. Forget you, good woman! no, that I won't. You shall have a right of encampment here, and permission to rob any tenant upon the estate. Leave me.

[*Exit Nelly, curtsying several times to the ground.*]

Peter solus, strutting up and down.

Well, I knew that I was a gentleman born; I knew I was. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Why, what a shameful trick of the old woman! But I'll make her confess directly. And then—and then—I'll pardon her; for she has been very kind to me, that's certain. Sir Peter Etheridge with ten thousand a year! O! it will sound well. "Pray," says the traveller from London to one of my tenants, "whose superb mansion is that?" "Sir Peter's." Ha! ha! ha! "And that fine equipage?" "Sir Peter's." He! he! he! "And that beautiful lady all over jewels?" "Sir Peter's." Ho! ho! ho! Lucky, lucky Sir Peter! Hum! ha! I'll turn old Bargrove off for his impudence—that's decided; and I must cease to be cheerful and familiar. Melancholy—melancholy is your only gentlemanlike bearing, as Shakspeare says. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A room in the Hall.

Enter Agnes, with her bonnet in her hand. She sits down, musing.

Agnes. I never was so unhappy before; for that gipsy woman has raised doubts and fears which overwhelm me. Lucy, too, has been told something that affects her deeply. She never spoke during the whole way home, and seemed glad to get rid of me as she ran into her father's house. If this should be true, (and why raise such a report without foundation? no one could be so wicked,) what a discovery! At all events, until the truth be ascertained, I shall be miserable. Heigho! I anticipated so much pleasure in meeting my brother and Captain Mertoun. Now what am I to do? If he were to—to—offer to—(*Cries.*) It would be so unhandsome, knowing this report, to say "Yes!" (*Sobs.*) And so unkind to say "No!" O dear! I'm very miserable.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Adm. Why, Agnes, the servants have been out everywhere seeking you. For shame! to be out of the way when you know that your brother was coming. Edward is much hurt at your indifference. Why, what's the matter, child? You appear to have been crying! My dear girl, what has vexed you? See—here they both come.

Enter Captains Etheridge and Mertoun.

Capt. Eth. My dear Agnes! (*Agnes runs up to him, embraces him, and then bursts into tears.*) Why, what is the matter, my dear sister?

Agnes (*hanging on her brother's neck.*) O! I'm so rejoiced to see you!

Capt. Eth. (*kissing her.*) You look the personification of joy! But, Agnes, here is one whom you have met before. Is it necessary to introduce Mertoun? (*Captain Mertoun advances.*)

Agnes. O no! (*Curtsying formally to Captain Mertoun, who offers his hand*)

Capt. Mer. (*confused, and apart to Captain Etheridge.*) Good heavens! I must have displeased her!

Capt. Eth. (*aside.*) Impossible. I do not comprehend it.

Capt. Mer. I am most happy to renew our acquaintance, Miss Etheridge, under the sanction of your parents' roof.

Agnes (*inclining her head.*) I shall always be most happy to receive my brother's friends.

Adm. Agnes, my love, the heat has overpowered you. You have hastened home too fast. Come out with me. You'll be better soon.

[*Exeunt Sir Gilbert and Agnes.*]

Capt. Eth. What can it be? She is certainly distressed.

Capt. Mer. Her reception of me is, indeed, very different from what I had anticipated from the manner in which we parted. I must say, that either her conduct is very inconsistent, or her memory very treacherous.

Capt. Eth. Nay, Mertoun, it is some time since you met; and then, not under the auspices of her father's roof. Make some allowances for maidenly reserve.

Capt. Mer. Still I must say I am both mortified and disappointed.

Capt. Eth. I can feel for you; but knowing her generous character, I do not hesitate to take up her defence. Something presses heavily on her mind; what, I cannot surmise. But I will see her and find it out. Till then, wear your willow as gracefully as you do your laurels, and construe nothing to your disadvantage. This I ask in justice.

Capt. Mer. You may with confidence.

Capt. Eth. But here comes Lady Etheridge; now will I hasten to Agnes, and leave you to pay your court. Though you have already made a sufficiently favourable impression, yet still remember my injunctions.

Enter Lady Etheridge.

Lady Etheridge, my sister has just quitted the room far from well. If you will permit me, I will inquire after her, leaving Captain Mertoun to cultivate your acquaintance. [*Exit Capt. Etheridge.*]

Capt. Mer. An honour, madam, I have long courted.

Lady Eth. O Sir! if your leisure is now, as it were, unoccupied, I should be most happy to be your cicero. There are such grounds—

Capt. Mer. (*ogling Lady Etheridge.*) For admiration, when I cast my eyes that way.

Lady Etheridge. The quintessence of politeness, I declare. This way, sir.

Capt. Mer. The arm of the humblest of your slaves. (*Offering his arm.*)

Lady Eth. Infinitely honoured.

[*Exeunt ambo, ceremoniously, and mutually complimenting each other in dumb show.*]

SCENE IV.

A Drawing Room at the Hall.

Enter Sir Gilbert, and Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. Well, my dear father, where is Agnes?

Adm. She has been here just now; she appears to be much distressed about something. She will return directly.

Capt. Eth. What can have annoyed her?

Adm. That I don't know. Perhaps my Lady Etheridge. She wishes

her to break off with Lucy Bargrove, but that I will resist—that is—that is—as much as I can.

Capt. Eth. My dear father, why do you submit to such tyranny? You, that have led fleets to victory, to be governed by a woman! A little firmness on your part would soon relieve you from your thralldom, and bring my mother to a proper sense of her duties.

Adm. (*shaking his head*) Too late—too late, Edward.

Capt. Eth. Never too late, sir. Take courage for once, and I'll answer for the success. With all respect to my mother, bullies are always cowards.

Adm. Why, really, Edward, your advice is good; and, as I must always keep up a running fight, I don't see why we shouldn't have a general action.

Capt. Eth. Bravo, sir, a decisive engagement to your honour, if you only bring decision into play. I agree with you, in respect to Lucy Bargrove, heartily.

Adm. Edward, this girl has been so long with me, and has so entwined herself about my heart, that I cannot bear that she should be used ill. Your sister is fond of her, and I doat upon her.

Capt. Eth. Why, yes, sir, I acknowledge that she is a nice girl, but still, there is a line to be drawn. You would not, for instance, like to see her my wife.

Adm. Indeed but I would, Edward, for your own sake. You would have a fair prospect of matrimonial bliss. Talking about marriage, Edward, I again repeat, if, as you say, the happiness of Agnes depends upon her union with Mertoun, from the character you have given him, I shall raise no objections; but, as I do think in the disposal of her children, the mother has some claim to be consulted, I suppose he must be permitted to follow up your plan, rather a novel one, of bearding the father to gain the daughter.

Capt. Eth. You forget, sir, that you are to have a general action, and then it will be no longer necessary.

Enter Captain Mertoun.

Here comes Mertoun.

Adm. True, true, I forgot that. Well, Captain Mertoun, I hope you have found amusement.

Capt. Eth. I have, sir, been walking with my lady, who has just gone into her room to take off her bonnet.

Enter Lady Etheridge and Agnes.

Lady Eth. I am quite exhausted with my pedestrian performance. (*Captain Mertoun hands a chair, she sits.*) Sir Gilbert, I am sorry to request that you will reprove your daughter for disobedience, for, notwithstanding my command of this morning, I find that she has again visited Lucy Bargrove. You say that you have no objection, but I tell you it shall not be, so there is an end of the matter, and of the discussion; and I insist upon it, Admiral, I insist that you give her a proper lecture in my presence. Now, Sir Gilbert.

Capt. Eth. (*aside.*) Now, sir, this is your time, we'll support you.

Adm. My dear Lucy is concerned—I don't feel that I want any support. Agnes, your mother has expressed her disapprobation at your visit to Lucy Bargrove.

Agnes. My dear father!

Adm. And I don't agree with your mother.

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. I consider Lucy Bargrove a very amiable, good girl. I am par-

tial to her, and have no objection to your visiting her whenever you please.

Lady Eth. (more loudly.) Sir Gilbert!!

Capt. Eth. (aside.) Excellent, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. I repeat again, Agnes, that, so far from agreeing with, I totally disagree with Lady Etheridge, and, in this matter, I will not allow her to interfere in future. I intend to be *master of my own house*?

Lady Eth. (screaming.) Sir Gilbert!!!

Capt. Eth. (aside.) The day's your own.

Adm. (angrily.) Yes, my lady, master of my own house! and expect humility and submission on your part. (Softening.) Although I never shall forget that I have advanced you to the dignity of Lady Etheridge.

Lady Eth. Captain Mertoun! Captain Mertoun! Oh! oh! will nobody assist me? Oh! lead me to my room.

Adm. Edward, help your mother to her room, Captain Mertoun will assist you. [*Exeunt Lady Etheridge, Captains Mertoun and Etheridge.*]

Manent, Sir Gilbert and Agnes.

Adm. I have, my dear Agnes, as you perceive, made a resolution to be no longer second in my own house, but your good sense will point out to you, that your mother deserves your respect.

Agnes. My dear father, I have never believed otherwise; but still I must rejoice at what has taken place, as I am convinced it is for her happiness, as well as for your own.

Adm. Come, dear, let us take a walk; I feel rather excited. No wonder, this being firm is one of the most unsteady feelings imaginable, for I have no sooner come to a resolution of making a stand, than I find my head running round consumedly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A parlour in the Homestead. Enter Dame Bargrove.

Mrs. Bar. Well, I wonder whether Mr. Bargrove intends to come home to day. I never knew a man work so hard for his employer. He is an honest man, I will say that, and there are not many wives who are in their husband's secrets can say the same. Aye, and he's no poor man either. His own property to nurse, and twenty years' service with a liberal master have made him independent, and our boy and girl will be none the worse for it. Well, it has been fairly and honourably earned, and there are few who can count so much and say the same. I wish Peter were not so idle and thoughtless. It frets his father very much. Here he comes, and I'll try if I can't reason with him.

Enter Peter Bargrove with great consequence.

Mrs. Bar. Well, Peter, have you seen your father?

Peter. I have not yet communicated the important intelligence.

Mrs. Bar. Why, what's the matter with the boy? Important intelligence!

Peter. I had forgot. She is still unaware of my discovery. Hem! (walking up to his mother,) good woman! look me full in the face.

Mrs. Bar. Good woman! Mercy on us, Peter! Is it thus you address your mother?

Peter. My mother! I tell you to look in my face.

Mrs. Bar. Look in your face? Well, sir, I do look in your face; and a very foolish face you're making of it. Are you mad?

Peter. Mad! no, Mrs. Bargrove, I'm not mad; but I've discovered all

Mrs. Bar. All!

Peter. Yes, all. Down on your knees and confess.

Mrs. Bar. Confess! confess what? Down on my knees too? Why, you ungracious boy, what do you mean?

Enter Mr. Bargrove unperceived, who stands aside.

Peter. What do I mean? Confess your enormous guilt—the wicked trick that you played me in my infancy.

Mrs. Bar. Dear me, dear me! my child is out of his senses.

Peter. Madam, I am in my senses; but I am not your child. Woman, you know it.

Mrs. Bar. (weeping.) O dear, O dear!

Peter. Tell me, will you confess at once, thou infamous—

[Old Bargrove comes forward, and knocks Peter down with his cudgel.]

Old Bar. I can't stand it any longer. What do you mean, you rascal, by calling your mother infamous?

Peter (rubbing his head, and getting up slowly.) 'Tis well—'tis very well. I had resolved before to turn you away; now you may expect the severest chastisement. Take warning this moment, you old—

Old Bar. (lifting up his cudgel.) You old what?

Peter. I'll swear the peace against you. Take care what you are about. This is a violent assault, you know; and you don't know him you are beating.

Old Bar. Don't I?

Peter. No, you don't—but I'll tell you. This woman changed me at nurse, and I can prove it. I—yes—I, humble as I stand here, with my head broken also—am no less, than Peter Etheridge—the young squire!

Old Bar. Look at the almanac, dame. Is the harvest moon at full? He's mad indeed!

Peter. I am not. Mrs. Bargrove, where is your accomplice, Nelly Armstrong? You see I know all. (*Mrs. Bargrove weeps, but makes no answer.*) I say again, confess all; and then, perhaps, I may pardon you, and let your husband keep his place.

Old Bar. Keep my place! and so you are Peter Etheridge, are you?

Peter. I am, and she knows it well.

Old Bar. Well, but I don't. I only know you as my foolish son, Peter Bargrove, and so long as you are so supposed to be, I shall not permit you to insult your mother. So Mr. Peter, I'll just take the liberty of giving you a little wholesome chastisement, which I hope may prove beneficial.

[Old Bargrove beats Peter round the room, while Mrs. Bargrove tries to prevent him.]

Peter. I'll tell my mother, Lady Etheridge! that I will. I'll go directly.

[Peter runs off. Mr. and Mrs. Bargrove sit down. Mrs. Bargrove sobbing.]

Old Bar. (panting.) The scoundrel!

Enter Lucy, in her bonnet from walking.

Lucy. Good heavens, father, what was all that noise? Mother, why what is the matter?

Old Bar. Matter enough; here's your brother Peter gone out of his senses. But I have rubbed him well down with this cudgel.

Mrs. Bar. (crying.) He's mad, Lucy, quite mad! Called me an infamous old woman, and said that I changed him at nurse. He will have it, that he is Peter Etheridge.

Lucy (confounded.) Good heavens! how strange! (*Aside.*) I hardly know what to think. That gipsy's knowledge—and now my brother—

where could he have obtained similar information?—yet it cannot be, she is too good a woman.

Old Bar. What do you say, Lucy?

Lucy. Nothing, father.

Old Bar. Did you ever hear of such conduct?

Lucy. He must have been told so, or he never would have been so violent.

Old Bar. So violent! Who could have told him such a falsehood? or who would have believed it for a moment, but a fool like him?

Mrs. Bar. How could he have known any thing about Nelly Armstrong?

Lucy. Nelly Armstrong! did he mention her name?

Mrs. Bar. Yes; he asked me where she was, and says, that she was my accomplice. [*Lucy remains in thought.*]

Old Bar. Lucy, why don't you comfort your mother? One would think that you were leagued with Peter.

Lucy. I, father!

Old Bar. Yes, you—you are not yourself. Pray have you heard anything of this before? (*Lucy silent.*) Answer me, girl, I say, have you before heard any thing of this?

Lucy. I have.

Old Bar. And pray from whom?

Lucy. From a strange quarter, and most strangely told. I am not well, father. [*Lucy bursts into tears, and exit.*]

Old Bar. (*after a pause, looking his wife earnestly in the face.*) Why, dame Bargrove, how is this. Lucy is not a fool, and she is evidently of the same opinion as Peter. (*Walks up and down the room, and betrays much agitation.*) Dame, dame, if, for foolish love of thine own children, and I see that thou lovest the other two, as well, if not better, than these—if, I say, thou hast done this great wrong, down on thy knees, and confess it! Guilt can never prosper, and reparation must be made.

Mrs. Bar. (*throwing herself on her knees before her husband.*) On my knees, husband, I swear to you, before God, that these children, Peter, and Lucy, were born to me, and are the fruits of our marriage. May I never prosper in this world, and lose all hope of mercy in the next, if I speak not now the truth.

Old Bar. (*taking up his wife, and kissing her.*) I do believe thee, dame, thou hast ever been honest; but there is mischief brewing, and we must find out who are the authors of this report. Come, cheer up! All will be discovered, and all will be well.

[*Exeunt ambo; Old Bargrove, leading off and caressing Mrs. Bargrove.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Wood. Enter Bill and Dick.

Dick. Well, Bill, what do ye say to it—will it do?

Bill. Can't tell—been thinking on it all night. Don't much like the consarn. There be too many on 'em.

Dick. Yes, and there be a mortal lot of plate, Bill, all kept in the butler's pantry. I met a servant at a public-house, who is going away, a sea chap, drinking malt like a fish, and I wormed all out of him. I think it be an easy job. The butler be fat and pursesey. The admiral be old and toothless.

Bill. That's all right, so far, Dick; but then there be the two young officers just come down.

Dick. Yes, but I finds that they sleep quite t'other end of the house

altogether ; and d'ye see, Bill, the plate be only left out because they be come to the hall. When they're off, the best of the pewter will be all locked up again ; so, it's no use to wait till they start off. Come, what d'ye say, Bill ? Jack and Nim be both of my mind. I see'd them this morning.

Bill (thoughtfully.) It be hanging matter, Dick.

Dick. Why, yes—so it be, if so be as we be found out first, and caught arterwards—and then go to 'sises—and then a true bill be given—and then we be found guilty, and arter all gets no reprieve ; but there be as many a slip between the noose and the neck, as there be 'tween the cup and the lip.

Bill. Well, Dick, I tell ye what, I've no objection to stand outside, and help carry off.

Dick. That be all we wants. One must look to the nag and cart, and that one must be you. Gie's your hand on it. [They shake hands.]

Bill. But I say, Dick, does Nelly know the business in hand ?

Dick. Not yet.

Bill. I've an idea she won't allow it. I heard her talk summut about conscience—or the like of it.

Dick. Talk about fiddlesticks. Show her the pewter and she'll snap her fingers. Here she comes. I'll let her into the gammon.

Enter Nelly.

Nelly. Well, lads ; what's in the wind ?

Dick. Summut worth sneezing at, Nell. We are up to a rig to-night. Got a bit of a frolic for pewter.

Nelly. Aye, boys, where ?

Dick. At the Hail here.

Nelly. It won't do.

Dick. Yes, but it will though.

Nelly. Yes, it will do for you, (pointing to her neck.) I know the Hall well. It must not be thought of.

Dick. But we *have* thought on it, and *will* think on it. We be all determined, so there be an end of the matter, and an end of your palaver.

Nelly. I say no !

Dick. None o' your gammon—pewter arn't to be picked up in the highways. The thing be settled.

Nelly. Think no more on it.

Dick. You mind your own business, missus. Go and tell fortunes to fools and women ; leave men alone.

Nelly. I can tell your fortune. A dance in the air till you are out of breath.

Dick. Didn't require a wise woman to find out that. (Aside.) But we must keep our eyes upon her—she's queer. (Aloud.) Come Bill.

[*Exeunt Bill and Dick.*]

Nelly sola.

Am I so fallen, never to recover ? Must I sink deeper and deeper with these villains ? Since I joined them they have never yet attempted any thing like this. Petty theft, to support existence, I have participated in, but nothing more. Can I retreat ? Ah, when I look upon these hills, and remember the time when I roved here, careless, innocent, and happy, how often do I wish that I could retrace my steps ! Yonder is the church where I used to pray. How long is it now since I have dared perform that sacred duty ? Yet, how often, since I have returned to this spot, have I longed to fall upon my knees ! But I am an outcast. Pride and vanity have made me so, and pride has reduced me so to remain, although I loathe myself, and those connected with me. This intention of

theirs has, however, resolved me. The deed shall not take place. I will, by some means, warn them at the Hall—a letter, but how to get it there? It shall be done, and done directly. They can but murder me if I am discovered, and what is my life now?—a burden to myself. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

An ornamental Shrubbery, near the Lodge of the Hall.

Enter Peter Bargrove.

Peter. What a stupid old woman not to confess, after the stars had told the truth! As to Old Bargrove, I will have my revenge upon him. Beat me!—me! Sir Peter, heir to the property! How confounded strong he is! the old brute! Out of respect to his age, I did not strike him again: but I should like to see, just like to see the next man who will venture to lay his stick across *my* back. Now I'll to the Hall, and make myself known to Lady Etheridge. How affected she will be! I'll lay my life there will be a scene. Who comes here? O, the fictitious heir to the property, Captain Bargrove, as he will find himself in a very short time. I must hold myself rather high; it will prepare him, as it were, for the bad news. Poor fellow!

Enter Captains Etheridge and Mertoun, from the gates of the Lodge.

Capt. Eth. (holding out his hand.) Hah! Peter, my good fellow! how are you all at home?

Peter. (turning away, and folding his arms.) Pretty well, Captain.

Capt. Mer. (aside.) I say, Etheridge, that's a dead cut. Who is your friend?

Capt. Eth. (astonished.) What's the matter now? I think, Mr. Peter, when I offer my hand, it is not very courteous in you to refuse it.

Peter (ostentatiously.) Property, Captain, is property. You'll allow that. My hand is my own, and I have it in possession. You'll allow that. But there is other property, which at present is not in my possession, but which you will allow to be hereafter. (*Aside.*) That's a hard hit.

Capt. Mer. Property is property, Etheridge, and, to judge by his manners, your friend must have an excess of it in possession.

Capt. Eth. Property is property, but I doubt if my friend has much of it in possession.

Peter. No, but I hope to have.

Capt. Eth. Well, I hope so too. But what's the matter with you, Peter?

Peter. Excessively familiar!

Capt. Mer. Upon my word, Etheridge, I wonder at your patience. Who is the brute?

Peter. Brute, sir! Did you say brute?

Capt. Mer. Yes, sir, I did.

Peter. Then, sir, if you said brute, I beg to observe to you, sir, that—that——

Capt. Mer. What? Well, sir!

Peter. That, sir, a brute is a beast, sir——

Capt. Mer. Exactly.

Peter. And if that's what you meant, there's no offence. Now, if you had said brute beast——

Capt. Mer. Well, sir, I do say so.

Peter. You do—you do say so? Well then, sir, allow me to tell you, in very positive terms, sir, that you have been guilty of—of tautology.

Capt. Mer. Your friend is very harmless, Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. I am aware of that ; but still I was not prepared for this impertinence, considering the obligations he is under to my family.

Peter. Obligations, sir, what obligations? Do you refer to the advantages that you had in being educated with me?

Capt. Eth. I have ever considered the reverse ; and that it was you who had the advantages, had you had sense enough to profit by them.

Peter. Now, observe, there's your mistake.

Capt. Eth. to Capt. Mer. The fool is mad.

Peter. Mad, Captain What's-your-name?

Capt. Eth. Captain What's-your-name, Peter, don't stand insult.

Peter. There is no insult. I repeat again, Captain What's-your-name. Do you know your name?

Capt. Eth. to Capt. Mer. Why, he's as mad as a March hare.

Capt. Mer. Yes, but not so hot as a Welsh rabbit.

Peter. A rabbit—that's a boroughmonger! Now I ought to take that up, it is a downright insult ; but perhaps he did not mean it. Captain What's-your-name, I tell you a secret : you don't know your own name ; no, nor you don't know your station in life.

Capt. Eth. I am sure you forget yours, Mr. Peter. How long has this change taken place?

Peter. Ask your nurse. (*Aside.*) That was a hard hit ; he must smell a rat now.

Capt. Eth. Ask my nurse!

Capt. Mer. Ask your granny, Etheridge ; upon my soul it's as good as a play.

Capt. Eth. To the audience, perhaps ; but I feel rather inclined to be in earnest. Hark you, Mr. Peter ; do you know I am very particular in payment, and always give every man his due.

Peter. That's it, exactly. All that I wish is, that you would give me mine ; but if you don't—I shall oblige you, depend upon it.

Capt. Mer. I rather expect he will, Etheridge, if he goes on much longer.

Peter. Thank you for taking my part. That's handsome. Perhaps you will persuade him to do me justice.

Capt. Mer. If you had been in my hands, I should have done you justice long before this.

Peter. "There's virtue still extant," as the play has it. Sir, as you have joined my side, I'll permit you to shake hands with me.

Capt. Mer. O certainly! we always do preparatory to a set-to. Now then, take my advice—on your guard!

Peter (aside.) Now I don't fear him. (*Aloud.*) Captain What's-your-name, shall I tell you your fortune?

Capt. Eth. O, certainly! you look like a conjuror.

Peter. It is your fortune, sir, to be under the baleful influence of the stars Georgium Sidum and Copernicum. In a few days you will find your name to be *Bargrove*, and you will have to change situations with me.

Capt. Eth. Indeed!

Peter. Yes, Captain *Bargrove*, so it is. A wicked woman changed us in our cradles ; but the secret is come out, and evidence is at hand. You must return to obscurity, whilst I emerge from mine. The stars will have it so. Your fortune's told.

Capt. Eth. Nonsense! the fool has been imposed upon. Now, Mr. Peter, I'll tell your fortune.

Peter. I thank you. It has been already told to my satisfaction.

Capt. Eth. Nevertheless it must be told again, although perhaps not to your satisfaction. Mr. Peter, I can put up with folly, but never with impertinence. Mars and Saturn are about to be in strong opposition,

and heavy Saturn will soon jump about like Mercury. The stars will have it so.

Peter. I don't comprehend that.

Capt. Eth. It shall be explained. You, Peter Bargrove, have been excessively insolent to me, Edward Etheridge; in consequence, I shall now take the liberty of giving you a little wholesome correction. (*Seizes Peter by the collar.*)

Capt. Mer. Don't use violence to the natural. He offends more in ignorance than malice.

Peter. Thank you, sir. I see that you are a well-behaved gentleman. O sir! sir! 'tis a vile, ungrateful world. I intended to do something for that young man. (*Captain Etheridge shakes him.*) Why, yes, I did. I not only intended to allow you forty pounds a year, but to do what would be more agreeable to your sister Agnes.

Capt. Eth. Agreeable to Miss Etheridge! What do you mean, sir?

Peter. Mean—why, I'm not quite sure—recollect, I don't promise; but I was thinking of marrying her. (*Captain Mertoun flies at him, and seizes him by the collar on the other side. They both shake him violently.*)

Capt. Eth. } You marry { my sister, } you scoundrel!

Capt. Mer. } Miss Etheridge. }

Capt. Mer. (*letting him go.*) I am sorry that I was provoked to lay my hands on him. Etheridge, I'll leave his chastisement entirely to you.

Peter. Thank ye, sir; I always thought you were on my side. I suppose that was a mistake just now.

Capt. Mer. I certainly had no right to interfere between you and Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. (*still holding Peter by the collar.*) But, Mr. Peter, we do not part yet. You may have made your peace with Captain Mertoun, but not with me. How dare you insult me thus?

Peter. I insult you! (*To Captain Mertoun.*) Ar'n't you of my side?

Capt. Mer. (*laughing.*) Yes; if you are knocked down, I, as your second, will help you up again, no more.

Peter. Well—but I'm not a nine-pin. Why not prevent him from knocking me down?

Capt. Mer. The stars won't permit that.

Capt. Eth. And the stars ordain this. (*Lifting his cane.*)

Peter. Captain Etheridge, one word; let go my collar, behave like a reasonable man, and I now promise, upon my word of honour, that I will elevate your sister to my—nuptial bed. (*Captain Mertoun shakes his cane, and makes signs to Captain Etheridge to thrash him.*)

Capt. Eth. I can bear no more. (*Beats Peter round the stage.*)

Peter. Oh! oh!! My stars again. Why don't you help me, sir?

Capt. Mer. You are not down yet, Peter. (*Captain Etheridge continues striking.*)

Peter (*throwing himself down, and panting.*) Now I am.

Capt. Mer. Yes, and now I may help you up. Then you may go at it again.

Peter. What! am I to have more of it if I am up?

Capt. Mer. I rather suspect so.

Peter. Then I prefer lying here. You need not wait, Captain Bargrove. I sha'n't get up this half hour. (*Rubbing his shoulders.*)

Capt. Eth. You observe, Peter, I told you your fortune correctly. The stars would have it so. I hope, when next we meet, you will be a little more reasonable, and also a little more respectful. If not, I hold your fortune in my hands. (*Holding up his cane.*)

Peter. Didn't I tell you that you did? Why don't you return it like an honest man? As I said before, I'll make you an allowance.

Capt. Eth. That's more than I will for you, if I have any more impertinence. Come, Mertoun, he'll not come to time, that's clear.

Capt. Mer. No, nor to his fortune or title either, I'm afraid. Good morning, Peter. Ha! ha! ha!

Capt. Eth. Farewell, Sir Peter. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Captains Mertoun and Etheridge.*]

Peter (sitting up.) Come to time—nor to my title and fortune. Well, I hope they'll both come to the gallows. I thought of that as a repartee when they were here, but it was too good to be thrown away upon them. (*Rises.*) It is very odd that nobody will believe me when the facts are so plain. As Shakspeare says, the "ladder of my ambition is so hard to climb." I presume these are all the sticks I am to get up by. I'm almost tired of it already; but, however, after two misses comes a hit; and I'll try the last. Now to Lady Etheridge, discover myself to her, sob upon her bosom, as the gipsy foretold I should; and then if she is but on my side, why I defy all the men in the family.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A parlour in the Homestead.

Enter Old Bargrove and Mrs. Bargrove.

Old Bar. Why, dame, I can make nothing out of it. I have questioned Lucy as closely as possible, and it appears that it was a gipsy woman who told their fortunes. But still, as Lucy told me the story, there is something very strange about it.

Mrs. Bar. Lucy appears to take it very much to heart, poor thing!

Old Bar. She does, dame, but in the right way. She thinks of others, and not of herself. I tell you this, dame, if I thought that Lucy was not my daughter, it would almost break my heart.

Mrs. Bar. She's a good girl, and content with her father and mother. I only wish that Peter was the same.

Old Bar. Peter was born a fool, dame, and he'll never be anything else. But I hope this may prove of service to him. I hear that he has already been up to the Hall.

Mrs. Bar. Had we not better go there, too, Bargrove, and see Sir Gilbert, or they may suppose we be parties to the report.

Old Bar. Why should they? And who knows the report as yet?

Mrs. Bar. O, every body! I was told of it ten minutes back by Mrs. Benson. She heard it of the footman, William. He says, that Captain Etheridge has given Peter a sound thrashing.

Old Bar. Did he? Then I am very much indebted to him. I'll tell you what, dame, I'll to the wood and find out this gipsy woman; and if threatening her with the stocks and Bridewell won't make her confess, I have a warrant in my pocket, just made out by the magistrate's clerk, for the apprehension of the gang, on suspicion of their stealing Mrs. Fowler's turkey, and Farmer Grove's geese. We'll first see what can be done there; and then I'll come back, and we'll walk up to the Hall.

Mrs. Bar. Do so, Bargrove; let us show that we've a clear conscience, at all events.

Old Bar. I'll be back in an hour, dame; I must go down to Wilson, the constable.

[*Exit Old Bar.*]

Mrs. Bar. I never was so put out in my life. That boy Peter's folly worries me to death. Who comes here? Why, it's Captain Etheridge, I do declare. I am almost afraid to see one of the family now.

Enter Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. My dear Mrs. Bargrove, with your permission. (*Kissing her.*) I can't leave off my old habit of kissing my nurse. How are you and your husband, and how is pretty Lucy?

Mrs. Bar. Quite well, thank you, Mr. Edward. Dear me, what a man you do grow!

Capt. Eth. If I am not a man at five-and-twenty, dame, I never shall be.

Mrs. Bar. Five-and-twenty! dear heart! so it is—but time does fly fast! It appears to me, but the other day that I had you in my arms. How does Miss Agnes to-day?

Capt. Eth. Not very well, dame, she has something to vex her. Indeed, there's a rumour flying about, and I've come down to speak with you and Lucy on the subject.

Mrs. Bar. I know it all; but it's all false, Mr. Edward, all stuff and nonsense from beginning to end. Bargrove has now gone to sift the matter. I'm sure I ought to know. A pretty trouble I've had about it; what with foolish Peter, even Bargrove himself spoke to me as if I could have been guilty of such an act.

Capt. Eth. What does Lucy think of it?

Mrs. Bar. Lucy is more vexed than any of us. I really think, if she thought it true, that she would make away with herself.

Capt. Eth. What! at the idea of being Miss Etheridge! No cause that for suicide either.

Mrs. Bar. No, not that, Captain Etheridge; but at the idea of rising in the world at the expense of those to whom she owes both love and gratitude. She's a good girl, Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. I agree with you, dame, she's a very sweet girl. I wish to speak to her. Will you send her to me?

Mrs. Bar. To be sure I will, Master Edward. She'll be glad to see you. She's always asking after you when you be away.

[*Exit Mrs. Bargrove.*]

Capt. Eth. I did but say a few words to her on my arrival. I dared not trust myself with more, she looked so beautiful. I have not been able to drive her from my thoughts ever since. Heigho! the conflict between love and pride is well contested: nothing but opportunity can give the victory to the one, and absence to the other. The more I know of her, the more deserving she appears. I often try to find faults in her, but I cannot discover them. I suppose that I inherit all my pride from my mother; that I cherish it in preference to my happiness is clear. But should this report prove true. Such things have occurred, and this may have been done without the knowledge of Mrs. Bargrove. Agnes and Lucy then change situations; and I with that cub, Peter Bargrove. Very pleasant indeed! the former is not of much consequence; but to be jostled out of my supposed birthright by a booby!

Enter Lucy.

Capt. Eth. (*going up to her, and taking her by the hand.*) I took the liberty to request a few minutes' interview.

Lucy (*smiling.*) Surely not a very great liberty with one whom you have known so long, and who is so very much indebted to your father.

Capt. Eth. Not so much as his children are indebted to your mother. But the object of my visit is, Lucy, to request that you will give me some information relative to a ridiculous report.

Lucy. I can, and I can only assure you, Captain Etheridge, that I believe it to be without the shadow of a foundation. That Agnes and I were both taken by surprise at the moment, you must not wonder at;

but, on reflection, I am convinced that it is a fabrication. Indeed, the very idea is most injurious to the character of my mother.

Capt. Eth. I grant this; but the change may have taken place without the knowledge of your mother.

Lucy. It is possible, but barely possible. Who but a foolish mother, blinded by partiality, would ever have been guilty of an act which never could benefit herself?

Capt. Eth. You are not well acquainted with the knavery of the world. To prove a fact like this, in a court of justice, would, in most instances, be rewarded liberally. Your brother, for instance, seems to view the affair in a very different light.

Lucy. Captain Etheridge, I can honestly assert, that the rumour has occasioned to me the greatest uneasiness; and were it to prove true, I should be still more unhappy.

Capt. Eth. I cannot understand you. You would find yourself raised to a position in society which you did not expect; courted by those who at present disregard you, and moving in a circle to which, I must say, your beauty and your other natural gifts would contribute to adorn.

Lucy. Do not flatter me, I have a great dislike to it. I am, I trust, satisfied in my present situation; and, were I weak enough to indulge a transient feeling of vanity, the reminiscence which would instantly intrude, that my advancement was founded on the misery of those I love better than myself, would render it a source of deep and unceasing regret.

Capt. Eth. Those you love better than yourself, Lucy, who are they?

Lucy (confused.) I referred to your sister Agnes, and to your father.

Capt. Eth. O, not to me!—then I am an *exclusion*.

Lucy. My gratitude to your father for his kindness, and our intimacy from childhood, ought to assure you, Captain Etheridge, that—I must ever wish for your happiness.

Capt. Eth. But suppose, my dear Lucy, this should be proved to be true?

Lucy. I have already stated my sentiments.

Capt. Eth. You have, Lucy, generally, and much to your honour; but I am just putting the case for my amusement. Suppose it were proved true, you would not look down upon me as the child of your inferiors?

Lucy. Captain Etheridge, the very observation, for your amusement, is both ungenerous, and unkind. I acknowledge our present inferiority, but not perhaps to the extent which would be exacted from your family. But oblige me by not carrying your suppositions any further. (*Tremulously.*) I am not very happy—as it is.

Capt. Eth. Forgive me, Lucy, I did not intend to inflict pain. I am much too fond of you for that.

Lucy. Then why do you come here to make me miserable?

Capt. Eth. To make you miserable, my dear Lucy? I should, indeed, be a wretch, when my own happiness depends upon you. (*Lucy starts.*) (*Aside.*) It is out at last. Now there's no retreat in honour, and I thank heaven for it. (*Aloud.*) Did you hear me, Lucy? (*Lucy appears fainting. Etheridge supports her.*) Are you angry with me, Lucy? (*She weeps.*) I will confess to you honestly, that I have long struggled with my passion, but pride, ridiculous pride, has severely punished me for listening to its selfish dictates. Believe me, when I assert, that never was man more attached than I am to you. Answer me, Lucy, am I then indifferent to you?

Lucy (separating herself gently from Captain Etheridge.) I will be as candid as you have been. (*Remains for a little time silent.*) Whether you are indifferent to me or not, I must leave you to judge, from the effects of your communication; but I have also pride, and that pride never will

allow me to enter a family against the wishes of those who have a right to be consulted on a question of such serious importance.

Capt. Eth. Only one question, Lucy. If my father consent to our union, will you be satisfied, without the concurrence of my mother.

Lucy. I should abide by the decision of my own father and mother; but, to confess the truth, I should not be satisfied.

Capt. Eth. Am I then to consider this as a mere act of duty, Lucy? Is there no feeling towards me?

Lucy. O yes! why should I deny it? Indeed, Edward, if you could have read my heart for some time back, you would have found —

Capt. Eth. What, my dear Lucy?

Lucy. That your image has long occupied it—to its unhappiness.

Capt. Eth. As yours has mine. Now I trust they will cherish their inmates with delight. Farewell, my dearest Lucy; I hasten to my father, and I've an idea in my brain which may procure the completion of our wishes.

[*They embrace. Exit Captain Etheridge.*]

Lucy. God give me strength, and make me sufficiently grateful! This was so unexpected. O Edward! Edward! you have opened such a vista of delight through the dark clouds that surrounded me, that I tremble as I gaze. How dreadful will be this suspense! Now am I arrived at the crisis of my fate. Either I am blessed beyond all hope, and all desert—or else—I die.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A room in the Hall. Enter William, showing in Peter Bargrove.

Will. Step in this room, Mr. Peter, and I'll let my lady know that you be here. I say, Mr. Peter, what can you want with my lady?

Peter (consequently.) That cannot concern you, sir, I should think.

Will. What's the matter now? Why you used to be civil and genteel. I say, I suppose you have found a mare's nest.

Peter. Don't be saucy, sir; go and deliver your message to my lady.

Will. And if it warn't for my own sake, I wouldn't now.

[*Exit William.*]

Peter. We shall see some difference, I flatter myself, in their behaviour when they know who's who. How shall I address her? I never before dare speak to her, she is so haughty and proud. But she won't be so when she knows that I am her son. Pooh! I don't care for her now.

Re-enter William.

Will. My lady desires you to wait in the servants' hall till she sends for you. This way.

Peter. Indeed I will not—I'll wait here.

Will. O very well—just as you please; but you'll take the consequences. Recollect, I have delivered my lady's message.

Peter. You have—and you may go.

Will. Well, I suspect you be got a cloth in the wind, Mr. Peter.

[*Exit William.*]

Peter. Means I'm drunk! Insolent fellow! I'll give him warning. I dare say my lady will be very angry till she knows the circumstances. Then the sooner I let it out the better. (*Walks about.*) What care I. I'll be as brave as brass.

Lady Etheridge (without.) I'll be back directly.

Peter (fanning himself with his hat.) O lud! here she comes. (*Recovering himself.*) Who cares! Let her come.

Enter Lady Etheridge.

Lady Eth. You here, sir! I desired you to wait in the servants' hall.

Peter. Yes, my lady, you did—but—but—that is not a fit place for me.

Lady Eth. I am sure this room is not. Well, sir—what do you want?

Peter. Lady Etheridge, I have most important intelligence to communicate.

Lady Eth. Well, sir, let me hear it.

Peter. Lady Etheridge, prepare yourself for most unthought of news.

Lady Eth. Will you speak out, fool?

Peter (aside.) Fool! very maternal indeed. (*Aloud.*) If I am a fool, Lady Etheridge, why, all the worse for you.

Lady Eth. How, sir?

Peter. Yes, my lady, I think you'll treat me with more respect very soon.

Lady Eth. I shall order the servants to show you the door very soon.

Peter. If you do, my lady, I sha'n't go out of it.

Lady Eth. Insolent fellow, leave the room directly.

Peter. No, can't upon my honour. (*Aside.*) How she'll beg my pardon for all this by-and-by! It's really very pleasant. (*Aloud.*) I come, my lady, to communicate most important intelligence, but I want to break it to you carefully, lest you should be too much overcome with joy. Prepare yourself, my lady, for astounding news. You have a son!

Lady Eth. (Aside.) The fellow's mad. (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, what's that to you?

Peter. A great deal, my lady; you don't know him.

Lady Eth. What does the fool mean?

Peter. No, my lady, you don't know him. Him whom you suppose to be your son—is—not your son.

Lady Eth. (startled.) Indeed!

Peter. Yes, my lady, but your son is not far off.

Lady Eth. Are you deranged?

Peter. No; quite sensible—hear me out. Dame Bargrove nursed that son.

Lady Eth. Well, sir!

Peter. And, Lady Etheridge, we have proof positive, that the wicked woman changed him.

Lady Eth. (screaming.) Changed him!

Peter. Yes, changed him for her own. Edward Etheridge is Edward Bargrove, and Peter Bargrove Peter Etheridge. My dear, dear mother! (*Runs into her arms and kisses her repeatedly, notwithstanding her endeavours to prevent him.*)

Lady Eth. (screaming.) Oh! oh!

[*Peter leads her to a chair, and she goes into hysterics.*]

Peter. How very affecting!

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Adm. What's all this! Is Lady Etheridge ill?

Peter. A little overcome with joy, Sir Gilbert. It will be your turn next.

Adm. (Going up to Lady Etheridge, who recovers.) What's the matter, my love?

Lady Eth. (spitting.) O the wretch—the brute! He has taken liberties!

Adm. Taken liberties, the scoundrel! Pray, sir, what liberties have you taken with Lady Etheridge?

Peter. I only smothered her with kisses.

Adm. What do you mean, sir? Are you mad? Smothered her with kisses!

Peter (smiling.) I certainly did assume that privilege, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. Did you, you rascal? then I'll just assume another. (*Thrashes Peter round the room.*)

Peter. My father! O my honoured parent! Oh! your own son! On your affectionate — [*Exit Peter, pursued by the Admiral.*]

Adm. (*returning puffing and blowing.*) Why, positively, the fellow is stark, staring mad.

Enter Agnes, Captains Etheridge and Mertoun.

Capt. Eth. What is all this disturbance, my dear father?

Adm. What is it? Why, I hardly can tell. There has been an impudent scoundrel—that young Bargrove—kissing your mother till she has fainted, and swearing that he is my son. Called me his honoured parent—but I cudgelled the rascal!

Agnes (*leaning on Captain Etheridge's shoulder.*) O heavens!

Capt. Eth. The fellow himself has just now been trying to elbow me out of my birthright. However, I met his pretensions with the same argument as you did. Who could have put all this nonsense into his addled head so firmly, that two good cudgellings cannot beat it out?

Capt. Mer. Etheridge, your sister is unwell

Capt. Eth. Don't be alarmed, my dear Agnes.

Agnes. Oh! but indeed I am—I expected this.

Adm. Expected this! Have you, then, heard any thing, my love?

Agnes. Yes, I have indeed; just before my brother arrived I was told that my real name was Agnes Bargrove.

Adm. How very extraordinary! Who told you so?

Agnes. A very strange woman; but she appeared to know all about it. It has made me very unhappy ever since.

Adm. This must be inquired into. Where did you meet with her?

Agnes. In the lower wood. But Lucy can tell you more. Speak to her.

Lady Eth. I'm very ill. Lead me to my room.

[*Exeunt Sir Gilbert and Lady Etheridge.*]

Capt. Eth. And I must away to unravel this deep laid plot. Mertoun, I must leave you to take care of Agnes.

[*Exit Capt. Etheridge.*]

Capt. Mer. A pleasing charge, if I am not unwelcome. May I be permitted, Miss Etheridge, from the very great interest which I must ever take in the prosperity of your family—may I ask if you imagine there is any truth in this report?

Agnes. It is impossible for me to answer, Captain Mertoun. Why should such a report be raised without some foundation. True or not, I have ever since felt in a situation so awkward, that I fear my conduct may have appeared strange to others.

Capt. Mer. I must confess that your evident restraint towards me, so different from what perhaps my vanity induced me to hope, has been to me a source of wonder as well as regret. May I flatter myself that this rumour has been the occasion of an apparent caprice, which I never could have imagined that Miss Etheridge would have indulged in?

Agnes. You must be aware, Captain Mertoun, that I could not receive you as Agnes Etheridge until those doubts upon my parentage were removed. It would not have been honest.

Capt. Mer. And was this the only cause for your change of behaviour towards me, Agnes?

Agnes. Why—yes,—I believe so.

Capt. Mer. Now, then, let me declare that, whether you prove to be Agnes Etheridge, or Agnes Bargrove, those sentiments which I have felt towards you, and which have not hitherto been revealed, excepting to your brother, must ever remain the same. For your own sake, and

for the sake of Sir Gilbert and Lady Etheridge, who would deeply regret the loss of such a daughter, I trust that the report is without foundation. For my own part, I rather rejoice at this opportunity of proving the sincerity of my attachment. Let me but find favour in the sight of Agnes, and the surname will be immaterial.

Agnes. Immaterial, Captain Mertoun!

Capt. Mer. Yes, quite so; for I shall persuade you to change it as soon as possible, for my own (*Kneels.*) Tell me, dearest Agnes—

Agnes. Tell you what?

Capt. Mer. Something that will make me happy.

Agnes (smiling.) Shall I tell you what the gipsy woman said when she told me my fortune?

Capt. Mer. Nay, do not trifle with me.

Agnes (archly.) I asked whether I should marry the person that I loved.

Capt. Mer. A very natural question.

Agnes. She replied, "Yes, if he is more generous than the generality of his sex." (*Gives her hand.*) Captain Mertoun, you have proved yourself so to be, and, since you offer to take Agnes, truly speaking, for "better or for worse," I will not keep you in suspense, by disguising my real sentiments.

Capt. Mer. Dearest Agnes, you have indeed made me happy. (*Embraces her.*) I accompanied your brother, with the sole view of pleading my own cause. Imagine then my misery at your cruel reception.

Agnes. That you may not think me interested by my accepting your generous offer during this state of uncertainty, I will own how often I have thought of you, and how eagerly I looked for your arrival. Let us go now, Mertoun, and see whether Lady Etheridge is recovered.

[*Exeunt arm in arm.*]

SCENE V.

The Wood. Enter Nelly.

Nelly. I have tried in vain to dissuade them to abandon their projects. They are preparing their instruments and their weapons. They have determined to attempt the Hall to-night. I have written this letter to Sir Gilbert, and, if I can find any one to convey it, the scoundrels will be taken and punished. If I cannot, I must contrive some means to escape to the Hall; but they suspect me, and watch me so narrowly, that it is almost impossible. What shall I do? There is somebody coming. It is that fool, Peter Bargrove. Then all is right. I will make use of him.

Enter Peter.

Your servant, fortunate sir!

Peter. Fortunate! Why now ar'n't you an infamous hussey? Hav'n't you taken my purse and my money, for your intelligence that I was changed in my cradle,—and what has been the consequence?

Nelly. That everybody has been astonished.

Peter. I have been astonished, at all events. I have had so many cudgellings that I must count them with my fingers. First, a huge one, from old Bargrove; secondly, a smart one from Captain Etheridge; and, thirdly, a severe one from Sir Gilbert. What is the value of your good news if no one will believe it?

Nelly. Very true—but how could you expect they would?

Peter. Then what's the good of knowing it?

Nelly. You must know a fact before you attempt to prove it. You only bought the knowledge of me, you never paid for the proof.

Peter. No; but I've paid for the knowledge. (*Rubbing his shoulders.*) But didn't you say that Mrs. Bargrove would confess?

Nelly. I thought it likely—but, if she won't, we must make her.

Peter. How?

Nelly. Bring evidence against her that will convict her, so that she will find it useless denying it.

Peter. But where is it?

Nelly. Here. (*holding out the letter.*)

Peter. Give it me.

Nelly. Stop, stop; you've not paid for it.

Peter. Upon my honour, I've not got a farthing in the world. I durst not ask either father or mother after the bobbery we've had. Indeed, I hardly know whether I dare go home and get my victuals. Won't you trust me?

Nelly. When will you pay me?

Peter. When I come to my title and estate.

Nelly. Well then, as I think you are a gentleman, I will trust you. Now observe, this letter is addressed to Sir Gilbert. It contains a statement of facts that will astonish and convince him. You must not trust it into other hands, but deliver it yourself.

Peter. He'll cudgel me.

Nelly. No, he will not. But, even if he did, would you mind a few blows for the certainty of being one day Sir Peter Etheridge?

Peter. No, hang me if I do. They might all cudgel me together, if they would cudgel me into the only son of a baronet of ten thousand a-year.

Nelly. Well, then, as soon as you can go boldly up to the Hall, and say to Sir Gilbert, "Sir Gilbert, in justice to yourself, read this letter, and do not despise the caution, as it is all true." You will then see the effect of it.

Peter. See—not feel. You are certain he won't be angry. Well, then, I will—in this case I'm in as great hurry as any body, I can promise. So good-bye. [*Exit.*]

Nelly. Now I think all is safe; but I must quit the gang or my life will be in danger.

Enter Old Bargrove, with constables.

Oh, that I could recall the last twenty years! How wicked, how infamous have I become?

[*Covers her face with her hands, Old Bargrove advances and taps her on the shoulder. Nelly starts.*]

Mercy on me!

Old Bar. You must not expect much. I believe you tell fortunes, my good woman!

Nelly (curtsying). Yes, sir, sometimes.

Old Bar. And steal geese and turkeys?

Nelly. No, sir, indeed.

Old Bar. Well, you help to eat them afterwards, and the receiver is just as bad as the thief. You must come along with me.

Nelly. Along with you, sir!

Old Bar. Do you see this little bit of paper. But, now I look at you, haven't we met before?

Nelly. Met before, sir!

Old Bar. Yes—hold your head up a little. Either my eyes deceive me, or you—yes, I'll swear to it—you are Nelly Armstrong. Not quite so good-looking as you were when we parted. Now I understand all. Come, take her along to the Hall at once.

Nelly. Indeed, sir—

Old Bar. Not a word. Away with her, slanderous, lying, mischievous—
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.

A Drawing Room in the Hall.

Enter Sir Gilbert and Captain Etheridge.

Adm. I love Lucy as my own daughter, and it has often occurred to me how delighted I should be to receive her as such. But your mother's dislike to her is most unaccountable.

Capt. Eth. There is the difficulty which I am most anxious to surmount. I am afraid that, without my mother's concurrence, Lucy will never consent to enter into the family. She has pride as well as Lady Etheridge.

Adm. Yes, but of a very different quality ; a proper pride, Edward ; a respect for herself, added to a little feeling, to which she adheres in the decayed state of her family, which once was superior to ours.

Capt. Eth. If my mother could but once be induced to suppose that this rumour is correct, we might obtain her unwilling consent.

Adm. The report I believe to be wholly without foundation, and so I would, even if it were given against us in a court of justice.

Capt. Eth. My opinion coincides with yours. But my happiness is at stake ; and I, therefore, shall not pause at a trifling deception, which may be productive of so much good. Will you assist me ?

Adm. Why, Edward, can't you manage without me ?

Capt. Eth. Not very well. Let me entreat you. I hear my mother coming.

Adm. Well, well—she is always asserting I deceive her when I don't—for once, I'll not be accused without a cause.

Enter Lady Etheridge ; they pretend not to see her.

Capt. Eth. (aside.) Now, sir. *(Aloud.)* The proofs are, indeed, too strong, my dear sir, to hope for any other issue, and I regret that we have all been so long and so cruelly deceived.

Adm. Well, Edward, I can only say, if you are not really my son, you will always be considered as such ; for, whether your name be Etheridge or Bargrove, you must still look upon me as your father.

Capt. Eth. I thank you, sir ; but there are circumstances over which you have no controul. The title and estate must descend to the lawful heir ; and that silly fellow, Peter, will in future claim the affections of yourself, and of my dear Lady Etheridge. It is on her account, more than my own, that I feel so much distressed.

Lady Eth. (coming forward.) What is this that I hear ? Is there then any foundation for that vile report ? that hideous tale that turned the brain of that silly wretch ? *(The Admiral shakes his head in mournful silence.)* Edward, will you not answer me ?

Capt. Eth. I'm afraid that my answer will be most unsatisfactory. Madam, I had my doubts ; indeed, I spurned the idea, until I called upon Lucy Etheridge—I believe I must call her now—and the proofs which she can bring forward.

Lady Eth. The hussy !

Capt. Eth. Nay, my lady, I must do justice to her. She is more inclined to conceal the facts than to disclose them. Her regard for my father, her profound respect for you, and a certain feeling of good will towards me—

Lady Eth. Well, I'm glad to see a little good sense in the girl ; indeed, if the admiral had not spoilt her—

Adm. Lady Etheridge, I have always felt towards that girl as my own

daughter—it's very odd. Do you think, Edward, that this matter could not be hushed up?

Capt. Eth. I know but of one way, sir; which is, to sacrifice myself for the welfare of the family. I will do it—I may say, almost willingly.

Adm. How is that, Edward?

Capt. Eth. By a marriage with Lucy.

Lady Eth. Never!

Capt. Eth. Who will then, for her own sake, keep the proofs in her possession.

Lady Eth. Never! never! I cannot consent to it.

Capt. Eth. May I ask, my dear Lady Etheridge, if you refuse me as your son; or is Lucy refused to me as your daughter?

Lady Eth. Oh!

Capt. Eth. And again, my dear madam, when you reflect on the establishment of these facts by undoubted proofs, that booby, Peter, will have a right to claim your maternal kindness.

Lady Eth. Odious wretch!

Capt. Eth. To occupy that place in your affections, which, hitherto, I have so proudly held, and must surrender with such deep regret.

Lady Eth. I would consent to—submit to any thing, rather than that monster should dare to call me mother.

Capt. Eth. Yet so he will, madam, without you consent to the proposed arrangement. Lucy has always treated you with respect, and expressed the warmest gratitude for your protection; but, as for Peter, he will be more bearish and insolent than ever, again smother you with his nauseous kisses, and claim them as an offspring's right.

Lady Eth. I really feel quite ill again at the very idea. Save me from that, and I'll consent to any thing.

Capt. Eth. Well, then, madam, have I your permission?

Enter William.

Will. Please, Sir Gilbert, here be Mr. Bargrove, and Madam Bargrove, and Miss Lucy, and the constables, and the malefactors, coming up to prove the whole truth of the consarn, to your's and my lady's satisfaction.

Lady Eth. I'll not see them. I must leave you.

Capt. Eth. Nay, madam, stay but one moment, and acquaint Lucy that you give your consent. She may not believe me.

Enter Old Bargrove, Lucy, Constables, and Nelly.

Old Bar. Your servant, my lady; your servant, Sir Gilbert. I've got the whole story out at last. I have brought up Lucy, who will prove the facts. My son, Peter, I have sent after, and I took the liberty to tell the servant that Miss Agnes would be necessary.

Capt. Eth. (*leading up Lucy to Lady Etheridge.*) Lady Etheridge, will you honour us so far as to give us your consent? (*Lady Etheridge hesitates.*) My dear madam, recollect the circumstances.

Enter Peter.

Adm. Come, Lady Etheridge, they have mine, and your's must not be refused.

Peter. Sir Gilbert, I am your's. (*Seeing Nelly.*) Oh, you're here—then all's right, and so I don't care. (*Advancing towards Lady Etheridge.*) Lady Etheridge, my dear mamma, with your permission —

Lady Eth. (*hastily joining the hands of Captain Etheridge and Lucy.*) Yes, Lucy, I consent. [*Exit hastily.*]

Capt. Eth. Thank you, Peter, you never did me so good a turn in your life.

Peter. Sir Gilbert, in justice to yourself, read this, and do not despise the caution, for it is all true. (*Gives the letter.*)

Adm. How do you know? (*Reads*) "Your house will be robbed this night—the parties are well armed and resolute. Take immediate precautions, and despise not this warning from one who has a sincere regard for you, and for your family."

Capt. Eth. A friendly caution, sir; it must be attended to. The favour is intended us by the gang of gipsies in the wood. Perhaps this woman may know something about it.

Old Bar. Like enough, for we have an old acquaintance here, who knows every part of the Hall. This is Nelly Armstrong, who nursed Lucy.

Mrs. Bar. I'll swear to her, and it is she who has been the occasion of all this mischief

Enter Agnes and Capt. Mertoun.

Agnes. My dear Lucy! I did not know that you were here. (*Turning to Nelly.*)

Nelly. Yes, Miss Agnes, the gipsy woman that told you your fortune, and, as Mrs. Bargrove states, nursed you, Miss Lucy, at her breast. Sir Gilbert, I will save you trouble by confessing, that all I told these young people was from a feeling of revenge towards Lady Etheridge, who spurned me from her door. - My long residence in the family enabled me to give a show of truth to what has occasioned so much uneasiness.

Peter. What! ar'n't it all true, then?

Nelly. Not one word, Mr. Peter.

Old Bar. Then we must have you to Bridewell.

Nelly. I trust, Sir Gilbert, you will be merciful, for I have proved my strong regard to your family.

Adm. What, by making us all miserable?

Nelly. Sir Gilbert, by that letter in your hand, that I wrote, little expecting that I should ever appear before you.

Peter. O the letter is true then!

Adm. (*holding up his cane.*) Silence, sir!

Old Bar. (*holding up his stick.*) Yes, silence, sir!

Nelly. I know, Sir Gilbert, that you have too kind a heart to injure any one; and, if repentance for my folly and wickedness can—if you, Miss Lucy, will plead for me—and my letter, Sir Gilbert, ought to plead for me too—all I beg is, that you will place me in a situation to keep my good resolutions.

Capt. Eth. Lucy will plead for her, sir, and so do I, for to her I owe my present happiness.

Adm. Well, well, woman, it shall be your own fault if you do wrong again.

Nelly. (*curtseying.*) Then let me beg pardon of all those to whom I have occasioned uneasiness.

Adm. Well, it's all settled now, except the affair of the letter, which we must attend to, Bargrove.

Capt. Mer. Not quite all, sir; here are two who wish for your sanction.

Adm. Hah! Is it so, Agnes? In this instance I may safely join your hands for your mother, for this morning she expressed a wish that it might be so. At the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Bargrove, I must request your sanction for the choice that my son has made. He has already secured mine, and that of Lady Etheridge.

Mrs. Bar. (*wiping her eyes.*) This is indeed a joyous end to all my vexations.

Nelly (with emotion.) May Heaven bless your union, my dear Miss Lucy!

Old Bar. God bless you both! Now, with your permission, Sir Gilbert, I will resign my office of steward. For many years I have filled it through gratitude, and not from any wish for emolument. I have enough to portion my daughter, and even to make that foolish boy a gentleman, according to his notions of gentility.

Peter. Have you, my dear father? Then I am glad that I was not changed. But I say, Etheridge, I'm your brother-in-law. Indeed, you've a strong hand, brother Edward.

Capt. Eth. There, Peter, take it in friendship. (*Shake hands.*)

Adm. And mine.

Capt. Mer. Peter, mine.

Old Bar. Well, I suppose, Peter, I must do the same, and forget and forgive.

Mrs. Bar. And me, Peter. (*Peter jumps up, clasps her round the neck, and gives her a hearty kiss.*) The boys heart is right after all.

Adm. Thus then, do all our vexations end in happiness, and, may we be allowed to indulge the hope that the same may prove the case with all the parties, (*bowing to the audience,*) who have honoured us with their presence. [Curtain falls.

TO THE TWO MISSES —,

ON THEIR KINDNESS IN ATTEMPTING TO MAKE THE DEAF HEAR.

Too long denied the bliss of tuneful sounds,
Silence around me, amidst mirth I sate—
Where beauty is, there courtesy abounds,
All kindly feelings on the graces wait;
The two fair sisters, pitying much my state,
With sweet excess of melody, combine
To raise the choral song; and I, who late
Had deem'd that never more on ear of mine
Music again should fall, am rapt with strains divine.

Not wholly heard, alas! that beauteous song!
Not wholly heard! Perhaps, the joy extreme
Had been too great for one debarr'd so long,
To drink up fully that harmonious stream.
I heard the wave-like sounds, as in its dream
The infant hears its mother's lullaby,
Or lovelier still, as many fondly deem
Those angel songs that reach it from on high,
Ere sin hath made it deaf to anthems of the sky.

The banish'd man, returning to his home,
Catching the distant sounds of sabbath bells,
Which, in his youth, had called him to the dome
Where he oft worshipp'd;—how intent he dwells
With straining ear upon those fitful swells,
Now heard, now lost! That homely, holy chime
Of long lost friends, of long lost blisses tells—
Thus, your kind sympathy, and art sublime,
Gave present bliss to me, and bliss recall'd from time.

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. III.

. . . Si non foribus domus alta superbis,—
At secura quies et nescia fallere vita.

IF my readers be possessed of but half mine own curiosity, I do not doubt but that (supposing they have thought at all upon the matter) they are in great wonder, as to what I have been about for the last two months, so that I have not made my appearance on the first day of each. Not wishing, then, to keep any longer in suspense such as are curious upon this point, I beg leave to inform them, that ever since the installation I have been on a tour, which I had long made up my mind to. As to where this tour was, what was the occasion of it, who were my companions, and other questions of similar importance, I will give all this at full length in another place, if there shall be occasion. For the present, with my reader's good-will, I will do my best to describe my own home, that no one may have to complain of seeing me only when I am in Oxford, and as may be supposed, on my best behaviour. But before I enter upon this, it seems to me that the reader may like to know what has become of those friends of mine, to whom I introduced him in my last paper.

Sir Anthony Lovelace had no sooner done with escorting to the different lions those ladies who depended upon his services at the Installation, (which he said was the greatest bore he had ever known,) than he set off for Brighton in a tandem, that he had procured six weeks before for the purpose. He took no one with him but his servant, and three of his little puppies, the former dressed in a dashing new livery, and the latter lying at their ease in a snug little ventilated kennel, which Sir Anthony had caused to be made beneath the seat, under his own inspection. He did not leave Oxford without first desiring his scout to have a dessert for twelve spread for him by eight o'clock on the first day of term; and told me as he got into his seat, that if he should be back by that time, he hoped that I would be of the party, since he should like me to have the first trial of a new easy chair, similar to that of his uncle the counsellor's, which he had ordered to be ready for him by that day.

As for Edwin Fancely, whom I have before noticed as being the most intimate with me of my four friends, he told me, in confidence, that he was going to take a long ramble amongst the Highlands, with a knapsack on his shoulder. "You must know," said he, "that I have a strong desire to see a country, of which I have read so much in Walter Scott, and this can only be done properly on foot. I shall take to this mode of travelling directly that I feel myself out of the Oxford air; and doubt not but I shall meet with a number of adventures by the way, especially as I purpose to pass a night in every antiquated ruin that may chance to be in my reach. My only fear is, that these attractions may be so numerous as to prevent me from

¹ Continued from vol. x. p. 156.

reaching the Highlands at all." This he said with so much assurance that I am persuaded he will carry his purpose into effect, or will, at least, endeavour to do so : but since I have not heard from him since his departure, I can say nothing more of him at present.

My friend Grumblemore left Oxford with intentions very different from those of this last gentleman. "He had long heard," he said, "of the liberty which German students are supposed to have, for which reason he should go to Bonn at once, and if he found reports to be true, should settle as a student in that place." Before he started he burnt his cap and gown, having first collected a large party of Whigs to witness the ceremony ; nor was he content till he had sent a few of the cinders, with an account of them, to the ex-proctor, who had set him a variety of impositions during the time of his office. As is usual with him, however, he repented of his last freak after it was done, and owned that he had not acted the gentleman in it, especially as he had not sent his name in the letter. He did not delay his journey till the installation was over, but went off on the morning of the first day, although he was not quite sure but he might lose a term by it. His reason, he said, for this was, that he might not be compelled to view such a pack of humbugging fools as the chancellor and his set : but he did not take his departure without first paying every bill that he owed, for he has very strong ideas of justice on this head. This last particular I have thought fit to notice, because, after he was gone, I heard a ring of Tories settling very satisfactorily amongst themselves, that Grumblemore had left so soon, only for fear of his duns, since they had remarked him saying, but a short time before, that he was determined to stay up for the installation, if it were but to have his right of hissing.

I have but little to say of Readwell, the scholar of Trinity, beyond that, when I parted from him, he had made preparations for spending his whole vacation in Oxford, with the view of having some quiet study. I did my best to persuade him to come down, and spend a few days with me in the country, but this, he said, he could not do, since, if he had but a moment to spare, he should be hastening to his own family, who were all longing to see him. From the time when he said this, till now, I have heard nothing of him, but take for granted that he is plodding away as usual. Indeed, sometimes I amuse myself, by opening my watch and calculating what book he must be engaged with at such and such a particular minute.

As for myself, that I may perform the promise which I have made my reader, I will begin with describing the house in which I have spent all my years, and in which I still live. It was built by one of my ancestors, who fought, it is said, in the civil wars, but upon which side, remains doubtful. For this reason it has an ancient cast about it, that is very pleasing to those who prefer the solemn gloom of antiquity to modern nicknacks. Perhaps, indeed, it was on this account, that when Fancely was staying with me last Midsummer, he said, there was no place in the world where he would sooner live. To the end, however, that no taste may complain, my father took care, before I was born, to tack on to the old house a small portion that is built agreeably to the modern style. This part

is thatched in that quaint fashion which is recommended by our ornamental gardeners, and is adorned with a low verandah, that is covered with clematis, in front of which a very green lawn runs out till it is lost amidst a number of evergreens. We have nothing that can properly be called a park, but, instead of that, our house is surrounded with shrubberies and plantations, which have been laid out by my ancestors at different times, and do not contain a single old tree that is not cherished as an ancient friend. Through these run a variety of walks, which the care of my mother and sisters has fringed with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers; whilst here and there on the banks may be seen a spring bubbling up from its bed of moss and pebbles. Here we often walk of an evening in warm weather, that we may enjoy the breeze, and listen at the same time to the music of the nightingale, for which our groves are famous all over the country: nor when this warbler, that I have mentioned, has ceased her singing, are we without other melody, which is of quite as delightful a character, for in one part of our plantation, there is a natural cascade, that runs over some very large rocks, and afterwards pursues its way very quietly to the sea, which from various parts of our shrubberies, and from this spot in particular, may be seen in glimpses at the distance of not more than half a mile. I need not add, that since this is the abode of our infancy, we all of us take a particular pride and pleasure in it, and are no where so happy as when we are here together, placed as it were in the middle of a basin, with hills that are covered with trees rising all round us, except where there is an opening down to the ocean.

So fond, indeed, are we of our own domains, that but few of the family ever extend their walks beyond them, with the exception of myself, who assume the privilege of prying into every thing. Indeed in the village, which is not very far from us, I do not believe there to be a single cottage with which I am not on good terms. Whenever I am walking in this direction you may always see the little children running out of their houses for the sake of being asked questions by me; nor is there a pig killed for a mile round without my having a knowledge of the event. Since the whole village belongs to my father, I never enter a cottage but I am offered the best chair; and I often find it very difficult to persuade an old man to keep his seat in my presence. As for the village itself, it is singularly neat and pretty, nor is there a cottage which has not its jasmine or china-rose trained up round the front casement, which to my mind gives an air of happiness, since it shows that the inhabitants are able to take other ideas into consideration besides those of mere necessities.

When, however, I am in a contemplative mood, and wish to have my thoughts to myself, I pass through the village, and proceed towards the church, which is a little distance beyond it, for I am one of those who are fond of particular spots, and like to make acquaintance with them as one would with a human being. This church is a very grey building of small dimensions, and of the old English order of architecture, according to Fancely. One part of it near the chancel is quite covered over with ivy, which has been allowed to grow at

random, and hangs down in festoons very luxuriantly. But what I consider to be the most beautiful thing belonging to this church, is the churchyard, which is the most pleasing that I ever beheld. There is a large yew of very great antiquity in one corner of it, and the whole of it is surrounded with a hedge, or rather with a grove of ever-greens, so that in winter this churchyard is almost the only green spot to be found in the neighbourhood. The grass in it is constantly kept mown down, and there are a variety of flowers scattered about the graves here and there, but whether by the hand of affection, or by that of nature, I cannot say. It is remarked of this churchyard by strangers, that the tombstones are adorned with epitaphs which are singularly appropriate, and beyond the common run of this species of poetry, so that one may spend a very pleasant hour in walking amongst them, if it be for the mere taste which they exhibit; and I may say of the tombstones, as well as of the church, what I believe I can say of but few others, which is, that there is not a single jest or profane scribble to be found in any part. All the villagers, indeed, seem to regard this building and what belongs to it, with an especial degree of veneration that is not to be found elsewhere, and which I think it well deserves; for, besides what I have already said of it, it is situated close to the sea, at the top of a gentle slope, which is covered with beech trees, between whose shining stems the water may be seen at intervals below. This alone gives a certain solemnity to the spot, that is beyond the usual effects of scenery; and with the gloom of the overhanging branches there pervades the place a certain melancholy, which is soothing in an extreme. For myself, I have sat here for hours together, and have never returned without feeling my thoughts elevated in some measure above the common occupations of life.

Thus it will be seen, that my mode of living at home is very much that of a contemplative philosopher; not but that I hunt and shoot now and then, for the sake of keeping up my dignity as heir-apparent to the squire of the parish. In this, however, for the most part, I find but little pleasure, since in both these exercises, but especially in the former, I can seldom get my questions answered, except it be with an oath. I have an employment much more agreeable to me than this, in helping my father to look over his estate; in planning new cottages, or in sitting as coroner over fallen trees. My reader, however, will understand, that I very rarely take a walk even on business, without carrying some book with me; and whether it be for this reason, or because I am an Oxonian, I do not know, but I have observed that the villagers in general regard me with a certain degree of awe, that does not fall often to the lot of country gentlemen. It was indeed but the other day, that after I had returned from an excursion, two little children brought me a volume of Sophocles, which I had left behind me under a hedge; and upon questioning them I found that they had been watching me all the time that I was reading, and were half afraid to touch the book, because of the mysterious characters which it contained.

I shall conclude my present paper with some account of our clergyman, since from a promise that he has made me of paying me a

visit some day at Oxford, I judge that I shall hereafter have occasion to bring him before my readers. This gentleman is a Welchman, of about sixty years old, and lives in a pretty little corner house, as you turn up to the church. His living, which is but small, was given to him by my father, long before I was born, so that he has dandled every one of us upon his knees, and indeed is almost one of the family, which is the more easy, since he is a bachelor. There does not pass a single day in this season of the year without his bringing down to us some little present from his garden, in which he takes great pride, although his chief glory, as may be supposed, is in the church and churchyard. What gives a great deal of dignity to this old gentleman is, that his hair is quite white, besides that, there is a certain indescribable serenity on his countenance, which awes one at once into admiration of him; but from his old-fashioned manners, and a certain odd method that he has of expressing himself, men of the world are apt to fancy that he has too great a share of simplicity. His occupations, besides those which his parish calls for, are, for the most part, peculiar to himself; and one of them, to which he is very partial, is the binding of books, of which pursuit he does his best to show the antiquity, for, like most of his countrymen, he is fond of old things, and indeed boasts of being himself descended from a very ancient stock. Every evening in this warm weather he may be seen at his window with a large clasp bible before him, and although I am acquainted with a great many clergymen in the neighbourhood, I do not suppose there to be one who is more beloved by his parishioners, for he is accustomed to speak with them as if they were his children. His name is Llewellyn.

S.

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

AN ARIETTA FOR THE GUITAR. FROM THE MASK OF TASSO.

I PROMISED Rosa to be true,
And what is more, I swore it too;
If maidens were as wise as fair,
They'd heed not lovers when they swear.

I wrote on a leaf—the wind it blew,
Away flew leaf and promise too;
So Cupid wings his lightsome way
When *chains*, though rosy, court his stay.

The man that yields to Hymen's vows,
Deserves an *angel* for his spouse;
For what's so sweet o'er earth and sea,
As Nature's boon, dear liberty!

LIEUT. BURNES' TRAVELS IN BOKHARA.

Travels in Bokhara ; being an Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary, and Persia. Also a Narrative of a Voyage up the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c. &c. By Lieutenant ALEXANDER BURNES, F.R.S. 3 vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

To the populous, highly refined, and sensual Asiatics of past ages, the colonization of the more severe climates of Europe is indebted. As these colonies wandered to the north, the hardships that they were compelled to undergo, indurated and improved their frames, whilst their minds gradually became assimilated to the barrenness of the soil and the harshness of the climate, till, in a few generations, they became those sturdy barbarians that afterwards overran the country in which their forefathers flourished, and thus the plains of Asia became devastated by her own degenerated progeny.—In every thing but in the arts of war, the inhabitants of the Indian principalities were far more advanced in civilization, than were the iron legions conducted by the Macedonian madman, which overran the plains of India, and the remnant of whose armies remained to amalgamate with the conquered nations, and which nations were portioned out into kingdoms among the chiefs of the European force that had subdued them. The ground, therefore, which Lieutenant Burnes traversed, is eminently classic ; and, since the irruption of the Grecians, much of it has been visited by no European ; but his enterprise was undertaken for something beyond the realization of obscure spots, and fixing the sites of elevating associations : it was undertaken to explore the Indus, ascertain its capabilities of commerce, and by these means to spread enlightenment and happiness over a land rich in every thing but the human species. How ardently he entered upon his mission, how well he performed it, and how nobly he asserted the grandeur and superiority of his own country, it will be our task, in this review, to show ; and we thus hope to draw a great portion of the public attention to his work, and to extend for him a fame honourably and most justly his due. In doing this it will be our duty to point out several discrepancies, in the course of our remarks, not with the view of throwing censure upon Mr. Burnes, but in order that, in his next edition, he may advantage by them, if our observations be just, and give his volumes that degree of perfection that their intrinsic value deserves, and which we feel assured that his talents can effect.

In the first place, we object to the order of his volumes ; the last should be the first, though we do not say that the first should be the last. The arrangement that Mr. Burnes has followed, has entailed upon the narrative many unavoidable repetitions, and produced a confusion in the order of events, that requires much attention from the reader to unravel ; and really throws a tedium over a perusal that would else flow on smoothly, uninterruptedly, and pleasantly. However, as much as it lies in our power, we shall repair this defect, as far

as regards the convenience of our readers, and take the last volume, the first in order, as it is in chronological arrangement.

In the year 1830, a present of five superb dray horses arrived from England, as a present from our king to the chief of the Seiks at Lahore, Maharaja Runjeet Sing, residing at that time at Lahore, a town situated on one of the principal and up-country streams that supply the river Indus. This was thought to be a good opportunity for exploring that hitherto unknown river by the acute Sir John Malcolm, then governor of Bombay. These horses formed an excellent pretence for keeping to the stream, as it was asserted that their good condition would suffer from any other than a water carriage; that their bulk prevented their journeying by land; and, in order to make all these reasons the more imperative, Sir John Malcolm himself added a state coach; but all these precautions, and the dread of the power of the prince to whom the presents were conveyed, were insufficient to overcome the repugnance of the tribes inhabiting the Delta of the Indus, to allow any advance up the streams, or even to explore their very mouths; and three times were the coach, horses, and ambassador turned back, with a mixture of civilities and indignities that strongly mark the national character of the hordes inhabiting these regions, the account of which is extremely amusing and instructive to read, but over which we must pass in silence, and hurry on to that attempt which finally succeeded.

The instructions given to Mr. Burnes were dictated by the soundest and most refined policy, and were equally available to advantage the British nation, as to the purposes of peace or war, commerce or conquest. Had these barbarians had the opportunity of knowing these instructions, we doubt whether the mission would ever have been permitted to proceed; and really their jealousy of every step we take, is any thing but ill-founded. Excellently did Mr. Burnes fulfil every iota of these instructions; and we feel assured that, on some not distant day, both the powers visited, and the powers visiting, will be benefited by his good sense, patience, and talents.

During the period that the negotiations were pending between the authorities of Sind and Mr. Burnes, whether he should proceed to Lahore by land or water, this gentleman underwent several most imminent perils among the sand-banks and the mouths of the Indus; but the dangers and delays gave him an opportunity, of which he has well availed himself, of comparing the accounts of this wonderful river, as given by the historians of Alexander, with the present appearances; and, with the exception of a little exaggeration, they are found to be astonishingly correct. This part of the work will much delight the scholar. At length Mr. Burnes enters Wanyanee, the principal branch by which the Indus pours its waters into the ocean. No sooner was the mission seen in its progress up the stream, than one of the wisest of the Sindians exclaims, "Alas! Sind is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest." Mr. Burnes embarked on the 12th of April, and on the 15th reached Tatta. This will afford us a tolerable insight of the navigation of the Indus in the flat-bottomed boats, which alone are proper for this violent stream.

"The water runs with impetuosity from one bank to another, and undermines them so, that they often fall in masses which would crush a vessel. During night they may be heard tumbling with a terrific crash and a noise as loud as artillery. In one place, the sweep of the river was so sudden that it had formed a kind of whirlpool, and all our vessels heeled round, on passing it, from the rapidity of the current. We had every where six fathoms of water, and in these eddies the depth was sometimes threefold; but our vessels avoided the strength of the current, and shifted from side to side, to choose the shallows."

Every thing is now changed with the Sindians; submission, adulation, and assistance, was now prodigally lavished by the rulers on the embassy that, a short period previously, was turned out of the territory with insult. They leave Hydrabad, in the state barge of the Ameer; and, for the first time, the British ensign floats over the waters of the Indus. The author plays the courtier excellently on his voyage, and we now see him at Bukkan, where he was visited by the Vizier of Sinde. He had here a good opportunity of seeing a Belooche chief on his native soil.

"He came with a splendid equipage of tents and carpets, accompanied by three palankeens, and about 400 men. A set of dancing girls were among his suite; and in the evening we were compelled, against our inclination, to hear these ladies squall for a couple of hours, and, what added to the disgust of the scene, they drank at intervals of the strongest spirits, to *clear their voices*, as they said, until nearly intoxicated. It was impossible to express any displeasure at this exhibition, since the gala, however much out of taste, was got up in the hope of adding to our amusement. The people with us, who now amounted to 150, were sumptuously entertained by the Nawab, who kept us with him for two days."

The crowds of natives, who had never before seen an European, were much amused by the military cocked hats and feathers of the officers; indeed, upon reflection, they must appear singularly absurd to unsophisticated barbarians, as they have neither use nor beauty, are incongruous with the shape of the head, and totally inappropriate as a defence. "Such cocks!" was literally the cry of these sensible savages. Quitting Bukkan, a commanding, but badly appointed fortress on an island in the Indus, the embassy now arrives at the country of Bhawal Khan. The white faces excited much astonishment, in which the fair, who are here very frail, more than equally participated with the men.

On the 30th of May, after having dismissed his Sindian escort, his fleet now increased to eighteen boats, quitted the Indus, and entered the Chenab, or Acesines of the Greeks. On the 7th of June they passed the spot where the Sulege debouches its waters into the Chenab: where the currents join without mingling there is a singular appearance, the waters of the latter being red, and the former white, and this distinction they preserve for some miles, each river keeping its separate half of the stream.—We have no space to enumerate all the civilities Mr. Burnes experienced on his route from the people in and out of power. At length he comes into the territories of the Seiks, the nation to whose chief the presents were addressed. Nothing could be more cordial than the reception—nothing more profuse than the entertainment provided for our author and his train. The progress seemed to be more the advance of a potentate in a newly conquered kingdom, than that of a lieutenant of the army, and simple envoy, as the following will as fully prove as Mr. Burnes' narrative.

"Copy of the Maharajah's 'Purwanu,' or Command to his Officers.

"Be it known to Dewan Adjoodia Pursad, Monsieur Chevalier Ventura, and the great and wise Sirdar Lenu Sing, and Lalla Sawun Mull, Soobadar of Mooltan, that when Mr. Burnes reaches the frontier, you are immediately to attend to all his wants, and previously despatch 200 infantry and the lancers, under Tajee Sing, to Julalpoor, that they may be ready on his arrival as an honorary escort; and you are at the same time to make known your own arrival in the neighbourhood. When Mr. Burnes approaches, you are immediately to despatch an elephant, with a silver hound, in charge of the Dewan, who is to state that the animal has been sent for his own express use, and then ask him to be seated thereon, which will be gratifying, as the friendship between the states is great.

"When Mr. Burnes has mounted the elephant, than shall the Sirdar Lenu Sing, and Sawun Mull, seated on other elephants, approach, and have an interview with that gentleman, paying him every manner of respect and attention in their power, and congratulating him in a hundred ways on his safe arrival from a long and distant journey, distributing at the same time 225 rupees among the poor. You are then to present a handsome bow, and each of you eleven gold Venetians, and conduct the gentleman to the halting-place, and there set before him 1100 rupees, and fifty jars of sweetmeats. You are then to supply the following articles: grass, grain, bran, milk, eggs, fowls, sheep (doombus), curds, vegetables, fruit, roses, spices, water-vessels, beds, and every other thing that may be necessary, in quantities without bounds, and be neglectful and dilatory in nothing. When you visit, you are to parade the two companies and the horse, and salute, and then place guards according to Mr. Burnes' pleasure.

"When you reach Shoojuabad, you are to fire a salute of eleven guns, and furnish every thing as before directed, and present 1100 rupees, with sweetmeats and fruits, and attend to every wish that is expressed. If Mr. Burnes desires to look at the fort of Shoojuabad, you are to attend on him and show it, and see there is no obstruction, and that no one even raises his voice.

"On reaching Mooltan, you are to conduct Mr. Burnes with great respect, and pitch his camp in whatever garden he shall select; the Huzoorie, the Begee, the Shush Muhl, or the Khass wu Am, or any other. You are then to present him with a purse of 2500 rupees, and 100 jars of sweetmeats, and fire a salute of eleven guns from the ramparts of the fortress. When you have complimented him on his arrival, you are to suggest for his consideration, whether he would not like to halt at Mooltan for five or six days after his long journey, and act entirely as he desires; if he wishes to view the fort, you three persons are to attend him, and allow no one to make a noise, and take most particular care that the Nihungs, and such other wrong-headed people, are kept at a distance.

"In quitting Mooltan, you are to load 100 camels with provisions for the supply of Mr. Burnes to Lahore, and Soobadar Sawan Mull is to attend him in person for the first stage, and after taking leave, repair to the camp of Monsieur Chevalier Ventura. Sirdar Lenu Sing and Dewan Adjoodia Pursad, together with Futih Sing Ramgurree, accompanied by an escort of two companies and the lancers, shall attend Mr. Burnes, and proceed by easy stages to Lahore, despatching daily notice of his approach. At Dehra, Syudwulla the Kardar is to present 1100 rupees, with the usual sweetmeats; and you are all directed to remember, in every instance, and at all times, the great friendship which subsists between the two states."

The lieutenant seems to travel by a road paved with rupees, and to have nothing to do but gather pearls and jewels on either hand as he travels, as one would pluck dog-roses in a green lane in England. The armlets of gold, the diamonds and emeralds that poured in upon Mr. Burnes at every halt in his journey, which was every night, for they always slept on shore, we hardly dare record, as it would appear to our readers that we were making a draught of an Arabian Night's tale, rather than a sober critique.

On the 24th he quitted the Chenab, and entered on the Rancee, which is but a small river in breadth, rarely exceeding one hundred and fifty yards. Many opportunities now presented themselves of

verifying the accounts of Quintus Curtius and Arrian, of which our jewel-gathering traveller did not fail to take advantage; but which we regret that we are forced to pass over in silence. We must now present our envoy at the threshold of Lahore, groaning under the accumulation of gifts that have been heaped upon him, and this is the language of his welcome.

“ ‘The seasons,’ said the Fakeer, ‘have been changed to aid your safe arrival; and when it should have rained, the sun shines; but it is the sun of England. You must now consider yourselves at home, and in a garden, of which you are the roses; that such a friendship had now grown up between the British and the Seiks, that the inhabitants of Iran and Room would hear it proclaimed in their distant dominions; that light had succeeded darkness when we merged from the barbarians of Sinde, and that its genial influence had changed the bud into the rose.’ ”

On the 18th of June the mission, attended with all possible pomp and circumstance that military array and barbaric splendour could produce, entered the capital of the Seiks, Lahore. Mr. Burnes here meets with some French officers who held command in the Maharajah's army, and by whom his forces had been brought into a tolerable state of discipline in the European manner. The interview between Runjeet Sing and the lieutenant, we shall give in the words of the latter.

“ The streets were lined with cavalry, artillery, and infantry, all of which saluted as we passed. The concourse of people was immense; they had principally seated themselves on the balconies of the houses, and preserved a most respectful silence. On entering the first court of the palace, we were received by Raja Dihan Sing, a fine soldier-like looking person, dressed in armour, by whom we were conducted to the door of the palace. While stooping to remove my shoes at the threshold, I suddenly found myself in the arms and tight embrace of a diminutive old-looking man,—the great Maharaja Runjeet Sing. He was accompanied by two of his sons, who likewise embraced Mr. Leckie and myself; when the Maharaja conducted me by the hand to the interior of his court; our reception was of the most distinguished nature, and he had advanced that distance to do us honour. We found Captain Wade and Dr. Murray in the Durbar, and all of us were seated on silver chairs, in front of his Highness. The Maharaja made various complimentary remarks; asked particularly after the health of his Majesty the King of Great Britain; and, as we had come from Bombay, inquired for Sir John Malcolm. When we had been seated a short time, I informed his Highness that I had brought along with me in safety to Lahore five horses, which his most gracious Majesty the King of England had conferred upon him, in consideration of the relations of amity and concord subsisting between the states; as also a carriage from the Right Honourable the Governor-general of India, in token of his Lordship's esteem. I then added, that the horses were accompanied by a most friendly letter from his Majesty's minister for the affairs of India, which I held in my hand in a bag of cloth of gold, sealed with the arms of England. On this the Maharaja and his Court, as well as ourselves, rose up, and his Highness received the letter, and touched his forehead with the seal. The letter was then handed to his minister, Uzeez-o-Deen, who read a Persian translation of it in the presence of the whole court. The envoys from the surrounding states were present. The following is a copy of the communication with which his Majesty had honoured the ruler of Lahore:—

“ COPY OF A LETTER FROM HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS FOR THE AFFAIRS OF INDIA TO MAHARAJA RUNJEET SING, DELIVERED TO HIS HIGHNESS AT LAHORE, ON THE 20TH OF JULY, 1831.

“ ‘To His Highness Maharaja Runjeet Sing, Chief of the Seik nation, and Lord of Cashmere.

“ ‘MAHARAJA,

“ ‘The King, my most gracious master, has commanded me to express to your Highness his Majesty's acknowledgments of your Highness's attention in trans-

mitting to his Majesty, by the esteemed and excellent Lord, Earl Amberst, the splendid manufacture of your Highness's subjects of Cashmere.

“ ‘ The King, knowing that your Highness is in possession of the most beautiful horses of the most celebrated breeds of Asia, has thought that it might be agreeable to your Highness to possess some horses of the most remarkable breed of Europe ; and, in the wish to gratify your Highness in this matter, has commanded me to select for your Highness some horses of the gigantic breed which is peculiar to England.

“ ‘ These horses, selected with care requiring much time, I now send to your Highness ; and as their great weight makes it inexpedient that they should undergo the fatigue of a long march in a hot climate, I have directed that they shall be conveyed to your Highness by the Indus, and such river of the Punjab as may be most easy of navigation.

“ ‘ The King has given me his most special commands to intimate to your Highness the sincere satisfaction with which his Majesty has witnessed the good understanding which has for so many years subsisted, and which may God ever preserve, between the British Government and your Highness.

“ ‘ His Majesty relies with confidence on the continuance of a state of peace, so beneficial to the subjects of both powers ; and his Majesty earnestly desires that your Highness may live long in health and honour, extending the blessings of beneficent government to the nations under your Highness's rule.

“ ‘ By the King's command,

(Signed)

“ ‘ ELLENBOROUGH.’ ”

The gratitude was, or the expression of it, of Runjeet Sing to our monarch, as boundless as was his condescension, affability, and munificence to the envoy and his suite. Fetes, reviews, private conversations, confidences, and gifts, succeeded each other with an increasing rapidity. This potentate is the lucky possessor of the far-famed Cashmere, from which he derives a revenue of thirty-six lacs of rupees. But he cannot find honest ministers, and he exclaims, “ All the people that I send to Cashmere turn out rascals ; there is too much pleasure and enjoyment in that country.” He is wont, also, to pay, in part, the great officers of state, and his army, with shawls in lieu of money, with which they are well satisfied. The character of Sing may be summed up in a few words. He is a little deformed, one-eyed, pock-marked, cunning old man, that has outlived every passion but that of ambition, avarice, and strong drink, the last of which will soon end the career of the two former. In his youth and manhood he displayed much valour and intellect, and is less bigoted in religious matters than most of the princes of Asia ; and this is the more singular and the more laudable in him, as he has obtained his dominions by, and founded his domination on, the invincible courage of a fanatic sect, who look upon it as an article of their faith, that it is meritorious to destroy all who profess a belief differing from their own, which belief is, itself, a heresy from the Mahomedan creed.

On the 16th of August the mission had its audience of leave. We cannot here omit the description of a precious stone, more valuable than the famous Pigot diamond, which Mr. Burnes saw at this audience.

“ In compliance with a wish that I had expressed, he produced the ‘ Koh-i-noor ’ or mountain of light, one of the largest diamonds in the world, which he had extorted from Shah Shooja, the ex-King of Cabool. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this stone ; it is of the finest water, and about half the size of an egg. Its weight amounts to 3½ rupees, and if such a jewel is to be valued, I am informed

it is worth 3½ millions of money, but this is a gross exaggeration. The 'Koh-i-noor' is set as an armlet, with a diamond on each side about the size of a sparrow's egg.

"Runjeet seemed anxious to display his jewels before we left him; and with the diamond was brought a large ruby, weighing 14 rupees. It had the names of several kings engraven on it, among which were those of Aurungzebe and Ahmed Shah. There was also a topaz of great size, weighing 11 rupees, and as large as half a billiard ball: Runjeet had purchased it for 20,000 rupees."

The presents delivered by Runjeet to our author were munificent, but we cannot enumerate them; but his answer to our monarch is surely entitled to quotation.

"The letter was put up in a silken bag, and two small pearls were suspended from the strings that fastened it. It occupied a roll from four to five feet long. The following is a verbal translation of the letter; nor will it escape observation, that, with much which is flowery and in bad taste to a European, there is some display of sterling sense and judgment. The titles which I had the honour to receive from his Highness will not pass without a smile.

"Copy of a Letter from Maharaja Runjeet Sing, to the address of his Majesty's Minister for the Affairs of India. Delivered on the audience of Leave."

"At a happy moment, when the balmy zephyrs of spring were blowing from the garden of friendship, and wafting to my senses the grateful perfume of its flowers, your Excellency's epistle, every letter of which is a new-blown rose on the branch of regard, and every word a blooming fruit on the tree of esteem, was delivered to me by Mr. Burnes and Mr. John Leckie, who were appointed to convey to me some horses of superior quality, of singular beauty, of alpine form, and elephantine stature, admirable even in their own country, which had been sent as a present to me by his Majesty the King of Great Britain, together with a large and elegant carriage. These presents, owing to the care of the above gentlemen, have arrived by way of the river Sinde in perfect safety, and have been delivered to me, together with your Excellency's letter, which breathes the spirit of friendship, by that nightingale of the garden of eloquence, that bird of the winged words of sweet discourse, Mr. Burnes; and the receipt of them has caused a thousand emotions of pleasure and delight to arise in my breast.

"The information communicated in your Excellency's letter, that his gracious Majesty the King of England had been much pleased with the shawl tent of Cashmere manufacture, which I had the honour to forward as a present, has given me the highest satisfaction; but my heart is so overflowing with feelings of pleasure and gratitude for all these marks of kindness and attention on the part of his Majesty, that I find it impossible to give them vent in adequate expressions.

"By the favour of Sri Akal Poorukh Jee,* there are in my stables valuable and high-bred horses from the different districts of Hindoostan, from Turkistan, and Persia; but none of them will bear comparison with those presented to me by the King through your Excellency; for these animals, in beauty, stature, and disposition, surpass the horses of every city and every country in the world. On beholding their shoes, the new moon turned pale with envy, and nearly disappeared from the sky. Such horses, the eye of the sun has never before beheld in his course through the universe. Unable to bestow upon them in writing the praises that they merit, I am compelled to throw the reins on the neck of the steed of description, and relinquish the pursuit.

"Your Excellency has stated, that you were directed by his Majesty to communicate to me his earnest desire for the permanence of the friendship which has so long existed between the two states, and which has been so conducive to the comfort and happiness of the subjects of both. Your Excellency has further observed, that his Majesty hopes that I may live long in health and honour to rule and protect the people of this country. I beg that you will assure his Majesty, that such sentiments correspond entirely with those which I entertain, both with respect to our existing relations, and to the happiness and prosperity of his Majesty and his subjects.

"The foundations of friendship were first established between the two states through the instrumentality of Sir C. T. Metcalfe, a gentleman endowed with every excellence of character; and after that period, in consequence of the long residence

* God.

of Sir C. T. Metcalfe in Hindoostan, the edifice of mutual amity and good understanding was strengthened and completed by his attention and exertions.

“ ‘ When the Right Honourable the Earl of Amherst came on a visit to Hindoostan and the Simla Hills, the ceremonials and practices of reciprocal friendship were so well observed, that the fame of it was diffused throughout the whole country.

“ ‘ Captain Wade, since his appointment at Lodiana, has ever been solicitous to omit nothing which was calculated to augment and strengthen the feeling of unanimity between the two powers.

“ ‘ The Right Honourable Lord William Bentinck, the present Governor-general, having arrived some time since at Simla, I took the opportunity of deputing respectable and confidential officers, in company with Captain Wade, on a complimentary mission to his Lordship, with a letter inquiring after his health. These officers, after having had the honour of an interview, were dismissed by his Lordship, with marks of great distinction and honour. On their return, they related to me the particulars of the gracious reception which they had met with, the excellent qualities of his Lordship, and also the sentiments of friendship and regard which he had expressed towards this state. These circumstances were very gratifying to my feelings. Through the favour of the Almighty, the present Governor-general is, in every respect, disposed, like the Earl of Amherst, to elevate and maintain the standard of harmony and concord subsisting between the two Governments; nay, from his excellent qualities, I am disposed to cherish the hope that he will be even more attentive to this subject than his predecessor. Mr. Burnes and Mr. John Leckie, before mentioned as the bearers of the presents from his Majesty, have extremely gratified me with their friendly and agreeable conversation. The mark of kindness and attention on the part of the British Government, evinced by the deputation of these officers, has increased my friendship and regard for it a hundredfold; a circumstance which, having become known throughout the country, has occasioned great satisfaction and pleasure to the friends and well-wishers of both states, and a proportionate regret in the hearts of their enemies. All these particulars I hope you will bring to the notice of his gracious Majesty.

“ ‘ I am confident, that, through the favour of God, our friendship and attachment, which are evident as the noonday sun, will always continue firm, and be daily increased under the auspices of his Majesty.

“ ‘ I have dismissed Mr. Burnes and Mr. John Leckie with this friendly letter in reply to your Excellency's, and hope that these officers will, after their safe arrival at their destination, fully communicate to you the sentiments of regard and esteem which I entertain for your Excellency. In conclusion, I trust that, knowing me always to be anxious to receive the happy intelligence of the health and prosperity of his Majesty, and also of your own, your Excellency will continue to gratify me by the transmission of letters, both from the King and from yourself.’

(True Translation.)

(Signed)

“ E. RAVENSHAW.

“ Depy Pol. Secretary.”

Now this is an epistle par excellence, and very valuable on many accounts. It deserves a perusal with the eye of admiration, in order that its precious contents may be conveyed to the casket of memory, and there lying, locked up with the pearls of poetry, and diamonds of eloquence, be afterwards brought out, as occasion may require, as brilliants to enliven conversation, with which to furnish the flights of imagination in the next poem with which any of the aristocracy may deign to furnish the public.

The mission being thus happily ended, Mr. Burnes repaired to Lodiano, a British establishment, and received, as he heartily deserved, the hearty thanks of the Governor General, Lord William Bentinck. We now come to a general view of the Indus, as gathered by Mr. Burnes, from his progress up it in his late journey, from which it is evident that revolutions must take place, and at least a century elapse before it can be made available to European commerce. The difficulties are not physical, but moral; it is assuredly a noble river, but its ad-

vantages are all rendered nugatory by the thievish propensities and the lawless character of those hordes of barbarians which infest its banks, to say nothing of the unsettled state of those who hold the little authority, and administer the little law that exist among them. We therefore shall not particularize the various soundings, junctions, and courses of this mighty river, next to the Mississippi the largest in the world, and far superior in almost every particular to the "sacred Ganges." Though it pours a volume of water into the ocean, of twice the amount of its sister stream, yet is there scarce an indication of this river's marriage with the sea; and her portion of multitudinous waters is paid without uproar, whirl, or eddy, to mark the circumstance. When England shall have conquered, and such a conquest would be but the triumph of beneficence, both the Sinds and the Seiks, and reduced to a civilized obedience every other horde on the banks of the Indus, it will then be time to consider what class of steam-boats would be best fitted for the navigation of its waters, and what articles of commerce would be best suited to the wants of internal Asia, thus made accessible by the means of British policy. This volume terminates by a succinct account of a remarkable natural phenomenon, called the Run of Cutch; it extends from the Indus to the western confines of Guzzerat, a distance of about two hundred miles, and is evidently the bed of a sea, which its waters have deserted. It is a most curious subject for geological research, and this account will amply repay the reader for his trouble in the perusal.

We now proceed to notice the first volume, which we think should have been made the second. Mr. Burnes is now about to penetrate into central Asia, and travels no longer in the capacity of a British officer, or of an accredited envoy, though he has passports and recommendations from the Governor-general of India. Much of the same ground is gone over that was described in the former volume, and he again enters the imperial city of Lahore, and though now arriving as a private individual, he finds Runjeet Sing amiable as ever. In this capacity he had more time to acquire an intimate knowledge of the manners of the people; and all this part of the work is highly amusing. After a period of festivity and enjoyment, and being furnished with recommendations, credentials, and solemn orders to help, aid, and abet the traveller in all his perils, he leaves the court, and sinking the European character, he sets out for untried scenes. Equipped in the appointments of a Mussulman he commences his perilous undertaking. In his progress towards Cabool, he visits the site of Porus's battle with Alexander, and finds all the localities, even at this day, faithfully given by Quintus Curtius. Our pilgrim, for now by the designed poverty of his appearance, he may fairly lay claim to the title, as he approached Carboneri, came to a singular monument of antiquity, the very knowledge of which has been lost. These "topes," for there are more than one of them, would give room for as many learned dissertations as have the round towers of Ireland. Indeed, both classes of buildings may have originated from the same causes, which probably have something to do with Boodhism. Mr. Burnes again encamps on the Indus. The following natural appearance we ought not to omit to quote.

" Before crossing the Indus, we observed a singular phenomenon at the fork of the Indus and Cabool river, where an ignis fatuus shows itself every evening. Two, three, and even four bright lights, are visible at one time, and continue to shine throughout the night, ranging within a few yards of each other. The natives could not account for them, and their continuance during the rainy season is the most inexplicable part of the phenomenon, in their estimation. They tell you, that the valiant Man Sing, a Rajpoot, who carried his war of revenge against the Mahomedans across the Indus, fought a battle in this spot; and that the lights now seen are the spirits of the departed. I should not have credited the constancy of this will-o'-the-wisp, had I not seen it. It may arise from the reflection of the water on the rock, smoothed by the current: but then it only shows itself on a particular spot, and the whole bank is smoothed. It may also be an exhalation of some gas from a fissure in the rock, but its position prevented our examining it."

After stopping a considerable time, both at Ceshawur and Cabool, Mr. Burnes now begins to enter into the real difficulties of his enterprise, and finds it necessary to simulate the most abject destitution, in order to avoid plunder, and perhaps death, at the hands of the most unprincipled, ferocious, manstealing bands of barbarians that history has yet made us acquainted with. Had they been actually savages the danger would be less, but the mischief is, that they have tasted just enough of civilization to whet their appetites for plunder, and to make systematic their method of going about it; in fact, they are *gentlemen* of the desert, who are passionately fond of the luxury of idleness, to procure which they will enjoy a month or two's hunting, but, unfortunately for their neighbours, their game is man. Through the wild and lawless regions of the desert, Mr. Burnes travelled with a caravan of merchants of all nations. This part of the narrative is strikingly romantic. Mountains encrusted with snow are surmounted, deep defiles, that would seem to lead to the valley of death are threaded, rivers are forded in various manners, ingenious as novel; hunger and thirst are endured in the parched desert—plots and counterplots are discovered among his travelling companions. The author one day is compelled to pass for a Hindoo, the next for a Mussulman, and, perhaps, on the third, as a Sornie. Yet, all these subterfuges avail him not; he is suspected, arrested, made to travel from one Tartar plundering chief to another, but, at length, with much address, assisted by still more good fortune, he gets through Toorkistan, and, at length reaches the confines of Persia, and, at that point we may say that his troubles are over. In overcoming all these difficulties, adventures take place that we cannot, so manifold are they, even enumerate. Characters appear and disappear; varied scenery of every description, from the most sublime to the most beautiful, contrasted at times with the most harsh and forbidding, are offered in splendid succession to the mind's eye of the reader. But we must hasten to conclude, by remarking, that in Persia Mr. Burnes re-assumed his character of a British officer, and, met at the court of that kingdom, that honourable distinction so well due to his indomitable courage, his elastic energy, that rose always with difficulty, and his admirable prudence, that taught him how best to parry those evils that he could not overcome.

Let us now pause for a moment to reflect on the stupendous task undertaken and effected by this officer. He has journeyed through central Asia, from the Indian shore to the Caspian by sea, a route that

no European of modern times ever achieved. He has passed through many nations, eluding the rapacity of the wild robbers of the desert ; and in doing all this, has made remarks, and gathered information, that may yet have great influence upon the destinies of Asia, and perhaps alter the policy of some of the European cabinets. We come to the conclusion, from Mr. Burnes' remarks, that the empire of Persia is crumbling away under the weight of Russian ascendancy, and that that declining power, which will ultimately become a satrapy to the Czar, will not, cannot be held as a barrier that will intervene between British India and hostile aggression. Even near the southern confines of Persia, has Russia made herself of consequence, by the introduction of her manufactures. Indeed, in the kingdom of Bokhara, she monopolizes almost the whole of what European commerce exists in that district, and the surrounding countries. It is time for us to arouse our energies, to cast our eyes over this quarter of the earth, and see if we cannot check this growing Muscovite ascendancy by the wisdom of our measures, without having recourse to the horrors of war. India is open to invasion by the means of the Orus and the Indus, and its allying streams, which Mr. Burnes has proved to be well adapted for a descending army. It is now too late to think of bolstering up Persia. The Russian party is there too surely fixed, and Russian policy seems now to be the directing spirit of that country. What then remains for us to do, but to endeavour to consolidate the kingdoms of central Asia under some sort of confederation, to humanize them by intercourse, and to throw into them, by the means of the Indus, and our possessions in the south, our manufactures, and thus combat Russia with the arts and the blessings of civilization, and meet, and expel her, not by hostile armies, but by the streams of commerce and the refinements of humanity, from those countries where, if her ascendancy be once established, the idea of a universal empire in the east would be no longer a vain chimera to the head that wears the imperial crown of all the Russias. The first counteracting step that we should take, should be in imitation of Russia, by establishing fairs and bazaars near to the Bactrian territories, or, if possible, even *in* them. We can undersell Russia in almost every article, even after it has made the circuit of half the globe ; and we might do it easily, if our authorities in British India set themselves seriously about to effect this grand national object.

We have made, as yet, no mention of the second volume of this work. It is rather a heavy one, and full of repetitions. The major part of it should have been confined to the public offices for which the papers of which it consists were only designed ; it is really but little else than a mass of official reports, eminently useful in the proper quarters, but dull and uninteresting in a book.

Mr. Burnes has placed himself most conspicuously in the rank of those men who deserve the name of great, whom their country honour, and whose civic triumphs, as they have been purchased neither at the expense of tears nor blood, will never cost them a pang of remorse, nor throw over their dying moments the shadow of despondency, or embitter them by the dread of a retribution at that tribunal where human glory is weighed in a balance, held by the hand of no conquering king or devastating emperor.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

A SUB-EDITOR. I wonder what the word implies with the generality of readers. The humiliating first syllable that seems to fraternize so readily with those pariahs among words, *submission*, *subjection*—and all the slavish family connected with them, would naturally leave one to suppose, that the thing called a sub-editor was an animal made to be snubbed, a sort of lackey in the courts of literature, an errand-boy well stricken in years, to the slipshod muse of a magazine, an humble official to stand behind the back of genius, with a paste-pot suspended round his neck, and a pair of scissars in his right hand—in fact, a piece of literal prostration, that any man who has got as far as his *as in præsenti*, would honour by “voiding his rheum on;” in short, an inky personification sometimes tolerated among booksellers, of consideration only among printer’s devils, and great only in his own estimation. It is good to undeceive the world. If every writer were to disabuse mankind, each of only one “vulgar error,” so many books would not be written in vain, and the state of society would be more improved than if Sir Andrew Agnew had passed his bill, or the Bishop of London had prevented two pair of oars from plying on the sabbath-day.

I freely grant that there is a difference between an editor and a sub-editor; the latter generally has had his pap administered with a wooden spoon; or, if he has been very fortunate, a horn one may have been the dignified instrument; whilst the former, almost invariably, is born with a silver ladle in his mouth; the editor always keeps a cab, the sub has been known, on an emergency, to call one for his superior; the editor resides in a large house in a large square—even attics now are above the reach of his slave, and the sub-editor is usually *subterraqueously* lodged. There is certainly a very equal division of operations between the two, the one doing almost all the work, the other taking almost all the money. I do not treat my readers like simpletons, by explaining every thing. They will be able, with a little study, to assign to each of us his proper portion.

In the sub-editor, the fable of Atlas is verified. His unlucky shoulders bear the weight of all errors, all mistakes, and all accidents; whilst the editor himself is actually the mountain upon those overburthened shoulders, his head thrust into the skies, catching every ray of glory, and revelling in the eternal sunshine of reputation.

There is such a thing as truth in the world: indeed there is, let the bishops say what they will about our moral depravity. It is a very unwholesome practice, that of judging from what we find at home. I do not mean the naked truth. We are now too decent, too much refined to allow such an abomination as that to walk about in our civilized times. To suffer that, would be almost as shocking as tolerating the naked lie. Yes, there is such a thing as truth permitted still among us, provided it be decently clothed.

I have not done with the editor yet, and, in order that he may not have done with me, if he should see it, I am going to offer another truth to my falsehood-abhorring readers, but very decently clothed in a simile. Look at the church clock, view its broad and burnished face, mark the golden indices. In all this accumulation of display you see the editor, the observed of men, the praised of women; but the delicate little wheels, where are they? and the powerful and ever elastic main-spring;—obscured, concealed, unnoted, like the unvalued invaluable sub-editor.

But it may be thought, that my truth, apparelled as it is, will, by its want of a mask, still give offence to the object of my comparison; but let not the pitying public expend its valuable sympathy upon the risk I run. The editor peruses only his own articles, (by which means, he secures at least one attentive, enthusiastic admirer,) and counts the advertisements on the covers and the spare leaves, which is, to him, really a profitable kind of reading. So secure am I on this point, that I boldly, and at once say, d—n the editor.

I think now, that I have sufficiently explained what the editor is not, and what I am—and, I trust, that this explanation has given me that degree of importance that will excite some curiosity, as to the manner in which I came into the world, the manner in which I got on in the world,—and, as to the manner in which I may go out of the world, I would willingly postpone that chapter, *sine die*.

In what I am going to write, it is my intention to adhere rigidly to the truth—this will be *bonâ fide* an auto-biography—and, as the public like novelty, an auto-biography without an iota of fiction in the whole of it, will be the greatest novelty yet offered to its fastidiousness. As many of the events which it will be my province to record, are singular, and even startling, I may be permitted to sport a little moral philosophy, drawn from the kennel in Lower Thames Street, which may teach my readers to hesitate ere they condemn as invention mere matters of absolute, though uncommon fact.

Let us stand with that old gentleman under the porch of St. Magnus's church, for the rain is thrashing the streets till they actually look white, and the kennel before us has swelled into a formidable, and hardly fordable brook. That kennel is the stream of life—and a dirty and a weary one it is, if we may judge by the old gentleman's looks. All is hurried into that common sewer, the grave! What bubbles float down it! What a turmoil! Every thing that is fairly in the middle of the stream seems to sail with it, steadily and triumphantly—and many a filthy fragment enters the sewer with a pomp and dignity not unlike the funereal obsequies of a great lord. But my business is with that little chip; by some means it has been thrust out of the principal current, and now it is out, see what pranks it is playing. How erratic are its motions—into what strange holes and corners it is thrust. The same phenomenon will happen in life. Once start a being out of the usual course of existence, and many and strange will be his adventures ere he once more be allowed to regain the common stream, and be permitted to float down, in silent tranquillity, to the grave common to all.

About seven o'clock in the evening of the 20th of February, 1794,

a postchaise with four horses, drove with fiery haste up to the door of the Crown Inn, at Reading. The evening had closed in bitterly. A continuous storm of mingled sleet and rain had driven every being, who had a home, to the shelter it afforded. As the vehicle stopped, with a most consequential jerk, and the steps were flung down with that clatter post-boys will make when they can get four horses before their leathern boxes, the solitary inmate seemed to shrink farther into its dark corner, instead of coming forward eagerly to exchange the comforts of the blazing hearth for the damp confinement of a hired chaise. Thrice had the obsequious landlord bowed his well-powdered head, and, at each inclination wiped off, with the palm of his hand, the rain drops that had settled on the central baldness of his occiput, ere the traveller seemed to be aware that such a man existed as the landlord of the Crown, or that that landlord was standing at the chaise-door. At length, a female, closely veiled, and buried in shawls like a sultana, tremblingly took the proffered arm, and tottered into the hotel. Shortly after mine host returned, attended with porter, waiter, and stable-boy—and giving, by the lady's orders, a handsome gratuity to each of the post-boys, asked for the traveller's luggage. There was none! At this announcement the landlord, as he afterwards expressed himself, was "struck all of a heap," though what he meant by it was never clearly comprehended, as any alteration in his curiously squat figure must have been an improvement. While he remained in perplexity and in the rain, the latter of which might easily have been avoided, another message arrived from the lady, ordering fresh horses to be procured, and those, with the chaise, to be kept in readiness to start at a moment's warning. More mystery and more perplexity. In fact, if these combined causes had been allowed to remain much longer in operation, the worthy landlord, instead of carrying on his business profitably, would have been carried off peremptorily, by a catarrh, his wife's nursing, and a doctor; but fortunately, it struck one of the post-boys that rain was not necessary to a conversation, and sleet but a bad solvent of a mystery, so the posse adjourned into the tap, in order that the subject might be discussed more at the ease of the gentlemen who fancied themselves concerned in it.

"And you have not seen her face?" said mine host of the Crown.

"Shouldn't know her from Adam's grandmother," said the post-boy, who had ridden the wheel-horses. "Howsomedever I yeerd her sob and moan like a wheel as vants grease."

"You may say that," said the other post-boy, a little shrivelled old man, a good deal past sixty; "we lads see strange soights. I couldn't a-bear to see her siffer in that ere manner—I did feel for her almost as much as if she'd been an oss."

The landlord gave the two charioteers *force de compliments* for the tenderness of their feelings, the intensity of which he fully comprehended, as he changed for each his guinea, the bounty of the lady. When he found them in proper cue, that is to say, in the middle of their second glass of brandy and water, he proceeded in his cross-examination, and he learned from them, that they had been engaged to

wait at a certain hour at a certain spot, on an extensive heath, some twelve miles distant; that they had hardly waited there an hour when a private carriage, containing the lady in question and a gentleman, arrived; that the lady, closely veiled, had been transferred from the one conveyance to the other, and that the post-boys had been ordered to drive with the utmost speed to the destination where they now found themselves.

This account seemed to satisfy the scruples of the landlord, which, of course, were by no means pecuniary, but merely moral, when in bounced the fiery-visaged landlady. He was forced to stand the small shot of his wife. Poor man! he had only powder to reply to it, and that, just now, was woefully damp.

"You lazy, loitering, do-little, much-hindering, prate-apace sot, here's the lady taken alarmingly ill. The physician has been sent for, and his carriage will be at the door before you blow that ill-looking nose of your's, that my blessed ten commandments are itching to score down—you paltry——ah!"

With a very little voice, and a very great submission, mine host squeaked out, "Have you seen the lady's face?"

"Face, is it face you want? and ladies' faces too—hav'n't I got face enough for you—you apology, you!"

What the good woman said was indubitably true. She had face enough for any two moderately visaged wives, and enough over and above, to have supplied any one who might have lost a portion of theirs. However, I will be more polite than the landlady, and acquaint the reader, that no one yet of the establishment had seen the lady's face, nor was it intended that any one should.

As this squabble was growing into a quarrel the physician arrived; he had not been long alone with the unknown before he sent for a surgeon, and the surgeon for a nurse. There was so much bustle, alarm, and secresy, above stairs, that the landlord began to consider which of the two undertakers, his friends, he should favour with the anticipated job, and rubbed his hands as he dwelt on the idea of the coroner's inquest, and the attendant dinner. The landlady was nearly raving mad at being excluded, from what she supposed was the bed of death. Hot flannels and warm water were now eagerly called for—and these demands were looked upon as a sure sign that dissolution approached.

The stairs approaching the lady's chamber were lined with master, mistress, man-servant, and maid-servants, all eagerly listening to the awful bustle within. At length, there is a dead silence of some minutes. The listeners shuddered.

"It is all over with her," ejaculates one tender-hearted manœuverer of the warming-pan, with her apron in the corner of her eye, "Poor lady! it is all over with her!"

It was exactly two in the morning of the 21st. that a shrill cry was heard. Shortly after the door was flung open by the nurse, and a new edition of an embryo sub-editor, spotless, and unstained, appeared in her arms, and very manfully did the play of his lungs make every one present aware that *somebody* had made his appearance.

The supposed bed of death turned out to be a bed of life, and another being was born to wail, to sin, and to die, as myriads have wailed, and sinned, and died before him.

What is to be done with the child? It is a fearful question, and has been often asked under every degree of suffering. Of all possible articles, a child is the most difficult to dispose of; a wife may be dispensed with without much heart-breaking—even a friend and rubbish may be shot out of the way, and the bosom remain tranquil, but a helpless, new-born infant!—O there is a pleading eloquence in its feeble wail that goes to the heart and ear of the stranger—and must act like living fire in the bowels of the mother.

The whole household were immediately sent in quest of a wet nurse. At length one was found in the very pretty wife of a reprobate sawyer, of the name of Brandon. He had seen many vicissitudes of life—had been a soldier, a gentleman's servant, had been to sea, and was a shrewd, vicious, and hard man, with a most unquenchable passion for strong beer, and a steady addiction to skittles. His wife was a little gentle being, of an extremely compact and prepossessing figure; and her face was ruddy with health, and, as I said before, extremely pretty, and had it not been for an air, of what I fear I must call vulgarity, for want of a more gentle term, she would have merited the term of beautiful. Brandon was a top-sawyer, but, as three out of the six working days of the week he was to be found, with a pot of porter by his side, pipe in mouth, and the skittle-ball in his hand, it is not surprising that there was much misery in his home, which he often heightened by his brutality. Yet was he a very pleasant fellow when he had money to spend, and actually a witty as well as a jovial dog when he was spending it. His wife had not long given birth to a fine girl, and the mother's bosom bled over the destitution with which her husband's recklessness had now made her so long familiar.

All this time your humble servant was squalling, and none were found, who, under all the strange circumstances, would take upon them the charge of an infant, about to be forsaken immediately by its mother. At length one of the maid-servants at the inn remembered to have heard Mrs. Brandon say, that rather than live on among all her squalidness and penury, she would endeavour to suckle another child besides her own; and, as she was then in redundant health, and had two fine breasts of milk, for *a* fine breast of milk would not then have served my turn, or rather, Mary and I must have taken it by turns, she was accordingly sent for. Yet, when she understood that I was to be placed immediately under her care, that no references could be given, and no address left in the case of accident; all her wishes to better herself and babe were not sufficiently strong to make her run the risk. A guinea and-a-half a-week was offered, and the first quarter tendered in advance, but in vain; at length an additional ten pound note gave her sufficient courage, and much flannel being in request, I was thus fitted out before I was three hours old, to leave the roof, that I cannot call maternal, and be launched to struggle with the world. The frantic kiss of the distracted mother was impressed on my moaning lips, the agonized

blessing was called down upon me from the God that she then thought not of interceding with for herself, and the solemn objurgation given to my foster-mother, to have a religious and motherly care of me, by the love she bore her own child; and then, lest the distress of this scene should become fatal to her who bore me, I and my nurse were hurried away before the day of my birth had fully dawned.

This day happened to be one in which the top-sawyer had been graciously pleased to toss his arms up and down over the pit—not of destruction, but preservation. He had started early, and, whilst he was setting the teeth on edge of all within hearing, by setting an edge to his saw, some very officious friend ran to him to tell him, how that his wife was increasing his family, without even his permission having been asked. Instead, therefore, of making a dust in his own pit, he flung down his file, took up his lanthorn, and hurried along to kick up a dust at home. The brute! may he have to sharpen saws with bad files for half an eternity! the said saws being the instruments with which Satan shall set his subordinate devils to work, to saw in twain the flinty hearts that turn little children out of doors—for that is precisely the manner in which I—not four hours old—was treated. He swore—how awfully the fellow swore!—and my gentle nurse, adding her tears to my squalls, through that dismal sleety morning, that was then breaking mistily upon so much wretchedness, was I carried back to my mother.

The most impassioned entreaties, and an additional 5*l.*, at length prevailed on Mrs. Brandon to nestle me again in her bosom, and try to excite the sympathy of her husband. She returned to him, but the fellow had now taken to himself two counsellors, a drunken fellow that served under him in the pit, and his own avarice. I am stating mere facts. I may not be believed—I cannot help it—but three times was I carried backwards and forwards, and every transit producing to the sawyer five extra pounds, when at length my little head found a resting-place. All these events I have had over and over again from my nurse, and they are most faithfully recorded.

Before noon on that memorable morning, the chaise and four were again at the door, and the veiled and shawl-enveloped lady was lifted in, and the vehicle dashed rapidly through the streets of Reading, in a northerly direction. I pretend not to relate facts of which I have never had an assured knowledge; I cannot state to where that chaise and its desolate occupant proceeded, nor can I give a moving description of feelings that I did not witness. When I afterwards knew that that lady was my mother, I never dared question her upon these points, but, from the strength, the intensity of every good and affectionate feeling that marked her character, I can only conceive, that if that journey was made in the stupor of weakness and exhaustion, or even in the wanderings of delirium, it must have been to her a dispensation of infinite mercy.

She deserted her new-born infant—she flung forth her child from the warmth of her own bosom to the cold hireling kindness of the stranger. I think that I hear some puritanical, world-observing, starched piece of female rigidity exclaim, “And therein she did a great wickedness.” The fact I admit, but the wickedness I deny

utterly. Proudly do I range myself by the side of my much-injured parent, and tell the straight-laced that there was more courage, more love, more piety, in that heroic act, than in the feeling and *respectable* fondness of a thousand mothers, whose sole recommendation is a correctness of conduct, correct because untried; and, whose utmost sole pleasure is sneering at sacrifices that they never could have made, and mocking at a heroism they cannot comprehend.

That there were misery and much suffering inflicted, I do not deny; but of all guilt, even of all blame, I eagerly acquit one, whose principles of action were as pure, and the whole tenor of whose life was as upright, as even Virtue herself could have dictated. Let the guilt and the misery attendant upon this desertion of myself be attached to the real sinners; may they lie as a burthen on their bosoms, when they would rise to plead at the last tribunal; and may their deeds cover their faces with the burning blush of shame, at that hour when the world's worshipper shall not dare to countenance the meannesses and the villanies of the worldly great, and when man's actions shall be weighed in the balance of an Omniscient justice. Then, as I would have done here, had it been in my power, may I be permitted to hold her by the hand, to vindicate her conduct, to participate in her feelings, and to share her fate. O how I loved that woman, and the more intensely, as I knew that her love for me was a love that she cherished, though she concealed—a love which I dared not challenge, but which she made me conscious was wholly and enthusiastically mine.

I have before said that Brandon was a *top* sawyer. We must now call him Mr. Brandon—he has purchased a pair of *top* boots, a swell *top* coat, and though now frequently *top* heavy, thinks himself altogether a *topping* gentleman. He is now to be seen more frequently in the skittle-ground, grasping a half gallon, instead of a quart pot of beer. He decides authoritatively upon foul and fair play, and his voice is potential on almost all matters in debate at the Two Jolly Sawyers, near Lambeth Walk, just at the top of Cut Throat Lane.

All this is now altered. We look in vain for the Two Jolly Sawyers. We may ask, where are they? and not Echo, but the Archbishop of Canterbury must answer where—for he has most sacerdotally put down all the jollity there by pulling down the house, and built up a large wharf, where once stood a very pretty tree-besprinkled walk, leading to the said Jolly Sawyers. Cut Throat Lane is no more, yet, though it bore a villainous name, it was very pretty to walk through; and its many turnstiles were as so many godsend to the little boys, as they enjoyed in them, gratis-like, some rides that they would have had to pay for at any fair in the kingdom. We can very well understand why the turnstiles were so offensive to the dignity; in fact, all this building, and leasing of houses, and improvement of property, and destroying of poor people's pleasant walks, is nothing more than an improved reading of the words, "*benefit of clergy.*" Still, we cannot help regretting the turnstiles; and sorry are we for their sakes, and for ours, that their versatility should be looked upon as an ever revolving libel, on their neighbour, which thus caused their untimely destruction.

When I was placed with the Brandons, it was stipulated that they should remove immediately from Reading; and, whilst I was in their family, they should return there no more. For this purpose the necessary expenses were forwarded to them by an unknown hand. To Lambeth they therefore removed, because it abounded in saw-pits, but this advantage was more than destroyed by its abundance of skittle-grounds. Mr. Joseph Brandon had satisfied his conscience by coming into the neighbourhood of the said saw-pits: it showed a direction towards the paths of industry; but, whilst he had, through his wife for nursing me, 81*l.* 18*s.* per annum, he always preferred knocking down, or seeing knocked down, the nine pins, to the being placed upon a narrow plank, towing a chalked line. This was not a line of conduct that he chalked out for himself; however, when he was settled at Lambeth, on the third day he went out to look after work, and going down Standgate Street, he turned up Cut Throat Lane, and, after passing all the turnstiles, he arrived at the Two Jolly Sawyers, himself making a third. In his search for employment he found it impossible, for the space of a whole month, to get any farther.

But he was not long permitted to be the ascendant spirit among the top and bottom men. Whether it be that Mrs. Brandon over-rated her powers of sustenance, or, that I had suffered through the inclemency of the weather in my three journeys on my natal day, or whether that I was naturally delicate, or perhaps all these cases contributing to it, I fell into a very sickly state of health, and, before a third month had elapsed, I was forced to another migration.

Though no one appeared, both myself and my nurse were continually watched, and a very superior sort of surgeon in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, from the second day of my arrival there, found some pretence or another to get introduced to my nurse, and took a violent liking to the little, puny, wailing piece of mortality, myself. I was about this time so exceedingly small, that at the risk of being puerile, I cannot help recording, that Joseph Brandon immersed me, all excepting my head, in a quart pot. No one but a Joe Brandon, or a top sawyer, could have had so filthy an idea. I have never been told whether the pot contained any drainings, but I must attribute to this ill-advised act, a most plebeian fondness that I have for strong beer, and which seems to be, even in these days of French manners and French wines, unconquerable.

My health now became so precarious, that a letter arrived, signed simply, T. H., ordering that I should be immediately baptized, and five pounds were enclosed for the expenses. The letter stated that two decent persons should be found by Mrs. Brandon, to be my sponsors, and that a female would appear on such a day, at such an hour, at Lambeth Place, to act as my godmother. That I was to be christened Edward Percy, and if I survived, I was to pass for their own child till further orders, and Edward Percy Brandon were to be my usual appellations. Two decent persons being required, Joe Brandon, not having done any work for a couple of months, thought, by virtue of idleness, he might surely call himself one, to say nothing of his top boots. The other godfather was a decayed fishmonger, of the name

of Ford, a pensioner in the Fishmonger's Company, in whose almshouses at Newington, he afterwards died. A sad reprobate was old Ford—he was wicked from nature, drunken from habit, and full of repentance, from methodism. Thus his time was very equally divided between sin, drink, and contrition. His sleep was all sin, for he would keep the house awake all night blaspheming, in his unhealthy slumbers. As I was taken to church in a hackney-coach, my very honoured godfather, Ford, remarked, that “it would be a very pleasant thing to get me into hell before him, as he was sure that I was born in sin, a child of wrath, and an inheritor of the kingdom of the devil.” This bitter remark roused the passions even of my gentle nurse, and she actually scored down both sides of his face with her nails, in such a manner as to leave deep scars in his ugliness, that nine years after, he carried to his grave. All this happened in the coach in our way to church. Ford had already prepared himself for the performance of his sponsorial duties, by getting half drunk upon his favourite beverage, gin, and it was now necessary to make him wholly intoxicated to induce him to go through the ceremony. As yet, my nurse had never properly seen my mother's face: at the interview, on my birth, the agitation of both parties, and the darkened room, though there was no attempt at concealment, prevented Mrs. Brandon from noticing her sufficiently to know her again; when, therefore, as our party alighted at the gate of the churchyard, and a lady deeply veiled, got out of a carriage at some distance, Mrs. Brandon knew not if she had ever seen her before.

I have been very unfortunate in religious ceremonies. Old Ford was a horrid spectacle. His face streaming with blood, violently drunk, and led by Brandon, who certainly was, on that occasion, both decent in appearance and behaviour. The strange lady hurried up to the font before us. When the clergymen saw the state in which Ford was, he refused to proceed in the ceremony. The sexton then answered for him, whilst he was led out of the church. The office went on, and the lady seemed studiously to avoid looking upon her intended godson; I was christened simply, Edward Percy. The lady wrote her name in the book the last, and it was instantly removed by the clerk. She thrust a guinea into his hand, and then, for the first time, bent her veiled face over me, I must have been a miserable looking object, for no sooner had she seen me, than she gave a bitter shriek, and laying hold of the woodwork of the pews, she slowly assisted herself out of the church. Two or three persons who happened to be present, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, stepped forward to support her, but the clergyman, who seemed to have had a previous conversation with her, signed them to desist. It was altogether a most melancholy affair. Old Ford, when we left the church, was helped into the coach again, and Joe Brandon, being either justly irritated at his conduct, or angry that he could not see my unknown godmother's face, when we were all fairly on our way home, gave the old sot such a tremendous hiding, that Mrs. Brandon nearly went into fits with alarm, and Ford himself was confined to his bed for a week after. When I reflect upon the manner in which I was christened, though I cannot exactly call it “a maimed rite,”

I have a great mind to have it done over again, only I am deterred by the expense.

All now was bustle in removing from Felix Street, Lambeth, to Bath, where it was ordered that I should be dipped every morning in some spring that, at that time had much celebrity. Old Ford was left behind. At Bath I remained three years, Joe Brandon doing no work, and persuading himself now, that he actually was a gentleman. In my third year, my foster sister, little, robust, ruddy Mary died, and the weakly, stunted, and drooping sapling still lived on. This death endeared me more and more to my nurse, and Joe himself, was by self interest, taught an affection for me. He knew that if I went to the grave, he must go to work; and he now used to perform the office himself, of the dry nurse to me, taking me to the spring, and allowing no one to dip me but himself. When I grew older, he had many stories to tell me about my pantings, and my implorings, and my offers of unnumbered kisses, and of all my playthings, if he would not put me in that cold water—only this one, one morning. And, about a certain Doctor Buck, who had taken a wonderful liking to me, after the manner of the Lambeth surgeon, and had prescribed for me, and sent me physic, and port wine, all out of pure philanthropy; and how much I hated this same Dr. Buck, and his horrible “give him t’other dip, Brandon.” But all these are as things that have long died from my recollection.

(To be continued.)

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN OUTCAST; OR, THE REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF THE COMMONWEATH.

BY JOHN FRANCIS, ESQ.

FEW situations are more galling than dependence, and when that dependence is embittered by a series of petty insults, it becomes more than the mind can or should bear.

It was with feelings springing from this state, that Ernest Warner resolved to leave the home of his father, and, girding on his sword, to endeavour to obtain a living with his own right hand. Driven to this extremity by the insults which a step-mother and half-brothers wantonly heaped upon him, he stated his determination at the same time that he demanded the portion which descended to him from his deceased mother; and on his request being willingly complied with, it was with no kindly feelings that the outcast sought the hall in which his family were assembled to witness his departure.

“I have come,” he said, and his voice sounded with a hollow tone

through the high-roofed apartment, "I have come to utter my parting thoughts. For you, madam, who have been no mother to me, few and brief be my words. You have wronged, slighted, scorned me—heaped insult upon insult until my very heart's strings have thrilled, until the very retainers of our house have looked upon the eldest born with contempt; yet, though we part now, we shall meet again. I know not—care not when; but, be the brand of an outcast, or the laurel of a victor on my brow, we shall meet with mortal hate. I know that my form is less stately, that my brow is less fair, and my cheek less smooth, than they whom you have pampered. I know that I am not so beautiful in your eyes, that my voice sounds less softly in your ears, than theirs who have come betwixt me and mine inheritance; yet have I muscle,—and bone, and sinew, shall serve me in better stead on the battle-field than can their dainty weakness in the hour of oppression. I go, and the sword shall hew for me a way to the high places of the earth."

"Boy!" exclaimed Sir Albert Warner, "would ye depart from the path which your ancestors have trodden—the path that leads to honour and fame?"

"Sir! this day are our ties severed; I am no more your son."

"You dare not——"

"Mine actions are mine own, and I will answer them," was the haughty reply; "ere another month my war cry shall be heard in the camp of your adored monarch—be this my revenge; and when the shout of the warrior, the voice of the trumpets, and the sound of desolation is heard in your streets, I will be nigh to taunt ye. Then woe unto her who hath sent me from mine home—woe unto the offspring of her womb—woe, aye, deep and bitter woe unto the father who gave me birth! Then may ye write on your walls—'Ichabod! Ichabod!' for the glory shall have departed from your house, and your strength be withered!" And Ernest Warner, casting a look of the most intense hatred on them all, left the home of his youth with a heart nigh to bursting with hopes of vengeance!

* * * * *

Many and great are the changes in the town of Bolton since the above scene took place. Few things are more terrible than civil war:—it is romance at a distance, but a terrible reality when it comes to desecrate the sanctuary of our home affections. Famine had been within, and the sword of the destroyer without, the devoted city, until its gates were thrown open to the victorious army, and its inhabitants delivered to the strong hand of the conqueror; while Ernest Warner, holding a high rank in the besieger's army, sought the home which a few months previously he had left in wrath; and we now behold him standing in the same room, by one of its costly pillars, with folded arms and a countenance illuminated by a stern smile, and an eye gleaming with the ferocity of an about to be gratified vengeance. He moved not as he saw a lady entering with a proud bearing, and an eye which met his with an unchanging countenance. On her cheek were the traces of heavy suffering, while a furrowed brow, and a sunken, hollow eye, told a tale of mental and bodily anguish. That lady was the step-mother of the returned outcast.

"Know ye who I am?" he said, after a pause, in which eye had met eye, and neither shrank from the gaze.

"I know ye for a son who hath brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave," was the reply.

"Said I not that we should meet again? and we *have* met; the voice of the desolator is heard in your streets, and lo! I have come!"

"We have heard of ye as a rebel to your king—as the despiser of the fair name of an ancient house—as the friend of hypocrites—as the foe to all honourable men. Your name has been sounded in your father's home, but not with blessings."

"Woman! they dared not curse me!"

"They dared—they did it!"

"Then be their blood on their own heads! I am here to drive ye from your usurped home!"

"'Twere a link worthy the chain of your infamy; but——"

"Ye must depart—one and all!"

"Your brothers perish for lack of food."

"Bid them forth!" was the stern reply.

"My brow is withered with suffering."

"Ye made me that I am, and ye must answer it."

"Death is within our chambers—your father's corse lies unburied."

"Let the living and the dead go forth!"

"Man! have ye no human feelings?"

"Woman! woman! until I knew you, my heart was as a well-spring of kindness to my fellows. You have turned my love to hate—my kindness to bitterness; and now I own no feeling—no thought—no hope—save vengeance! God hath delivered ye into mine hand, and shall I spare? I have fought, striven, longed for this dear hour; and now, though my father could arise and plead for ye on bended knees, I would bid ye away from the home which I have won again with my good right hand! But one hour is yours to depart; when that hour hath elapsed, look that the place be desolate; yea, as desolate as this heart is even in its triumph!" And the strong man bowed his head in sorrow ere he departed; and Lady Warner proceeded to her sons to tell them of their fate.

* * * * *

Once more do we behold Ernest Warner in the last act of a short, but eventful life. A king upon the morrow was to do battle for his crown upon the field of Worcester; and the hero of this little tale had forsaken his former friends, and as some slight atonement for the acts which had driven his family to destruction, ranged himself upon the side of the monarch against whom he had hitherto lifted his hand, fighting for him with the devotion of an enthusiast.

To-morrow came, and when the battle was ended, King Charles was a fugitive in his own land; while Ernest Warner had paid the forfeit of his ungovernable passions, and sealed with his blood the truth of his devotion to his sovereign. In the early part of the battle he had fallen in a desperate attempt to capture the standard of the Commonwealth, and found a grave with many better, but none braver, than himself.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.¹

A TRUE STORY.

AN EMPIRIC.

DOCTOR S—— was the son of a most respectable linen merchant in the city of Dublin. The Doctor is a rare instance of the injury done by receiving a superior education. Being a great darling with his father and a pet with his mother, they would make him a man of science and a *gentleman*. The doctor was not deficient in talents, but unfortunately, like Ephraim Jenkinson in the Vicar of Wakefield, instead of giving them fair play and a proper direction, he perverted them to the basest purposes; and instead of becoming an eminent physician, (which he might,) he became a quack, a schemer, and a swindler. Nature had given him a smooth, oily tongue, and he was what the world calls a man of good address, with great plausibility of manner; it was, however, more of the sneaking and conciliatory than the frank and manly. The doctor's first *faux pas* in life, (at least of any notoriety,) was his marriage, and connecting himself with a woman of imposing manners, but of such abandoned character and dissolute habits, as to shock all who were acquainted with her but her husband. But such is too frequently the perverseness of human nature, that those who might be respectable seem satisfied with being despicable, and content to move in a sphere far beneath their natural and acquired advantages. This man, whose talents and education might have placed him in the first rank of medical professors, seemed better pleased to be a quack and a schemer; and instead of being a respectable husband and member of society, sunk into a *contented* and contemptible scoundrel.

The wife of Doctor S——, soon after she became the Doctor's lady, divided her favours between the son of Esculapius and the Right *Honourable* Tom Turf, well known at that time in the sister kingdom, as well on the *race course* as in the senate; the splendour of his fortune, and the liberality of the lady's allowance, gave to Mrs. S—— an *éclat*, of which her degraded husband seemed more proud than ashamed.

After remaining some time thus infamous and content, the Doctor and his lady came to the fashionable arrangement of separate maintenance, and the fair one was wholly given up *by treaty* to the undisturbed possession of her protector. Thus freed from his engagement, and well satisfied with the terms of separation, the Doctor turned his thoughts on fixing his residence in London, in whose vast extent and complicated range he might without fear of discovery conceal his shame, and practise his impositions. He had no sooner arrived in the great city than he commenced physician, and gave his advice *gratis* to the *labouring poor*. How very, very kind! After practising for some time in this *disinterested* sort of way, he began to give full scope to his inventive and creative faculties. Being always *plume à la main*, and a neat hand at penning a paragraph, he began by scribbling in the newspapers letters of thanks (to himself) and gratitude from his *patients*, (of whom he yet had none,) for the marvellous and miraculous cures he had performed on individuals who, perhaps, were never sick in their lives! After thus feeling the public pulse, he now commenced his voyage of *discoveries*.

¹ Continued from vol. x. p. 360.

One of his first and most invaluable inventions, (for which he took the hint from his countryman in the comedy, Dennis Bulgruddery,) was that "for restoring *prolification* to families that wanted heirs;" a well-known nostrum in its day, under the appellation of *steel lozenges*. This imposition was for a time eminently successful; but the failure of its promised effect soon exposed the quackery, and the credit of the Doctor received a powerful shock. But,

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Repulsed but not dismayed, the *learned* doctor returns to the charge.

The *hue and cry* having wholly subsided, gave him an opportunity of breaking new ground, and *coming out* in a new character, and also of assuming a new name. This last circumstance was a great advantage. While on his *Travels* in *Turkey*, (that is, while he was a close prisoner in the Marshalsea,) a celebrated vender of vegetable syrup died in London; the Doctor, who was generally wide awake to his own interests, availed himself of this circumstance, and turned it to account; and though his person was confined, felt within himself that no state of external circumstance could fetter the operations of his *comprehensive* mind, and resolved on the following expedient, which he put in practice as soon as he had finished his *travels*, and his *Tour of Arabia Felix*, which terminated the *very day* he came out of the Marshalsea prison. His first act, on his emancipation, was to assume a new name, not exactly that of the *learned* defunct, (in whose shoes he wished to tread,) but one so like it that it was almost the same, which answered the double purpose of concealing his own and misleading the public. He therefore commenced his operations *de novo*, and as an act of insolvency had enabled him to clear off all his old incumbrances, he found himself, in the common acceptation of the word, what is called a *free man*. Thus prepared, he set out a second time in search of the philosopher's stone. But this grand object of his wishes and research has hitherto eluded his grasp, and has rather tended to increase than diminish his embarrassments; and instead of going to a watering place, or any other place of amusement, as some foolish people do, he generally spends his vacations, and enjoys his summer amusements, within the walls of a prison. There,

"Even in penance planning sins anew;"

and like Sir Walter Raleigh, and other great public benefactors, he forms within the narrow range of a prison promenade those mighty projects which, when he obtains his liberty, he carries into execution. Many of those are very ingenious, some whimsical and absurd, and all may, without severity or impropriety, be comprehended under the general head of absolute knavery.

A certain miniature painter, who was many years a patient of this modern Paracelsus, though he could never cure him of the needy disease with which he was most troubled, finding that his compositions had no effect, confined himself to giving his advice, to which the poor artist listened with as much gravity and devotion as a clown would to the harangue of a country attorney. Finding that his patient's case was quite desperate, he advised him to go to Constantinople, and commence the business of a ginger-bread baker, in which calling he would inevitably realize a rapid fortune.

This feasible project would have been carried into immediate execution, had not the poor patient been suddenly called to the other world.

The doctor is one of those sages, who, like certain lottery office-keepers, will show every man the direct road to fortune, but who are so *disin-*

terested, that they never think of taking it themselves. But the fallacy of those delusions was at length detected, in the case of Molesworth, the great calculator. But the lottery being now defunct,

“ We war not with the dust.”—YOUNG.

After practising for several years in this varied way, the doctor began to try his hand in another course, which, though somewhat dangerous, more immediately led to fortune. He failed, however, in one of his first experiments, and recollecting the fate of Doctor Dodd and others, made a precipitate retreat from the British metropolis, and never appeared again.

OLD H——.

After the destruction of Newgate by Lord George Gordon's *no popery mob*, in the year 1780, on its being rebuilt, Mr. H—— was one of its aborigines. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood, for he was still, (in 1811,) in captivity. There is an air of mystery respecting the original cause of his incarceration, but the received opinion is, that he was either a government conspirator, or in the commissariat department, and was employed in furnishing some of the supplies for the troops encamped on Cox Heath. But whatever may have been the original cause of his confinement, he is now considered a government debtor, and, as such, cannot be relieved by the operation of an act of insolvency.

Whether there was any thing fraudulent on his part, at this distance of time is not distinctly known, but the general supposition is, that his defalcation was the result of fraud and embezzlement; be this as it may, the amount is said to have been most enormous. The early impressions of a good education are not, even at this immense distance of time, wholly obliterated, notwithstanding his long association with the vulgar, the vicious, the unprincipled, and the dissipated.

He is a man of information and intelligence, (and what is not a little remarkable in such a place,) of temperate habits; and his local knowledge, (the result of long and dismal experience,) is absolutely unbounded; and he may justly merit the epithet of the sad historian of Newgate.

This poor man, who is now living out the third keeper of the prison, supports himself by managing the concerns of a club, which is the resort of all who have the least pretensions to *fashion*, or to respectability, in the place. Here he vends porter, and such other refreshments as the rules of the prison permit, to those of the *interior*, as well as the numerous visitors who frequent it from without. The walls of his suite of apartments are decorated with paintings in fresco, and in other respects rendered so attractive, as to rival the far-famed butcher's shop at Bermondsey Spa, and may be considered the Vauxhall, the Pantheon, or the Carlisle House of this happy region of the metropolis. The entertainments at this elegant rendezvous, are of a mixed character, and may truly come under the head of heterogeneous, though vocal performances predominate. But spouting and oratory also take their turns; and so deeply is the love of admiration implanted in the human breast, that many persons of respectability from different and distant parts of the town, come here of an evening, to hear, and to *hear themselves* sing, spout, and *speechify*. One young lady in particular, comes here to be admired, and who is considered the Saint Cecilia of the place, and whose “trembling notes ascend the skies,” in such grand style, that were she better known, she might soon supplant and wither the laurels of Pasta, Sontag, or Catalani. In a word, she bawls so powerfully, and is so echoed from the different

wards and cells, as to render "the jail harmonious, and convert it into a nest of singing birds."

Those meetings were always very numerous attended, as well by the inhabitants of the place, as visitors from without, and Mr. H——, the host, with two assistants, were kept busy in filling out porter, and preparing other entertainments for the *convives*. The sale of the porter produced him a profit of a penny per pot, which, with what he made by the other articles of consumption, added to the jail allowance, enabled him to support himself in comparative comfort, as far as comfort was compatible with loss of liberty. But length of years had so far reconciled him to confinement, that the attainment of his liberty seemed to him *then* a matter of perfect indifference, for he had survived all his friends and connexions, and his emancipation at that distance of time would have rendered him a solitary and isolated being in the midst of multitudes. And, such is the powerful influence of habit, that it may be questioned whether he would relinquish his captivity for all the boasted attractions of freedom. Immured within the walls of a prison, where he has spent his manhood, and a considerable portion of his declining years, to him the world would now appear a desert, where he would find himself unknowing and unknown. Under such circumstances, is it surprising that he should cling to his dungeon, and "rather bear those ills *he has*, than fly to others that *he* knows not of?"

This patriarch of the prison teems with such anecdotes and recollections, as the circumscribed sphere of his existence can supply. Many of those are interesting, and most of them curious and amusing; and he could fill volumes with what still lives in his recollection.

But whether he has ever turned his mind towards the formation of a book, the author knows not; if he does not, it certainly cannot be for want of materials. For were he to betray the "secrets of the prison house," he must produce a work at once popular and original.

P—— ———, *alias* W—— ———.

This most impudent fellow was now serving out one of his little apprenticeships in Newgate. This man, whose perverted pride seems vain of its plebeian origin, is for ever outraging propriety by his audacity, and shocking integrity by his want of principle and honour.

Our morning slumbers were for some weeks broken in upon and destroyed by a most tremendous and unaccountable noise, which descended from the roof of the prison. Conjecture was for some weeks on the stretch to ascertain the cause of such terrible concussions, as "split the ears of the groundlings." It at length transpired that the great personage who caused this hurly-burly, this pother over our heads, was the notorious P—— ———, *alias* the *self-celebrated* W—— ———, who, not content with the noise he had already made in the world, seemed now determined to continue it by annoying his fellow inmates in Newgate.

W—— had recently let fly one of those intemperate effusions, which in the eye of the law constitutes a libel, which he had written on some of our state trumpeters, and for which he was now serving out a little apprenticeship at the state side of Newgate. But how could an individual make himself so distinctly heard through the whole range of this extreme pile?

Some indulged in grave, some in witty, and some in ludicrous observations on the occasion. A pompous old gentleman, who had a good deal of tragedy about him, inquired why this man was suffered thus "to lord it uncontrolled *above* his betters?" To this it was replied, that P—— was only practising some of his Yankee cotillions, or trying the effect of some of his American steps. An Irish gentleman expressed his astonish-

ment at all this vague conjecture, "For don't you know," says he, "that P—— is that sort of man who can never be quiet any where, unless he is allowed to make a noise?" This sage observation at once settled the question, and the speaker was greeted with three times three, and bursts of applause.

But conjecture and humour apart, the simple meaning of the thing was precisely this: P—— was allowed the indulgence of taking air and exercise every morning on the roof of the prison, which being flat, was a tolerably extensive promenade; and as he was generally "stirring with the lark," when he began to "scent the morning air," the whole man was set in motion, and he flounced, and leaped, and bounded about like a tumbler at Bartholomew fair, paying, like all great men, very little regard to those beneath him; and made such an infernal kick-up, as would have "awakened death;" and he who had not his pillow disturbed on those occasions, was indeed an object of envy. It may not be amiss to inform the reader, that the roof of the prison is covered with copper, on which any ordinary noise would produce a considerable reverberation, but the bounces made by such a person as P——, were more than sufficient to make "the vaulted roofs rebound."

This new species of serenading continued till the termination of his captivity, when being at length let loose from his cage, P—— retired from the busy hum of men.

"When peace returned, and all was calm again."

THE COAL CONTRACTOR.

Contemporary with P—— in the state side of Newgate, was confined that famous contractor, whom we all well remember, who by his manifold backslidings was at length himself brought over the coals. This distinguished delinquent had no connexion with the forty thieves, who were since detected and sent on their travels to New South Wales. The gentleman here alluded to was in the barrack department, and had the contract for supplying the troops with blankets, warm clothing, &c., but having taken rather too much care to cover himself in from the inclemency of the elements, was at length detected, and dragged like a thief to justice. As his situation in life was elevated, the mischief he did may be supposed to have been on a great scale; and his rank for a long time disarmed suspicion, and screened him from detection. Could it be supposed that a partner in a bank, a colonel in a volunteer corps, and a member of the legislature, could descend so low, as to enrich himself by depriving the private soldier of his little comforts? But the most successful career of villany will be sooner or later arrested in its progress, and the dirty work of the contractor was at length exhibited to public shame, and the delinquent brought to public justice. He was not, however, doomed to personal incarceration, but punished by fine and imprisonment, and as the very name of Newgate carries something of odium on the face of it, he was awarded there a vile durance of many months, besides a heavy pecuniary forfeiture. During his residence in this place of the d——d, he occupied that suite of apartments, once the residence of Lord George Gordon, Lord William Murray, &c. &c., where he lived as luxuriously as Timon of Athens, Darteneuf, or Symonds of Paddington, paying the enormous sum of fifteen guineas per week for the use of his apartments in the keeper's house! All his other expenses were on a scale of equal extravagance, which leads the author to suppose that it was some such case as this which, coming to the knowledge of Serjeant B——, induced him to utter his humane philippic against insolvent debtors, and suggested to him the idea of that detested bill, which was rejected with such just indignation by the House of Commons.

THE STOCK-BROKER.

The subject of the following brief sketch, was a member of the legislature, and a person of high importance and credit on the Stock Exchange, that region of fictitious wealth and curious speculation ; where no man is respected by the measure of his talents, or the extent of his virtue, but where the vilest wretch is caressed and idolized, if he can fly a kite, or appear in the form of a golden calf, in that fountain-head of *false* intelligence, that *sanctum sanctorum* of wickedness, that grand rendezvous of bulls, bears, and blockheads.

In such a place as this, such a man was quite in his element. Many an unhappy person possessing a little money, has here, by his confidence and credulity, lost his little all ; by permitting some *good-natured* officious friend to *turn* it for him in the stocks, where he soon finds that he got nothing per cent. for his solid hard cash, and before he was let into the secret, finds himself some thousands worse than nothing ; and whenever this misfortune occurs it is sure to be laid upon the fluctuation of the funds. In this service the stock-broker was employed for many years, and had conferred on him the character of an upright honest man, and what was still more in his favour, it was whispered about that he was worth fifteen thousand pounds. This at once stamped his character for solvency and respectability, for money has ever been the idolatry of fools.

This man at length became of so much importance that he obtained a seat in the senate, and became one of the legislators of the nation. Among other persons who employed him in the way of his profession was one of the great law officers of the crown, who gave to his unfaithful agent a power of drawing *ad libitum* on his banker, till one day, having occasion for twenty-five thousand pounds to complete the purchase of an estate which he had just made, he found it necessary to draw *himself* on his banker, but found, to his grief and astonishment, that his confidential stock-broker had been before him, and had drawn out every guinea, and had made off with the booty. Messengers were immediately despatched in every direction, and the fugitive was arrested as he was just about to embark from one of our sea-ports, for the Continent, and the "cup being found in Benjamin's sack," and, as no doubt could be entertained of his guilt, he was immediately brought back to the metropolis, the scene of his iniquities, and being first expelled that assembly of which he was an unworthy member, he was then tried and found guilty of the fraud, and raised to the honourable distinction of a state prisoner.

His ultimate intention was to have gone and settled in America, and there to have flourished on his ill-gotten wealth ; but he was soon roused from his golden dream, and all his fine projects of aggrandizement for ever utterly destroyed. This was one of the many happy instances of turning money in the funds, or rather, of turning money out of the funds.

(*To be continued.*)

ON NOVELS AND NOVEL WRITING.

"PARTY is the madness of many for the gain of a few,"—so said some pithy politician, who had a correct knowledge of mankind in general. This motto also, for many years, served for the banner of our excellent friend of the "Examiner," who has always been found in the advance guard of all, and sometimes of more, than all that was liberal. Why he has struck this ensign, and hoisted another, it would perhaps be useless to conjecture ; but though useless, not unpleasant, as it will partly elucidate our feelings upon party matters, and show why we wish, for the present, to part company with them. Did it occur to the intelligent editor of the "Examiner" that he belonged to a party, and was himself a warm-hearted, as well as a clear-headed, partisan ? If so, the question naturally arises, under which of the two categories involved in the motto he ought to place himself, or permit the world to place him. Was he by party, one mad among the many, or more happily, one gainful among the few ? To answer the question either way is dreadfully awkward, and to answer it any other way but in one of the two ways, is almost impossible. For ourselves, we are sick of party, and of party spirit. We should say, that just now the Tories appear to be all mad, and the Whigs all gainful. In the struggle between them, we have endeavoured to be neuter as to men, and impartial as to measures. When we thought that the Whigs did well, we praised them, and then the Tories called us apostates for our trouble ; when we found that the Tories were advocating some measure that would have tended to the prosperity of the country, we said, "Aye ! well done !" and then the Whigs shouted out, "turn-coat" in our ears, as a reward for our honesty. "A plague upon both your houses," say we. We attended not to the interests of two adverse and hating factions, but to those of the country, for which patriotic conduct we have been dignified by the vituperation of the Radicals, and called by those gentlemen, whom we really respect, infirm in our purposes, and vacillating in our politics. Behold the gratitude of the world ! We reserve to ourselves the right of speaking, aye, and of acting too, upon any great and vital emergency ; but we will not stoop to squabble with any party. Should danger threaten our country, we know our station and our strength. Who but a fool would think of going down among the debaters of Billingsgate to settle the destinies of a great nation ?

Yet, is it expected that the first article of a magazine should be grave and didactic, if not political. The readers will not away with a light dish at first, but must have their sapience crammed with solid pabulum. Since we are thus obliged to enact "Sir Oracle," we have chosen the subject indicated by the title to this article, on which we will endeavour to be decently dull ; and dull as we may aspire to be, our success will be much more glorious than if we had stirred up the morbid bile of ill will by political exacerbation. As the world, or a great part of it, now choose to be instructed rather by novels than

either by sermons or moral essays, books of fiction have become of a paramount importance. Such being the case, we should first of all inquire, what are the requisites of a good novel; and when we have got one, on some other occasion we will examine in what spirit it ought to be read. We will set out with the axiom that a novel, that is, a genuine one, is nothing more than an extended parable in one, two, or three volumes. As it is seldom fact, yet it is not necessarily fiction. All the incidents may be true, yet if they work together to the same end, to exemplify a point of conduct, or a principle in morals, it is a novel notwithstanding its truth. Though the whole of a novel may be, and in general is, a mere tissue of inventions; yet must every fiction be made so consonant with fact, that if the premises that led to that fact be granted, that fact, and none other, must inevitably be the issue. Should the writer fail, in the least, in this respect, he revolts the reader, shakes his credence, destroys all the harmony of the action, and we might as well listen to the wild language of a disjointed dream, as to a novel in which this indispensable requisite is not observed. As surely as certain data produce certain results in mathematics, so surely will certain causes produce certain effects in morals. If a man cannot calculate moral effects, or cannot appreciate moral causes, let him not attempt a novel. Try a book by this rule, and observe how much the shelves of biblioplists would be thinned, if every work that could not undergo this essay were expelled. Look at almost the whole of that class of novels called fashionable. Are not the motives to the actions recorded in them rarely such as would actuate reasonable beings? And the actions, do they not seem to result from no motive at all but that which impelled the author to write something? The oh! and the sighs, and the turgid language, and the imbecilities called sentiments, where are they in real life? Even in Bedlam the ravings are more vigorous and manly. Then the utter improbability of the incidents; improbable, not because they are strange, but because they have no adequate cause to produce them. There is not one of the self-styled fashionable novels that can be read with improvement, or that will not excite disgust in a well-ordered and an appreciating mind. There is nothing in them that can afford us a lesson of action, nothing by which we can model our manners, regulate our taste, or correct our morals. They have found a circulation only through the vitiated appetite of the vulgar, who swallow greedily every thing that they suppose to be aristocratic; whilst the real aristocracy, in their sublime selfism, despise and hate the admirers that do not understand them, and whose manners their pseudo chroniclers certainly do not represent. Yet talented men have been found to write this trash. It is too true, that vanity and money will do strange things. The only remedy for this is in a reformed taste of the public.

We shall next proceed to notice the claims of another class of works, that may well be termed the imaginative, and of which "Vivian Grey" is a fair representative. It is of itself, no doubt, a splendid work; but altogether as useless and as unsatisfactory as it is splendid. It is not a genuine novel. It gives no lessons of life. It is a modernized fairy tale; but instead of the agency of those amiable

beings, the fairies, we have that of gigantic passions, unnatural sentiments, and overcharged feelings. They are the ogres, the enchanters, that bring about so many impossibilities. The natural sense is shocked in every page, though the imagination may be lighted up by the brilliancy of the poetry that is offered to its view. It is no more than an ingenious hanging up of many-coloured and dazzling lamps over a hideous and unshapen rock. We like a good fairy tale. We will, for our own satisfaction, gladly grant the existence and the powers of these tiny immortals; but then we will have them throughout act by their own laws; they must be consistent in all their actions, thoughts, and words, and in their influences on the actions, thoughts, and words of others, with their own natures. We will suffer no improbabilities, that is, fairy ones, even from their unlimited powers. Give us fairy law in a fairy tale, and we are both pleased and satisfied. But as we cannot allow human passions and human motives to have the supernatural powers of the ladies who revel with Queen Mab, we feel continually shocked at the extravagance we meet with in the pages of this class of writings. Were the purport of a good novel only to amuse, or to excite, this species of writing would fully deserve that title; but, as we conceive, that they should also instruct, we must therefore dismiss the highly imaginative compositions, similar to "*Vivian Grey*," as not being genuine novels.

We shall next consider the pious tales, and take Miss Hannah More's "*Cœlebs in search of a Wife*," as a talented specimen of this class. They have been very numerous, and written with different degrees of unction, from the too rigidly moral, up to the severe, stern, and unchristian exclusiveness of fanatical sectarianism. In our opinion, all have been failures. The straightlaced partisans for whom they were written could barely tolerate, and most others despised them. The elect said, that if they amused too much, they were sinful, and, if people would have undoubted pious reading, there were homilies, and sermons, *ad libitum*, and for light articles, there was all the godliness of the Methodist Magazine. This was their fate among those in order to conciliate whom, and to flatter whose opinions, they were written. With the rest of the world they were received with expressions of open disgust, or the sneer of silent contempt. It was at once perceived that the doctrines they inculcated, and the morals that they advocated, could only exist under a very high state of civilization and refinement, yet were these works at deadly war with that very state of things that sheltered them, and under which they hoped to flourish. The scene of these tales was generally laid in what may be termed serious high life. The heroine was usually sickly, passed her time in strenuous, saintly idleness, did much harm by unsettling the minds, and interfering with the conduct of the surrounding poor, established sunday schools, and catechised little urchins when they ought to have been playing, and finally, she wound up the catastrophe either by converting an elegant infidel into a dark garmented methodist, or else by dying herself in an enthusiasm of heavenly bliss, having become almost transparent at the moment of dissolution by previous consumption. Every one of this class of works invariably possessed a hectic parson, often the hero, always an important personage in the plot. After

pronouncing sundry declamations against the vanities and the pleasures of a life that he could never have been supposed capable of appreciating, he always died. These and similar materials were the groundwork of all the serious novels; they were manifestly false as pictures of life, and as plainly injurious as lessons in morals, as they invariably tended to make that world gloomy that Eternal Benificence would have cheerful, to narrow the pale of salvation to those myriads whom Almighty love would fondly gather under the shadow of the throne of mercy, and finally, to unfit man for that social happiness that he may hope for hereafter in the communion of angels, by straitening his communion here with his fellow men, and in making him proud, sectarian, and bigoted.

These serious novels were not descriptive of real life. It has been our lot to mix with many much-professing families. We have always found them active pursuers of their worldly interests, peculiarly alive to the main chance, giving freely certainly, but always with a view to strengthen their own interests as a party, and to weaken every other that does not tend to invigorate theirs: quiet, plausible, yet at the same time ambitious and persevering, in fact, seeking power, and wealth as a means of power, with a tact and a zeal inferior to no other class in the community, and, in these respects, surpassing many. Serious society is as unlike the society described in the serious novels, as Mrs. Fry's conversions in Newgate are to the holy zeal of those who first embraced Christianity. They are merely fulsome sycophancies, offered up at the shrine of spiritual vanity, barely tolerated for a time by the powers adulated, and the incense of which has been long swept away by the stern blast of public opinion.

We now come to consider those lachrymose productions, styled sentimental novels. They are at present sadly out of fashion. One or two quietly steal into the world every year, and as quietly steal out again. Milliners and dress-makers read nothing below the fashionable—except in very distant country towns. Mr. Newman has grown old, and his green name is stale and out of date, and the glories, *Minerva*, of thy once splendid press, have, alas! passed away as a fleeting moonbeam upon the unstable waters! We now see no more marble covered miseries, that would soften a heart of marble, nor luxuriate at present in tender woes, that “sigh deeply” in every page. We cannot, in these improved times, drink up volumes of tears, at least, without they are turned into a sort of whipped syllabubs with a froth to them; and, there is now no longer any use for the white pocket handkerchief, on account of the general adoption of Eau de Cologne.

The “personal,” or, as it is sometimes called, the “satirical novel,” is nothing better than a tedious libel, and we shall dismiss it accordingly. As to romances, they are quite a different species of composition from novels, and if a novel be likened to a comedy, they may be compared to a melodramme. Tragedy would be too lofty for a similitude.

We trust that we have now shown how many compositions that arrogate to themselves the titles of novels, have no just claim to the designation. We wish to elevate the character of the genuine novel,

to show that it is not only a difficult, but also an ambitious production; that it should be composed in an unadulterated manner, and be kept chaste from all admixture of matter foreign to its purposes, or not conducive to its legitimate ends. A novel should teach the science of life, by showing exactly how others live. It should consist of a succession of pictures accurately true to nature, and these pictures should not only be true but striking. They should not only have all the vividness of actual life, seen in the broad sunshine, but they should be so characteristic of time, place, and person, that two or three of them will make you as intimately acquainted with those who are to act before you, as if they had been the familiar friends of a life. Walter Scott possessed this art in an eminent degree. He made you so well cognizant almost at the outset of his tales, with his characters, possessed you so fully with their identity, that, had they in the course of the work, ceased for one moment to be true to themselves, the reader would have immediately discovered the discrepancy, and have exclaimed, "this is unnatural." Weak minds produce weak delineations. We see what the author means but indefinitely, therefore any absurdity, any vagary that may afterwards cross us, does not surprise, or even annoy, because it does not impress us. Take the hero of most of the modern novels, examine his consistency, you will find him under the influence of opposite, and impossible-to-be-united motives; he will be weighed down with contradictory virtues: in fact, he will be a great hero, for this simple reason, that he will be at least twenty single heroes, like Colman's two single gentlemen, rolled into one. The consequence of all this is, that the reader cares but little about him, but dwells upon the wit, if there be any, the dialogue, and the incidents, and is amused, but not instructed, but, on the contrary, very often carries away from the perusal, false notions both of worldly prudence and morality. From this confusion of qualities in his characters, Godwin is singularly exempt; he is therefore never weak, though often in his opinions and his dogmas wild and absurd. Were we inclined to be ill-natured and personal, we could cite many a novel which has had, like Shakspeare's dog, its day, and no more than a day, from the very fault on which we have just been commenting. The persons employed in working out the catastrophe were not real beings, or any thing like them, therefore, as the mind could not grasp them, having no identity, they passed away, and are forgotten, like shadows that we scarcely note.

We maintain that this consistency and force of individual character is the very essence of a novel's immortality. *Gil Blas* will be as eternal as the love of man for nature. This novel has scarcely any plot, many of the incidents are puerile, many extravagant, and the whole book is loaded with numerous episodic and irrelevant tales. And there is our friend *Gil*, himself, what a hold he has upon our memory, how amply he occupies our imagination! It is a fact, that we have been domesticated with persons, days, months, nay years, of whom not a vestige remains in our recollection, yet, here is this rogue, who never existed but in the fancy of one man, in triumphant possession of the "immortal memory" of millions. In what consists the secret of our affection for this wag? He was a thief, in a gentlemanly way;

a most unabashed parasite, vain, sometimes ungrateful, always self-interested, lax in his morals, fawning in his manners, half a rogue, and wholly a coward. Was there ever, after all, so complete a hero—for a novel? Let the Tremaines, the Lord Georges, and the Delavals hide their diminutive heads! But also observe with what a constellation of glories this Gil is surrounded, every star of which would make a resplendent sun for a modern fiction. But the secret of all this is, that the wit, the invention, and the learning of the author, the incidents, the situations, and the denouements of the story were all directed to the developement of individual character. Le Sage did not create for us fine and glorious scenes, in order to pass over them a set of wooden puppets, but he essayed to create glorious and living beings, and he was content that all the accessories of scenery and decoration should be subservient to the display of nature in human character. The events of this inimitable novel were created for the actors, not the actors to accomplish a stated number of events.

The same praise, in its degree, may be also given to Fielding and to Smollett, that the author of *Gil Blas* has so deservedly earned. Nor will we hesitate to affirm that our two English novelists constructed their stories more artfully than did Le Sage. They are more equal, their incidents more probable, and quite as interesting, and their humour and wit fully as luxuriant. Notwithstanding all these advantages, *Gil Blas* will ever remain the favourite with all ages and all nations, and that principally through the graphic delineation of character with which it abounds. We, therefore, come to the conclusion, that, in writing a perfect novel, character must be the first requisite, wit and humour the next, and plot and incident the last. To say that a novel should also involve a good and useful moral, is saying scarcely any thing, for if the requisites that we have enumerated above be found, a striking moral will be produced in almost every page, and a lesson of actual life in every incident.

An epic poem has been usually regarded as the sublimest effort of human genius. The difficulties that surround the author when he attempts one, make it so. He must be at the same time natural, and yet elevated above the ordinary occurrences of nature. His heroes, like the heroes of a novel, must be consistent with our notions of humanity, yet above the scale of most human beings. The poet must never descend from sublimity, except to be exquisitely tender, which, in itself, partakes of the nature of the sublime; the action must be single and uniform, the events astonishing, yet within the compass of probability. The interference of supernatural agency is no exception to the rule, for such interference will always be consistent with the faith of those for whom the poem is written. All these rules that govern the elevated walks of fiction, may be well applied in their degree, to the more level ones. It would involve no absurdity to say, that a good novel is a domestic epic. The novel certainly has the greater latitude of pleasing, as it may be as sublime, at times, as the author can make it, and, at the same time, indulge in that wit and humour that are denied to the more lofty march of the epic.

We have written all this to prove that novel writing is an art that

deserves the cultivation of the most exalted genius, that a good novel is, of itself, a test of genius, and, as that species of writing has already become so extensively popular, talented men should combine to make it as extensively useful. To do this they should purify it from all that does not legitimately enter into the composition of a novel; the public taste would be thus reformed, every one would, in a short time, be enabled to pronounce with as much certainty, that such a work is a pure novel, as that such a drama is a regular tragedy. The task of writing a novel would be thus surrounded with an inspiring difficulty to the capable, and a dispiriting obstacle to the mere pretender; we should most assuredly have fewer works calling themselves novels, yet, as assuredly, much better productions. When the reading world had learned properly to appreciate a genuine work of this description, and to know why they did so, the taste for the regular drama would revive, for the two species of writing are nearly akin, and we feel assured that with an improvement in the general taste, intellectual enjoyment, which is only another term for the higher sort, of happiness, would be considerably extended.

But the word "novel" is almost a term of reproach. Walter Scott felt the implied depreciation, and called but few of his fictions by that term. The very correct, name their productions of this nature, "moral tales." Nonsense. Every paragraph in a newspaper, though not a tale, may be called a moral something. There is a moral in every thing we read short of absolute fatuity, if we know but how to extract it. The author's duty is, in a tale, to assist us; to show us facts, and to help us to make correct deductions from them. This he must not do too ostentatiously, but he must encourage us to labour for ourselves, only taking care that our labours be not in vain. There is no occasion to change the term "novel;" let us vindicate it, let us make it not only respectable, but to imply something excellent.

We have said before that, a pure novel is nothing more than a lengthened parable, or a succession of parables, all tending to the developement of some great moral truth. We have a divine example of this kind of writing from one whose name it would be a desecration to mention connected with so light a subject,—we allude to the beautiful story of "the Prodigal Son." How easily it might be expanded by the hand of genius into two or three volumes! The early ambition, the rising greed of pleasure, the paternal interview, the insolent demand of the portion, and the sorrowful acquiescence. Then the revelry in all its mad triumphs. The falling off of friends, the destitution, the remorse, and the humility. Here are events on which to descant with all the piety of the divine, and all the cogency of the moralist. Had all this been done, and well done, would such a work have deserved the invidious meaning conveyed in the title of a "novel?" Let us not despise any thing because it may be composed of humble constituents, and every day incidents; for, let us remember, when the Almighty Artificer was graciously, and benevolently pleased to mould a being in his own glorious image, he chose no material more precious—than the dust of the earth.

ROMANCE AND REALITY; OR, THE RETURN OF THE
EXILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUNSHINE; OR, LAYS FOR LADIES!"

FROM the land of bright forms, golden rivers,
The plantain, the sun, and the sky,
From the land of good feeding—bad livers,
The Exile sought home with a sigh!
She called on her friends, but they all
Had vanished like visions of light,
Save one—whom she met at a ball,
And pestered with questions all night!

Query.—Where are the dreams of my childhood,
Where are the visions of youth,
The flowers, the forest, the wildwood,
When fairy romance was like truth?

Answer.—The fields are all changed into squares,
The lanes are departed for town,
And the forests are let out in shares,
By the agent you named, Mr. Brown!

Q.—Oh! where are the forms that I loved,
Oh! where are the spots I adored,
And where are the walks, when I roved
With that sweetest of friends, Lucy Ford?

A.—Some have gone to the Cheltenham waters,
And some have gone down to the sea,
While your "sweetest of friends," with four daughters,
Is keeping a school by the Lea!

Q.—And the hopes of my youth, are they perished
With the flowers, the blossoms, the trees?
Are the thoughts which mine infancy cherished,
All gone with the bird and the breeze?

A.—Yes! and Anne, so exceedingly fervent,
When prating about her high caste,
Went off with her grandfather's servant,
And married at Gretna at last!

Q.—How bright seemed the hours when we wandered
About in the beautiful air,
When lovers and marriage we pondered,
And gave away lockets of hair!

A.—Pooh! disinterested affection,
Is not the fashion, you know;
So—Miss Fox formed a famous connexion,
By marrying her oldest friend's beau!

Q.—And where the high hopes which we nourished,
Of genius too holy to die,
With the evergreen flow'rets which flourished,
Born of a tear and a sigh?

A.—Why, Laura has left off inditing
Her poems, for fear of reviews,
While Adelaide found for *her* writing
Few readers, but plenty abuse.

Q.—And have they *all* past, are *all* gone,
And left me alone on the earth?
And their music-like voices *all* flown,
And hushed *all* the tones of their mirth?

A.—Yes! some are borne off by their lovers,
And some are borne off by decline,
While Jane, if she ever recovers,
Will be crooked for life in the spine!

Then to that land of bright rivers,
The plantain, the sun, and the sky,
To that land of good feeding—bad livers,
The exile went back with a sigh;
Her friends and her joys were departed.
Gone, like a dream, every hope,
She was left with despair, broken-hearted,
To visions of poison or rope!

JOHN FRANCIS.

WALLACE TO HIS ARMY.

Air—"Robin Adair."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Sons o' the heroes wha' bled for the land,
On to the battle wi' death-dealing hand!
One look at beauty's e'e,
One prayer for liberty,
Then, brothers, follow me!
Scotland for aye!

Shades o' the mighty wha ride on the blast,
Scotland this day shall avenge a' the past!
Like sons in hour o' need,
Like brothers a' agreed,
We'll make the tyrant bleed!
Scotland for aye!

Hark to the pibroch, frae mcuntain to vale!
Hark to the gathering! it comes on the gale!
By all that's fair and free,—
Friends, hame, and liberty,—
Now, brothers, follow me!
Scotland for aye!

JACOB FAITHFUL.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

I HAD not, for some time, received a visit from Tom; and, surprised at this, I went down to his father's, to make inquiry about him. I found the old couple sitting in-doors; the weather was fine, but old Tom was not at his work; even the old woman's netting was thrown aside.

"Where is Tom?" inquired I, after wishing them good morning.

"Oh! deary me," cried the old woman, putting her apron up to her eyes; "that wicked, good-for-nothing girl!"

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" inquired I of old Tom.

"The matter, Jacob," replied old Tom, stretching out his two wooden legs, and placing his hands upon his knees, "is, that Tom has 'listed for a sodger."

"'Listed for a soldier!"

"Yes; that's as sartain as it's true; and what's worse, I'm told the regiment is ordered to the West Indies. So, what with fever o' mind and yellow fever, he's food for the land crabs, that's sartain. I think now," continued the old man, brushing a tear from his eye with his fore finger, "that I see his bones bleaching under the palisades; for I know the place well."

"Don't say so, Tom; don't say so! Oh, Jacob! beg pardon if I'm too free now; but can't you help us?"

"I will if I can, depend upon it; but tell me how this happened," said I, appealing to old Tom.

"Why, the long and the short of it is this: that girl, Mary Stapleton, has been his ruin. When he first came home, he was well received, and looked forward to being spliced and living with us; but it didn't last long. She couldn't leave off her old tricks; and so, that Tom might not get the upper hand, she plays him off with the sergeant of a recruiting party, and flies off from one to the other, just like the ticker of the old clock there does from one side to the other. One day the sergeant was the fancy man, and the next day it was Tom. At last, Tom gets out of patience, and wishes to come to a fair understanding. So he axes her whether she chooses to have the sergeant or to have him; she might take her choice, but he had no notion of being played with in that way, after all her letters and all her promises. Upon this she huffs outright, and tells Tom he may go about his business, for she didn't care if she never seed him no more.

¹ Concluded from p. 28.

So Tom's blood was up, and he calls her a d——n jilt, and, in my opinion, he was near to the truth; then they had a regular breeze, and parted company. Well, this made Tom very miserable, and the next day he would have begged her pardon, and come to her terms, for you see, Jacob, a man in love has no discretion; but she being still angry, tells him to go about his business, as she means to marry the sergeant in a week. Tom turns away again quite mad, and it so happens that he goes into the public-house, where the sergeant hangs out, hoping to be revenged on him, and meaning to have a regular set-to, and see who is the best man; but the sergeant wasn't there, and Tom takes pot after pot to drive away care; and, when the sergeant returned, Tom was not a little in liquor. Now, the sergeant was a knowing chap, and when he comes in, and perceives Tom with his face flushed, he guesses what was to come, so, instead of saying a word, he goes to another table, and dashes his fist upon it, as if in a passion. Tom goes up to him, and says, 'Sergeant, I've known that girl long before you, and if you are a man, you'll stand up for her.' 'Stand up for her! yes,' replied the sergeant, 'and so I would have done yesterday, but the blasted jilt has turned me to the right about and sent me away. I won't fight now, for she won't have me—any more than she will you.' Now when Tom hears this, he becomes more pacified with the sergeant, and they sit down like two people under the same misfortune, and take a pot together instead of fighting; and then, you see, the sergeant plies Tom with liquor, swearing that he will go back to the regiment, and leave Mary altogether, and advises Tom to do the same. At last, what with the sergeant's persuasions, and Tom's desire to vex Mary, he succeeds in 'listing' him, and giving him the shilling before witnesses: that was all the rascal wanted. The next day Tom was sent down to the dépôt, as they call it, under a guard; and the sergeant remains here to follow up Mary, without interruption. This only happened three days ago, and we only were told of it yesterday by old Stapleton, who threatens to turn his daughter out of doors."

"Can't you help us, Jacob?" said the old woman, whimpering.

"I hope I can; and if money can procure his discharge it shall be obtained. But did you not say that he was ordered to the West Indies?"

"The regiment is in the West Indies, but they are recruiting for it, so many have been carried off by the yellow fever last sickly season. A transport, they say, will sail next week, and the recruits are to march for embarkation in three or four days."

"And what is the regiment, and where is the dépôt?"

"It is the 47th Fusileers, and the dépôt is at Maidstone."

"I will lose no time, my good friends," replied I; "to-morrow I will go to Mr. Drummond, and consult with him." I returned the grateful squeeze of old Tom's hand, and, followed by the blessings of the old woman, I hastened away.

As I pulled up the river, for that day I was engaged to dine with the Wharncloffes, I resolved to call upon Mary Stapleton, and ascertain by her deportment whether she had become that heartless jilt which she was represented, and if so, to persuade Tom, if I suc-

ceeded in obtaining his discharge, to think no more about her. I felt so vexed and angry with her, that after I landed I walked about a few minutes before I went to the house, that I might recover my temper. When I walked up the stairs I found Mary sitting over a sheet of paper, on which she had been writing. She looked up as I came in, and I perceived that she had been crying. "Mary," said I, "how well you have kept the promise you made to me when last we met! See what trouble and sorrow you have brought upon all parties except yourself."

"Except myself;—no, Mr. Faithful, don't except myself, I am almost mad—I believe that I am mad—for surely such folly as mine is madness." And Mary wept bitterly.

"There is no excuse for your behaviour, Mary,—it is unpardonably wicked. Tom sacrificed all for your sake,—he even deserted, and desertion is death by the law. Now what have you done?—taken advantage of his strong affection, to drive him to intemperance, and induce him, in despair, to enlist for a soldier. He sails for the West Indies to fill up the ranks of a regiment thinned by the yellow fever, and will perhaps never return again—you will then have been the occasion of his death. Mary, I have come to tell you that I despise you."

"I despise and hate myself," replied Mary, mournfully; "I wish I were in my grave.—O Mr. Faithful, do, for God's sake, do get him back. You can, I know you can—you have money and every thing."

"If I do, it will not be for your benefit, Mary, for you shall trifle with him no more. I will not try for his discharge unless he faithfully promises never to speak to you again."

"You don't say that—you don't mean that," cried Mary, sweeping the hair with her hand back from her forehead,—and her hand still remaining on her head—"O God! O God! what a wretch I am! Hear me, Jacob,—hear me," cried she, dropping on her knees, and seizing my hands; "only get him his discharge—only let me once see him again, and I swear by all that is sacred, that I will beg his pardon on my knees as I now do yours. I will do every thing, any thing, if he will but forgive me, for I cannot, will not, live without him."

"If this is true, Mary, what madness could have induced you to have acted as you have?"

"Yes," replied Mary, rising from her knees, "madness indeed—more than madness to treat so cruelly one for whom I only care to live. You say Tom loves me, I know he does; but he does not love me as I do him. O my God, my heart will break!" After a pause Mary resumed. "Read what I have written to him—I have already written as much in another letter. You will see that if he cannot get away, I have offered to go out with him as his wife, that is, if he will have such a foolish, wicked girl, as I am."

I read the letter, it was as she said, praying for forgiveness, offering to accompany him, and humiliating herself as much as it was possible. I was much affected. I returned the letter.

"You can't despise me so much as I despise myself," continued Mary; "I hate, I detest myself for my folly. I recollect now how

you used to caution me when a girl. O mother! mother! it was a cruel legacy you left to your child, when you gave her your disposition. Yet, why should I blame her?—I must blame myself."

"Well, Mary, I will do all I can, and that as soon as possible. To-morrow I will go down to the depôt."

"God bless you, Jacob; and may you never have the misfortune to be in love with such a one as myself!"

I left Mary, and hastened home to dress for dinner. I mentioned the subject of wishing to obtain Tom's discharge, to Mr. Wharncliffe, who recommended my immediately applying to the Horse Guards; and, as he was acquainted with those in office, offered to accompany me. I gladly accepted his offer, and the next morning he called for me in his carriage, and we went there. Mr. Wharncliffe sent up his card to one of the secretaries, and we were immediately ushered up, when I stated my wishes. The reply was, "If you had time to procure a substitute it would easily be arranged; but the regiment is so weak, and the aversion to the West Indies so prevalent after this last very sickly season, that I doubt if his royal highness would permit any man to purchase his discharge. However, we will see. The duke is one of the kindest-hearted of men, and I will lay the case before him: but let us see if he is still at the depôt—I rather think not." The secretary rang the bell.

"The detachment of the 47th Fusileers from the depôt, has it marched? and when does it embark?"

The clerk went out, and in a few minutes returned with some papers in his hand. "It marched the day before yesterday, and was to embark this morning, and sail as soon as the wind was fair."

My heart sank at this intelligence.

"How is the wind, Mr. G——? go down and look at the tell-tale."

The clerk returned; "E.N.E., sir, and has been steadily so these two days."

"Then," replied the secretary, "I am afraid you are too late to obtain your wish. The orders to the port admiral are most peremptory to expedite the sailing of the transports, and a frigate has been now three weeks waiting to convoy them. Depend upon it, they have sailed to-day."

"What can be done?" replied I, mournfully.

"You must apply for his discharge, and procure a substitute. He can then have an order sent out, and be permitted to return home. I am very sorry, as I perceive you are much interested, but I'm afraid it is too late now. However, you may call to-morrow; the weather is clear with this wind, and the port admiral will telegraph to the Admiralty the sailing of the vessels. Should any thing detain them, I will take care that his royal highness shall be acquainted with the circumstances this afternoon, if possible, and will give you his reply."

We thanked the secretary for his politeness, and took our leave. Vexed as I was with the communications I had already received, I was much more so when one of the porters ran to the carriage, to show me, by the secretary's order, a telegraphic communication from

the Admiralty, containing this certain and unpleasant information, "Convoy to West Indies sailed this morning."

"Then it is all over for the present," said I, throwing myself back in the carriage; and I continued in a melancholy humour until Mr. Wharncliffe, who had business in the city, put me down as near as the carriage went to the house of Mr. Drummond. I found Sarah, who was the depository of all my thoughts, pains, and pleasures, and I communicated to her this episode in the history of young Tom. As most ladies are severe judges of their own sex, she was very strong in her expressions against the conduct of Mary, which she would not allow to admit of any palliation. Even her penitence had no weight with her.

"And yet how often is it the case, Sarah, not perhaps to the extent carried on by this mistaken girl; but still the disappointment is as great, although the consequences are not so calamitous. Among the higher classes, how often do young men receive encouragement, and yield themselves up to a passion to end only in disappointment! It is not necessary to plight troth; a young woman may not have virtually committed herself, and yet, by merely appearing pleased with the conversation and company of a young man, induce him to venture his affections in a treacherous sea, and eventually find them wrecked."

"You are very nautically poetical, Jacob," replied Sarah; "such things do happen, but I think that women's affections are, to use your phrase, oftener wrecked than those of men; that, however, does not exculpate either party. A woman must be blind, indeed, if she cannot perceive, in a very short time, whether she is trifling with a man's feelings, and base indeed, if she continues to practise upon them."

"Sarah," replied I, and I stopped.

"Well——"

"I was," replied I, stammering a little, "I was going to ask you if you were blind?"

"As to what, Jacob?" said Sarah, colouring up.

"As to my feelings towards you."

"No; I believe you like me very well," replied she, smiling.

"Do you think that that is all?"

"Where do you dine to-day, Jacob?" replied Sarah.

"That must depend upon you and your answer. If I dine here to-day, I trust to dine here often. If I do not dine here to-day, probably I never may again. I wish to know, Sarah, whether you have been blind to my feelings towards you; for, with the case of Mary and Tom before me, I feel that I must no longer trust to my own hopes, which may end in disappointment. Will you have the kindness to put me out of my misery?"

"If I have been blind to your feelings, I have not been blind to your merit, Jacob. Perhaps I have not been blind to your feelings, and I am not of the same disposition as Mary Stapleton. I think you may venture to dine here to-day," continued she, colouring and smiling, as she turned away to the window.

"I can hardly believe that I'm to be so happy, Sarah," replied I,

agitated. "I have been fortunate, very fortunate, but the hopes you have now raised are so much beyond my expectations,—so much beyond my deserts,—that I dare not indulge in them. Have pity on me, and be more explicit."

"What do you wish me to say?" replied Sarah, looking down upon her work, as she turned round to me.

"That you will not reject the orphan who was fostered by your father, and who reminds you of what he was, that you may not forget at this moment, what I trust is the greatest bar to his presumption—his humble origin."

"Jacob, that was said like yourself, it was nobly said; and if you are not born noble, you have true nobility of mind. I will imitate your example. Have I not often, during our long friendship, told you that I loved you?"

"Yes, as a child, you did, Sarah."

"Then, as a woman, I repeat it; and now are you satisfied?"

I took Sarah by the hand; she did not withdraw it, but allowed me to kiss it over and over again.

"But your father and mother, Sarah?"

"Would never have allowed our intimacy, if they had not approved of it, Jacob, depend upon it. However, you may make yourself easy on that score, by letting them know what has passed, and then, I presume, you will be out of your misery."

Before the day was over, I had spoken to Mrs. Drummond, and requested her to open the business to her husband, as I really felt it more than I could dare to do. She smiled as her daughter hung upon her neck, and when I met Mr. Drummond at dinner-time, I was "out of my misery;" for he shook me by the hand, and said, "You have made us all very happy, Jacob, for that girl appears determined either to marry you, or not to marry at all.—Come, dinner is ready."

I will leave the reader to imagine how happy I was:—what passed between Sarah and me in our *tête-à-tête* of that evening, how unwilling I was to quit the house, and how I ordered a postchaise to carry me home, because I was afraid to trust myself on that water, on which the major part of my life had been safely passed, lest any accident should happen to me, and rob me of my anticipated bliss. From that day, I was as one of the family, and finding the distance too great, took up my abode at apartments contiguous to the house of Mr. Drummond. But the course of other people's love did not run so smooth, and I must now return to Mary Stapleton and Tom Beazeley.

I had breakfasted, and was just about to take my wherry and go down to acquaint the old couple with the bad success of my application. I had been reflecting with gratitude upon my own happiness in prospect, indulging in fond anticipations, and then, reverting to the state in which I had left Mary Stapleton and Tom's father and mother, contrasting their misery with my joy, arising from the same source, when, who should rush into the dining-room but young Tom, dressed in nothing but a shirt, and a pair of white trowsers, covered with dust, and wan with fatigue and excitement.

"Good heavens! Tom! are you back? then you must have deserted."

"Very true," replied Tom, sinking on a chair; "I swam on shore last night, and have made from Portsmouth to here since eight o'clock. I hardly need say that I am done up. Let me have something to drink, Jacob, pray."

I went to the cellaret and brought him some wine, of which he drank off a tumbler eagerly. During this, I was revolving in my mind the consequences which might arise from this hasty and imprudent step. "Tom," said I, "do you know the consequences of desertion?"

"Yes," replied he, gloomily, "but I could not help it; Mary told me, in her letter, that she would do all I wished, would accompany me abroad; she made all the amends she could, poor girl! and, by heavens, I could not leave her: and when I found myself fairly under weigh, and there was no chance, I was almost mad; the wind baffled us at the Needles, and we anchored for the night; I slipped down the cable and swam on shore; and there's the whole story."

"But, Tom, you will certainly be recognized and taken up for a deserter."

"I must think of that," replied Tom; "I know the risk that I run, but, perhaps, if you obtain my discharge, they may let me off."

I thought this was the best plan to proceed upon, and requesting Tom to keep quiet, I went to consult with Mr. Wharncliffe. He agreed with me, that it was Tom's only chance, and I pulled to his father's, to let them know what had occurred, and then went on to the Drummonds. When I returned home late in the evening, the gardener told me that Tom had gone out, and had not returned. My heart misgave me that he had gone to see Mary, and that some misfortune had occurred, and I went to bed with most anxious feelings. My forebodings were proved to be correct, for the next morning I was informed that old Stapleton wished to see me. He was ushered in, and as soon as he entered, he exclaimed, "All's up, Master Jacob—Tom's nabbed—Mary fit after fit—*human natur*."

"Why what is the matter, Stapleton?"

"Why, it's just this—Tom deserts to come to Mary. Cause why?—he loves her—*human natur*. That soldier chap comes in and sees Tom, clutches hold, and tries to take possession of him. Tom fights, knocks out sergeant's starboard eye, and tries to escape—*human natur*. Soldiers come in, pick up sergeant, seize Tom, and carry him off. Mary cries, and screams, and faints—*human natur*—poor girl, can't keep her up—two women with burnt feathers all night. Sad job, mister Jacob. Of all the senses love's the worst, that's sartain—quite upset me, can't smoke my pipe this morning—Mary's tears quite put my pipe out;"—and old Stapleton looked as if he was ready to cry himself.

"This is a sad business, Stapleton," replied I. "Tom will be tried for desertion, and God knows how it will end. I will try all I can; but they have been very strict lately."

"Hope you will, mister Jacob. Mary will die, that's sartain. I'm

more afraid that Tom will. If one does, t'other will. I know the girl—just like her mother, never could carry her helm amidships, hard a port or hard a starboard. She's mad now to follow Tom—will go to Maidstone. I take her as soon as I go back to her. Just come up to tell you all about it."

"This is a gloomy affair, Stapleton."

"Yes, for sartain—wish there never was such a thing as *human natur*."

After a little conversation, and a supply of money, which I knew would be acceptable, Stapleton went away, leaving me in no very happy state of mind. My regard for Tom was excessive, and his situation one of peculiar danger. Again I repaired to Mr. Wharncliffe for advice, and he readily interested himself most warmly.

"This is, indeed, an awkward business," said he, "and will require more interest than I am afraid that I command. If not condemned to death, he will be sentenced to such a flogging as will break him down in spirit as well as in body, and sink him into an early grave. Death were preferable of the two. Lose no time, Mr. Faithful, in going down to Maidstone, and seeing the colonel commanding the dépôt. I will go to the Horse Guards, and see what is to be done."

I wrote a hurried note to Sarah to account for my absence, and sent for post horses. Early in the afternoon I arrived at Maidstone, and finding out the residence of the officer commanding the dépôt, sent up my card. In few words I stated to him the reason of my calling upon him.

"It will rest altogether with the Horse Guards, Mr. Faithful, and I am afraid I can give you but little hope. His Royal Highness has expressed his determination to punish the next deserter with the utmost severity of the law. His leniency on that point has been very injurious to the service, and he *must do it*. Besides, there is an aggravation of the offence in his attack upon the sergeant, who has irrecoverably lost his eye."

"The sergeant first made him drunk, and then persuaded him to enlist." I then stated the rivalry that subsisted between them, and continued, "Is it not disgraceful to enlist men in that way—can that be called voluntary service?"

"All very true," replied the officer, "but still expediency winks at even more. I do not attempt to defend the system, but we must have soldiers. The seamen are impressed by force, the soldiers are entrapped by other means, even more discreditable; the only excuse is expediency, or, if you like it better, necessity. All I can promise you, sir, is, what I would have done even if you had not appealed to me, to allow the prisoner every comfort which his situation will permit, and every advantage at his court-martial, which mercy, tempered by justice, will warrant."

"I thank you, sir; will you allow me and his betrothed to see him?"

"Most certainly; the order shall be given forthwith."

I thanked the officer for his kindness, and took my leave.

I hastened to the black-hole where Tom was confined, and the order for my admission having arrived before me, I was permitted by

the sergeant of the guard to pass the sentry. I found Tom sitting on a bench, notching a stick with his knife, and whistling a slow tune.

"This is kind, Jacob, but not more than I expected of you—I made sure that I should see you to-night or to-morrow morning. How's poor Mary? I care only for her now—I am satisfied—she loves me, and—I knocked out the sergeant's eye—spoilt his wooing, at all events."

"But, Tom, are you aware of the danger in which you are?"

"Yes, Jacob, perfectly; I shall be tried by a court-martial and shot. I've made up my mind to it—at all events, it's better than being hung like a dog, or being flogged to death like a nigger. I shall die like a gentleman, if I have never been one before, that's some comfort. Nay, I shall go out of the world with as much noise as if a battle had been fought, or a great man had died."

"How do you mean?"

"Why there'll be more than one *bullet-in*."

"This is no time for jesting, Tom."

"Not for you, Jacob, as a sincere friend, I grant; not for poor Mary, as a devoted girl; not for my poor father and mother—no, no," continued Tom, "I feel for them; but for myself, I neither fear nor care. I have not done wrong—I was pressed against the law and act of parliament, and I deserted. I was enlisted when I was drunk and mad, and I deserted.—There is no disgrace to me; the disgrace is to the government, which suffers such acts. If I am to be a victim, well and good—we can only die once."

"Very true, Tom, but you are young to die, and we must hope for the best."

"I have given up all hope, Jacob. I know the law will be put in force—I shall die and go to another and a better world, as the parson says, where, at all events, there will be no muskets to clean, no drill, and none of your confounded pipe-clay, which has almost driven me mad. I should like to die in a blue jacket—in a red coat I will not, so I presume I shall go out of the world in my shirt, and that's more than I had when I came in."

"Mary and her father are coming down to you, Tom."

"I'm sorry for that, Jacob; it would be cruel not to see her—but she blames herself so much that I cannot bear to read her letters. But, Jacob, I will see her, to try if I can comfort her;—but she must not stay, she must go back again till after the court-martial, and the sentence, and then—if she wishes to take her farewell, I suppose I must not refuse." A few tears dropped from his eyes as he said this. "Jacob, will you wait and take her back to town?—she must not stay here—and I will not see father and mother until the last. Let us make one job of it, and then all will be over."

As Tom said this, the door of the cell again opened, and Stapleton supported in his daughter. Mary tottered to where Tom stood, and fell into his arms in a fit of convulsions. It was necessary to remove her, and she was carried out. "Let her not come in again, I beseech you, Jacob; take her back, and I will bless you for your kindness. Wish me farewell now, and see that she does not come again." Tom

wrung me by the hand, and turned away to conceal his distress. I nodded my head in assent, for I could not speak for emotion, and followed Stapleton and the soldiers who had taken Mary out. As soon as she was recovered sufficiently to require no further medical aid, I lifted her into the postchaise, and ordered the boys to drive back to Brentford. Mary continued in a state of stupor during the journey; and when I arrived at my own house, I gave her into the charge of the gardener's wife, and despatched her husband for medical assistance. The application of Mr. Wharncliffe was of little avail, and he returned to me with disappointment in his countenance. The whole of the next week was the most distressing that I ever passed; arising from my anxiety for Tom, my daily exertions to reason Mary into some degree of submission to the will of Providence—her accusations of herself and her own folly—her incoherent ravings, calling herself Tom's murderer, which alarmed me for her reason; the distress of old Tom and his wife, who, unable to remain in their solitude, came all to me for intelligence, for comfort, and for what, alas! I dared not give them—hope. All this, added to my separation from Sarah, during my attendance to what I considered my duty, reduced me to a debility, arising from mental exertion, which changed me to almost a skeleton.

At last, the court-martial was held, and Tom was condemned to death. The sentence was approved of, and we were told that all appeals would be unavailing. We received the news on the Saturday evening, and Tom was to suffer on the Tuesday morning. I could no longer refuse the appeals of Mary; indeed, I received a letter from Tom, requesting that all of us, the Domine included, would come down and bid him farewell. I hired a carriage for old Tom, his wife, Stapleton, and Mary, and putting the Domine and myself in my own chariot, we set off early on the Sunday morning for Maidstone. We arrived about eleven o'clock, and put up at an inn close to the barracks. It was arranged that the Domine and I should see Tom first, then his father and mother, and, lastly, Mary Stapleton.

"Verily," said the Domine, "my heart is heavy, exceeding heavy; my soul yearneth after the poor lad, who is thus to lose his life for a woman—a woman from whose toils I did myself escape. Yet is she exceeding fair and comely, and now that it is unavailing, appeareth to be penitent."

I made no reply; we had arrived at the gate of the barracks. I requested to be admitted to the prisoner, and the doors were unbarred. Tom was dressed with great care and cleanliness—in white trowsers and shirt and waistcoat, but his coat lay on the table; he would not put it on. He extended his hand towards me with a faint smile.

"It is all over now, Jacob, and there is no hope: that I am aware of, and have made up my mind to die; but I wish these last farewells were over, for they unman me. I hope you are well, sir," continued Tom, to the Domine.

"Nay, my poor boy, I am as well as age and infirmity will permit, and why should I complain when I see youth, health, and strength, about to be sacrificed; and many made miserable, when many might

be made so happy;" and the Domine blew his nose, the trumpet sound of which re-echoed through the cell, so as to induce the sentry to look through the bars.

"They are all here, Tom," said I, "would you like to see them now?"

"Yes; the sooner it is over the better."

"Will you see your father and mother first?"

"Yes," replied Tom, in a faltering tone.

I went out, and returned with the old woman on my arm, followed by old Tom, who stumped after me with the assistance of his stick. Poor old Mrs. Beazeley fell on her son's neck, sobbing convulsively.

"My boy—my boy—my dear, dear boy!" said she, at last, and she looked up stedfastly in his face—"My God! he'll be dead to-morrow!"

Her head again sank on his shoulder, and her sobs were choking her. Tom kissed his mother's forehead as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and motioned me to take her away. I placed her down on the floor, where she remained silent, moving her head up and down with a slow motion, her face buried in her shawl. It was but now and then that you heard a convulsive drawing of her breath. Old Tom had remained a silent but agitated spectator of the scene. Every muscle in his weather-beaten countenance twitched convulsively, and the tears at last forced their way through the deep furrows on his cheeks. Tom, as soon as his mother was removed, took his father by the hand, and they sat down together.

"You are not angry with me, father, for deserting?"

"No, my boy, no. I was angry with you for 'listing, but not for deserting. What business had you with the pipe-clay? But I do think I have reason to be angry elsewhere, when I reflect that after having lost my two good legs in defending her, my country is now to take from me my boy in his prime. It's but a poor reward for long and hard service—poor encouragement to do your duty; but what do they care? they have had my sarvices, and they have left me a hulk. Well, they may take the rest of me, if they please, now that they—Well, it's no use crying, what's done can't be helped," continued old Tom, as the tears ran down in torrents; "they may shoot you, Tom, but this I know well, you'll die game, and shame them by proving to them they have deprived themselves of the sarvices of a good man when good men are needed. I would not have so much cared," continued old Tom, after a pause,—("look to the old woman, Jacob, she's tumbling over to port)—if you had fallen on board a king's ship in a good frigate action; some must be killed when there's hard fighting; but to be drilled through by your own countrymen, to die by their hands, and, worst of all, to die in a red coat, instead of true blue——"

"Father, I will not die in a red coat—I won't put it on."

"That's some comfort, Tom, any how, and comfort's wanted."

"And I'll die like a man, father."

"That you will, Tom, and that's some comfort."

"We shall meet again, father."

"Hope so, Tom, in heaven—that's some comfort."

"And now, father, bless me, and take care of my poor mother."

"Bless you, Tom, bless you!" cried the old man, in a suffocating voice, extending both his hands towards Tom, as they rose up, but the equilibrium was no longer to be maintained, and he reeled back in the arms of me and Tom. We lowered him gently down by the side of his wife; the old couple turned to each other, and embracing, remained sobbing in each other's arms.

"Jacob," said Tom, squeezing me by the hand, with a quivering lip, "by your regard for me, let now the last scene be got over—let me see Mary, and let this tortured heart once more be permitted a respite. I sent out the Domine. Tom leant against the wall, with his arms folded, in appearance summoning up all his energy for the painful meeting. Mary was led in by her father. I expected she would have swooned away, as before; but, on the contrary, although she was pale as death, and gasping for breath, from intensity of feeling, she walked up to Tom where he was standing, and sat down on the form close to him. She looked anxiously round upon the group, and then said, "I know that all I now say is useless, Tom; but still I must say it—it is I who, by my folly, have occasioned all this distress and misery—it is I who have caused you to suffer a ——— dreadful death—yes, Tom, I am your murderer."

"Not so, Mary, the folly was my own," replied Tom, taking her hand.

"You cannot disguise or palliate to me, dearest Tom," replied Mary; "my eyes have been opened, too late it is true, but they have been opened, and although it is kind of you to say so, I feel the horrid conviction of my own guilt. See what misery I have brought about. There is a father who has sacrificed his youth and his limbs to his country, sobbing in the arms of a mother whose life is bound up with that of her only son. To them," continued Mary, falling down upon her knees, "to them I must kneel for pardon, and I ask it as they hope to be forgiven. Answer me—oh! answer me! can you forgive a wretch like me?"

A pause ensued. I went up to old Tom, and kneeling by his side, begged him to answer.

"Forgive her, poor thing—yes; who could refuse it, as she kneels there? Come," continued he, speaking to his wife, "you must forgive her. Look up, dame, at her, and think that our poor boy may be asking the same to-morrow at noon."

The old woman looked up, and her dimmed eyes caught a sight of Mary's imploring and beautiful attitude; it was not to be withstood.

"As I hope for mercy to my poor boy, whom you have killed, so do I forgive you, unhappy young woman."

"May God reward you, when you are summoned before him," replied Mary. "It was the hardest task of all. Of you, Jacob, I have to ask forgiveness for depriving you of your early and truest friend—yes, and for much more. Of you, sir," addressing the Domine, "for my conduct towards you, which was cruel and indefensible,—will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Mary, from my heart I do forgive you," replied I.

"Bless thee, maiden, bless thee!" sobbed the Domine.

"Father, I must ask of you the same—I have been a wilful child,—forgive me!"

"Yes, Mary; you could not help it," replied old Stapleton, blubbering, "it was all human natur."

"And now," said Mary, turning round on her knees to Tom, with a look expressive of anguish and love, "to you, Tom, must be my last appeal. I know *you* will forgive me—I know you have—and this knowledge of your fervent love makes the thought more bitter that I have caused your death. But hear me, Tom, and all of you hear me. I never loved but you; I have liked others much, I liked Jacob, but you only ever did make me feel I had a heart; and, alas! you only have I sacrificed. When led away by my folly to give you pain, I suffered more than you—for you have had my only, you shall have my eternal and unceasing love. To your memory I am hereafter wedded, to join you will be my only wish—and if there be a boon granted me from Heaven, it would be to die with you, Tom—yes, in those dear arms."

Mary held out her arms to Tom, who falling down on his knees, embraced her, and thus they remained with their faces buried in each other's shoulders. The whole scene was now at its climax; it was too oppressive, and I felt faint, when I was roused by the voice of the Domine, who, lifting up both his arms, and extending them forth, solemnly prayed,—“O Lord, look down upon these, Thy servants, in affliction; grant to those who are to continue in their pilgrimage strength to bear Thy chastening—grant to him who is to be summoned to Thee, that happiness which the world cannot give; and O God most mighty, God most powerful, lay not upon us burdens greater than we can bear.—My children, let us pray.”

The Domine knelt down, and repeated the Lord's prayer; all followed his example, and then there was a pause.

"Stapleton," said I, pointing to Mary. I beckoned to the Domine. We assisted up old Tom, and then his wife, and led them away; the poor old woman was in a state of stupefaction, and until she was out in the air was not aware that she had quitted her son. Stapleton had attempted to detach Mary from Tom, but in vain; they were locked together as if in death. At last Tom, roused by me, suffered his hold to be loosened, and Mary was taken out in a happy state of insensibility, and carried to the inn by her father and the Domine.

"Are they all gone?" whispered Tom to me, as his head reclined on my shoulder.

"All, Tom."

"Then the bitterness of death is passed; God have mercy on them, and assuage their anguish; they want His help more than I do."

A passionate flood of tears, which lasted some minutes, relieved the poor fellow; he raised himself, and drying his eyes, became more composed.

"Jacob, I hardly need tell my dying request, to watch over my poor father and mother, to comfort poor Mary—God bless you, Jacob! you have indeed been a faithful friend, and may God reward

you. And now, Jacob, leave me; I must commune with my God, and pray for forgiveness! The space between me and eternity is but short."

Tom threw himself into my arms, where he remained for some minutes; he then broke gently away, and pointed to the door. I once more took his hand, and we parted.

I went back to the inn, and ordering the horses to be put to, I explained to all but Mary the propriety of their now returning home. Mary was lifted in, and it was a relief to my mind to see them all depart. As for myself, I resolved to remain until the last; but I was in a state of feverish agitation, which made me restless. As I paced up and down the room, the newspaper caught my eye. I laid hold of it mechanically, and looked at it. A paragraph rivetted my attention. "His Majesty's ship *Immortalité*, Chatham, to be paid off." Then our ship had come home. But what was that now? Yet something whispered to me that I ought to go to see Captain Maclean, and try if any thing could be done. I knew his commanding interest, and although it was now too late, still I had an impulse to go and see him, which I could not resist. "After all," said I to myself, "I'm no use here, and I may as well go." This feeling, added to my restlessness, induced me to order horses, and I went to Chatham, found out that Captain Maclean was still on board, and took boat off to the frigate. I was recognized by the officers, who were glad to see me, and I sent a message to the captain, who was below, requesting to see him. I was asked into the cabin, and stated to him what had occurred, requesting his assistance, if possible.

"Faithful," replied he, "it appears that Tom Beazeley has deserted twice; still there is much extenuation: at all events, the punishment of death is too severe, and I don't *like* it,—I can save him, and I will. By the rules of the services, a deserter from one service can be claimed from the other, and must be tried by his officers. His sentence is, therefore, not legal. I shall send a party of marines, and claim him as a deserter from the Navy, and they must and shall give him up—make yourself easy, Faithful, his life is as safe as yours."

I could have fallen on my knees and thanked him, though I could hardly believe that such good news was true.

"There is no time to lose, sir," replied I, respectfully: "he is to be shot to-morrow, at nine o'clock."

"He will be on board here to-morrow, at nine o'clock, or I am not Captain Maclean. But, as you say, there is no time to lose. It is now nearly dark, and the party must be off immediately. I must write a letter on service to the commanding officer of the *depôt*. Call my clerk."

I ran out and called the clerk. In a few minutes the letter was written, and a party of marines, with the second lieutenant, dispatched with me on shore. I ordered postchaises for the whole party, and before eleven we were at Maidstone. The lieutenant and I sat up all night, and at daylight we summoned the marines and went to the barracks, where we found the awful note of preparation going forward, and the commanding officer up and attending to the arrange-

ments. I introduced the lieutenant, who presented the letter on service.

"Good heavens! how fortunate! You can establish his identity, I presume."

"Every man here can swear to him."

"'Tis sufficient, Mr. Faithful. I wish you and your friend joy of this reprieve. The rules of the services must be obeyed, and you will sign a receipt for the prisoner."

This was done by the lieutenant, and the provost marshal was ordered to deliver up the prisoner. I hastened with the marines into the cell: the door was unlocked. Tom, who was reading his Bible, started up, and perceiving the red jackets, thought that he was to be led out to execution.

"My lads," exclaimed he, "I am ready: the sooner this is over the better."

"No, Tom," said I, advancing; "I trust for better fortune. You are claimed as a deserter from the *Immortalité*."

Tom stared, lifted the hair from his forehead, and threw himself into my arms: but we had no time for a display of feelings. We hurried Tom away from the barracks; again I put the whole party into chaises, and we soon arrived at Chatham, where we embarked on board of the frigate. Tom was given into the charge of the master at arms, as a deserter, and a letter was written by Captain Maclean, demanding a court martial on him.

"What will be the result?" inquired I of the first lieutenant.

"The Captain says, little or nothing, as he was pressed as an apprentice, which is contrary to act of parliament."

I went down to cheer Tom with this intelligence, and, taking my leave, set off for London with a light heart. Still I thought it better not to communicate this good news until assurance was made doubly sure. I hastened to Mr. Drummond's, and detailed to them all which had passed. The next day Mr. Wharnccliffe went with me to the Admiralty, where I had the happiness to find that all was legal, and that Tom could only be tried for his desertion from a man-of-war; and that, if he could prove that he was an apprentice, he would, in all probability, be acquitted. The court-martial was summoned three days after the letter had been received by the Admiralty. I hastened down to Chatham to be present. It was very short: the desertion was proved, and Tom was called upon for his defence. He produced his papers, and proved that he was pressed before his time had expired. The court was cleared for a few minutes, and then re-opened; Tom was acquitted on the ground of illegal detention, contrary to act of parliament, and he was *free*. I returned my thanks to Captain Maclean and the officers for their kindness, and left the ship with Tom in the cutter, ordered for me by the first lieutenant. My heart swelled with gratitude at the happy result. Tom was silent, but his feelings I could well analyse. I gave to the men of the boat five guineas to drink Tom's health, and, hastening to the inn, ordered the carriage, and with Tom, who was a precious deposit, for upon his welfare depended the happiness of so many, I hurried to London as fast as I could, stopped at the Drummonds to communicate the happy intelligence,

and then proceeded to my own house, where we slept. The next morning I dressed Tom in some of my own clothes, and we embarked in the wherry.

"Now, Tom," said I, "you must keep in the back-ground at first, while I prepare them. Where shall we go first?"

"Oh! to my mother," replied Tom.

We passed through Putney Bridge, and Tom's bosom heaved as he looked towards the residence of Mary. His heart was there, poor fellow! and he longed to have flown to the poor girl, and have dried her tears; but his first duty was to his parents.

We soon arrived abreast of the residence of the old couple, and I desired Tom to pull in, but not turn his head round, lest they should see him before I had prepared them; for too much joy will kill as well as grief. Old Tom was not at his work, and all was quiet. I landed and went to the house, opened the door, and found them both sitting by the kitchen fire in silence, apparently occupied with watching the smoke as it ascended up the spacious chimney.

"Good morning to you both," said I; "how do you find yourself, Mrs. Beazeley?"

"Ah! deary me!" replied the old woman, putting her apron up to her eyes.

"Sit down, Jacob, sit down," said old Tom; "we *can* talk of him now."

"Yes, now that he's in heaven, poor fellow!" interposed the old woman.

"Tell me, Jacob," said old Tom, with a quivering lip, "did you see the last of him? Tell me all about it. How did he look? How did he behave? Was he soon out of his pain? And—Jacob—where is he buried?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mrs. Beazeley; "tell me where is the body of my poor child."

"Can you bear to talk about him?" said I.

"Yes, yes; we can't talk too much: it does us good," replied she. "We have done nothing but talk about him since we left him."

"And shall till we sink into our graves," said old Tom, "which won't be long. I've nothing to wish for now, and I'll never sing again, that's sartain. We sha'n't last long, either of us. As for me," continued the old man, with a melancholy smile, looking down at his stumps, "I may well say that I've *two* feet in the grave already. But come, Jacob, tell us all about him."

"I will," replied I: "and, my dear Mrs. Beazeley, you must prepare yourself for different tidings than what you expect. Tom is not yet shot."

"Not dead!" shrieked the old woman.

"Not yet, Jacob!" cried old Tom, seizing me by the arm, and squeezing it with the force of a vice, as he looked me earnestly in the face.

"He lives: and I am in hopes he will be pardoned."

Mrs. Beazeley sprang from her chair and seized me by the other arm.

"I see—I see by your face! Yes, Jacob, he is pardoned; and we shall have our Tom again."

"You are right, Mrs. Beazeley; he is pardoned, and will soon be here."

The old couple sank down on their knees beside me. I left them, and beckoned from the door to Tom, who flew up, and in a moment was in their arms. I assisted him to put his mother into her chair, and then went out to recover myself from the agitating scene. I remained about an hour outside, and then returned. The old couple seized me by the hands, and invoked blessings on my head.

"You must now part with Tom a little while," said I; "there are others to make happy besides yourselves."

"Very true," replied old Tom; "go, my lad, and comfort her. Come, missus, we musn't forget others."

"Oh no. Go, Tom; go and tell her that I don't care how soon she is my daughter."

Tom embraced his mother and followed me to the boat: we pulled up against the tide, and were soon at Putney.

"Tom, you had better stay in the boat. I will either come or send for you."

It was very unwillingly that Tom consented, but I overruled his entreaties, and he remained. I walked to Mary's house and entered. She was up in the little parlour, dressed in deep mourning; when I entered she was looking out upon the river; she turned her head, and perceiving me, rose to meet me.

"You do not come to upbraid me, Jacob, I am sure," said she, in a melancholy voice; "you are too kind-hearted for that."

"No, no, Mary; I am come to comfort you, if possible."

"That is not possible. Look at me, Jacob. Is there not a worm—a canker—that gnaws within?"

The hollow cheek, and wild flaring eye, once so beautiful, but too plainly told the truth.

"Mary," said I, "sit down; you know what the Bible says,—'It is good for us to be afflicted.'"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mary, "I deserve all I suffer; and I bow in humility. But am I not too much punished, Jacob? Not that I would repine: but is it not too much for me to bear, when I think that I am the destroyer of one who loved me?"

"You have not been the destroyer, Mary."

"Yes, yes; my heart tells me that I have."

"But I tell you that you have not. Say, Mary, dreadful as the punishment has been, would you not kiss the rod with thankfulness, if it cured you of your unfortunate disposition, and prepared you to make a good wife?"

"That it has cured me, Jacob, I can safely assert; but it has also killed me as well as him. But I wish not to live: and I trust, in a few short months, to repose by his side."

"I hope you will have your wish, Mary, very soon, but not in death."

"Merciful heavens! what do you mean, Jacob?"

"I said you were not the destroyer of poor Tom—you have not been, he has not *yet* suffered; there was an informality, which has induced them to revise the sentence."

"Jacob," replied Mary, "it is cruelty to raise my hopes only to crush them again. If not yet dead, he is still to die. I wish you had not told me so," continued she, bursting into tears; "what a state of agony and suspense must he have been in all this time, and—I have caused his sufferings! I trusted he had long been released from this cruel, heartless world."

The flood of tears which followed, assured me that I could safely impart the glad intelligence. "Mary, Mary, listen to me."

"Leave me, leave me," sobbed Mary, waving her hand.

"No, Mary, not until I tell you that Tom is not only alive, but—pardoned."

"Pardoned!" shrieked Mary.

"Yes, pardoned, Mary,—free, Mary,—and in a few minutes will be in your arms."

Mary dropped on her knees, raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and then fell into a state of insensibility. Tom, who had followed me, and remained near the house, had heard the shriek, and could no longer restrain himself; he flew into the room as Mary fell, and I put her into his arms. At the first signs of returning sensibility I left them together, and went to find old Stapleton, to whom I was more brief in my communication. Stapleton continued to smoke his pipe during my narrative.

"Glad of it, glad of it," said he, when I finished; "I were just thinking how all these senses brought us into trouble, more than all, that sense of love: got me into trouble, and made me kill a man,—got my poor wife into trouble, and drowned her,—and now almost shot Tom, and killed Mary. Had too much of HUMAN NATURE lately,—nothing but moist eyes and empty pipes. Met that sargeant yesterday, had a turn up: Tom settled one eye, and, old as I am, I've settled the other for a time. He's in bed for a fortnight,—couldn't help it,—human nature."

I took leave of Stapleton, and calling in upon Tom and Mary, shaking hands with the one, and kissing the other, I dispatched a letter to the Domine, acquainting him with what had passed, and then hastened to the Drummonds, and imparted the happy results of my morning's work to Sarah and her mother.

"And now, Sarah, having so successfully arranged the affairs of other people, I should like to plead in my own behalf. I think that after having been deprived almost wholly of your dear company for a month, I deserve to be rewarded."

"You do, indeed, Jacob," said Mrs. Drummond, "and I am sure that Sarah thinks so too, if she will but acknowledge it."

"I do acknowledge it, mamma; but what is this reward to be?"

"That you will allow your father and mother to arrange an early day for our nuptials, and also allow Tom and Mary to be united at the same altar."

"Mamma, have I not always been a dutiful daughter?"

"Yes, my love, you have."

"Then I shall do as I am bidden by my parents, Jacob: it will be probably the last command I receive from them, and I shall obey it; will that please you, dear Jacob?"

That evening the day was fixed, and now I must not weary the reader with a description of my feelings, or of my happiness in the preparations for the ceremony. Sarah and I, Mary and Tom, were united on the same day, and there was nothing to cloud our happiness. Tom took up his abode with his father and mother; and Mary, radiant with happiness, even more beautiful than ever, has settled down into an excellent doting wife. For Sarah, I hardly need say the same: she was my friend from childhood, she is now all that a man could hope and wish for. We have been married several years, and are blessed with a numerous family.

I am now almost at a conclusion. I have only to acquaint the reader with a few particulars relative to my early friends. Stapleton is still alive, and is wedded to his pipe, which, with him, although the taste for tobacco has been considered as an acquired one, may truly be asserted to be, human nature. He has two wherries with apprentices, and from them gains a good livelihood, without working himself. He says that the boys are not so honest as I was, and cheat him not a little; but he consoles himself by asserting that it is nothing but, human nature. Old Tom is also strong and hearty, and says that he don't intend to follow his legs for some time yet. His dame, he says, is peaking, but Mary requires no assistance. Old Tom has left off mending boats, his sign is taken down, for he is now comfortable. When Tom married, I asked him what he wished to do: he requested me to lend him money to purchase a lighter. I made him a present of a new one, just launched by Mr. Drummond's firm. But old Stapleton made over to him the 200*l.* left to him by Mr. Turnbull, and his mother brought out an equal sum from her hoards. This enabled Tom to purchase another lighter, and now he has six or seven, I forget which; at all events, he is well off, and adding to his wealth every year. They talk of removing to a better house, but the old couple wish to remain. Old Tom, especially, has built an arbour where the old boat stood, and sits there carolling his songs, and watching the craft as they go up and down the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Wharncliffe still continue my neighbours and dearest friends. Mrs. Turnbull died a few months back, and I am now in possession of the whole property. My father and mother-in-law are well and happy. Mr. Drummond will retire from business as soon as he can wind up his multifarious concerns. I have but one more to speak of—the old Domine. It is now two years since I closed the eyes of this worthy man. As he increased in years so did he in his abstraction of mind, and the governors of the charity thought it necessary to superannuate him with a pension. It was a heavy blow to the old man, who asserted his capabilities to continue to instruct; but people thought otherwise, and he accepted my offer to take up his future residence with us, upon the understanding that it was necessary that our children, the eldest of whom, at that time, was but four years old, should be instructed in Latin and Greek. He removed to us with all his books, &c., not forgetting the formidable birch; but as the children would not take to the Latin of their own accord, and Mrs. Faithful would not allow the rod to be made use of, the Domine's occupation was gone. Still, such was the force of habit, that

he never went without the Latin grammar in his pocket, and I have often watched him sitting down in the poultry-yard, fancying, I presume, that he was in his school. There would he decline, construe, and conjugate aloud, his only witnesses being the poultry, who would now and then raise a gobble, gobble, gobble, while the ducks with their *quack, quack, quack*, were still more impertinent in their replies. A sketch of him, in this position, has been taken by Sarah, and now hangs over the mantel-piece of my study, between two of Mr. Turnbull's drawings, one of an iceberg on the 17th of August '78, and the other showing the dangerous position of the Camel whaler, jammed between the floe of ice, in latitude —, and longitude —.

Reader, I have now finished my narrative. There are two morals, I trust, to be drawn from the events of my life; one of which is, that in society we naturally depend upon each other for support, and that he who asserts his independence, throws himself out of the current which bears to advancement;—the other is, that with the advantages of good education, and good principle, although it cannot be expected that every one will be so fortunate as I have been, still there is every reasonable hope, and every right to expect, that we shall do well in this world. Thrown up, as the Domine expressed himself, as a tangle weed from the river, you have seen the orphan and charity-boy rise to wealth and consideration,—you have seen how he who was friendless, secured to himself the warmest friends,—he who required every thing from others, became in a situation to protect and assist in return—he who could not call one individual his relation, united to the object of his attachment, and blessed with a numerous family,—and to amass all these advantages and this sum of happiness, the only capital with which he embarked was—a good education and good principles.

Reader, farewell!

And having now completed "Jacob Faithful," we trust to the satisfaction of our readers, we will make a few remarks. We commenced writing on our own profession, and having completed four tales, novels, or whatever you may please to call them, in "Jacob Faithful" we quitted the *salt* water for the *fresh*. From the wherry we shall now step on shore, and in our next Number we shall introduce to our readers "The Adventures of *Japhet*, in search of his Father."

THOUGHTS ON THE POET COLERIDGE.

ANOTHER star is quenched, of that bright band that formed the diadem of British song. All that was mortal of Coleridge hallows the now classical ground of Highgate; for many years past the earthly dwelling-place of his sanctified and sanctifying spirit. How noiselessly and unostentatiously he moved in his little circle, like one of those benignant orbs always shining in the same calm tranquil beauty, from their rising to their setting hour,—instructive volumes to man of that God, who hath written upon their silver pages the unrefutable evidence of his glorious being.

What a blank must the extinction of such a life make in the hearts that loved him, and the dwelling where he abode,—a dwelling whose very walls are eloquent of mind, and whose echoes seem still to repeat the precepts of his living and dying lips!

As a great poet, and a still greater philosopher, the world has hardly yet done justice to the genius of Coleridge. It was in truth of an order not to be appreciated in a brief space. A far longer life than that of Coleridge shall not suffice, to bring to maturity the harvest of a renown like his. The ripening of his mind, with all its golden fruitage, is but the seed-time of his glory. The close and consummation of his labours, (grievous to those that knew him, and even to those that knew him not,) is the mere commencement of his eternity of fame. As a poet Coleridge was unquestionably *great*; as a moralist, a theologian, and a philosopher, of the very highest class; he was utterly *unapproachable*. And here, gentle reader, let me be plainly understood, as speaking not merely of the *present*, but the *past*. Nay, more! Seeing that the earth herself is now past her prime, and gives various indications of her beginning to “grow grey in years,” it would perhaps savour more of probability, than presumption, if I were likewise to include the *future*. It is thus that, looking both to what is, and to what has been, we seem to feel it, like a truth intuitive, that we shall never have another Shakspeare in the drama, nor a second Milton in the regions of sublimer song. As a poet, Coleridge has done enough to show how much more he might and could have done, if he had so thought fit. It was truly said of him, by an excellent critic and accomplished judge, “Let the dullest clod that ever vegetated, provided only he be alive and hears, be shut up in a room with Coleridge, or in a wood, and subjected for a few minutes to the ethereal influence of that wonderful man’s monologue, and he will begin to believe himself a poet. The barren wilderness may not blossom like the rose; but it will seem, or rather feel to do so, under the lustre of an imagination exhaustless as the sun.”

But Coleridge, like every great mental Danite, knew best where his own strength lay. He turned aside therefore from the flowery regions of poesy, to traverse a more arduous and less inviting road. He abandoned the lighter occupations and amusements of his youth,

for studies of a higher and severer cast; and in his various *prose* works, especially in the maturer productions of his inspired mind, he has left the authentic warrants of his title to a brilliant eternity of fame,—the recorded proofs, that as a philosopher, and that too of the sublimest class, he stands, and probably ever will stand, *unrivalled and alone*.

I might, however, enlarge upon the colossal genius of the lamented Coleridge, and yet not give him half his due desert. I might expatiate upon the soundness of his logic, the acuteness of his metaphysics, the grasp, and reach, and comprehension of his intellect, and yet leave unsaid all that I should most delight to say. We must contemplate the unpretending meekness, the modest bearing, the suavity, the benignant sweetness, as well as the intellectual grandeur of the man. We must recall that childlike simplicity of manners, and that melting sensibility of heart, which threw such a softened veil over the effulgence of his intellect, as enabled us inferior mortals to approach, and more closely to observe him.

It is not often, in this world of masquerading, that the countenance affords outward demonstration of the internal workings of the spirit; or that the features of the adult bear witness to the freshness and adolescence of the heart. But in the *cherubic* face of Coleridge, (for such it seemed to me,) all was in keeping with the character of the man. His eye swam in a flood of sensibility; his lip heralded, with gracious smiles, the outpourings of a good and great soul; and the rosy tint of his cheek might have been mistaken for the modest flush of unsophisticated boyhood, but for the snowy hair, silky and soft, which, with most patriarchal simplicity shaded his benign brow.

The last time I ever saw him, was at the period when the cholera was beginning to shed its baneful influence over this country. Coleridge was walking in the grove at Highgate, his frequent promenade, and opposite to the church where his ashes now repose. We stopped to salute him, and he held us some time in discourse. He entered upon the then all-engrossing subject of that fearful scourge, not with the partiality or prejudice, or narrow views of the mere physician, anxious only to establish his own theory, and to subvert every other, but with the candour and the comprehensiveness of the great philosopher, anxious only to elicit truth. He mentioned several interesting circumstances connected with the plague, which had fallen under his own observation, while he was resident at Malta; and, amongst others, that while the pestilence was raging, the common flies were found lying dead about the houses, and the small fly, called the *blue fly of pestilence*, appeared in their stead. The important question, as to whether the cholera was *infectious*, or merely *contagious*, he discussed with luminous eloquence; and showed the great probability that it might in fact be *both*. He explained how one form of the disease might, under certain circumstances, tend to produce the other; and again, with fearful and destructive energy, reproduce and multiply itself. I merely state the substance of his remarks; for I cannot venture to put words into the mouth of that sublime colloquist: yet I have a vivid recollection of his tone and manner, when, comparing the pestilence to the “destroying angel,” he lifted up his hands and

eyes to the blue summer sky, that shed its full sunlight upon his inspired face. At that moment, who that saw him, but must have been struck with the wonderful mastery of mind over matter? for the bent figure, the tremulous motion of the head, and the silver tresses, that indicated a premature old age, seemed in a moment to vanish, and the divine spirit was alone present and perceptible to sense.

Assuredly it was a delightful and an edifying thing to pass an hour, or even a few brief minutes, in the society of Coleridge. It must have been your own fault, if they were passed in vain. His conversation, whatever might be the subject, carried with it an interest, and a peculiar charm, whether he dignified that which was humble, or endeavoured to familiarize that which was high. Nor could it possibly be otherwise, with such a mind as his. "For" (to borrow again from the same quarter) "if you will but think how *unutterably dull* are all the ordinary sayings and doings of this life, spent as it is with ordinary people, you may imagine how, in sweet delirium, you may be robbed of yourself by a seraphic tongue, that has fed since first it lisped on 'honey dews,' and by lips that have 'breathed the air of Paradise,' and learned a seraphic language, which all the while that it is English, is as grand as Greek, and as soft as Italian." We only know this, that Coleridge is the alchymist, who in his crucible melts down hours to moments—and lo! "diamonds sprinkled on a plate of gold."

At the house of the attached friend, under whose roof this illustrious man spent the latter years of his life, it was the custom to have a *conversazione* every Thursday evening. Here Coleridge was the centre and admiration of the circle that gathered round him. He could not be otherwise than aware of the intellectual homage, of which he was the object: yet there he sate, talking and looking all sweet and simple and divine things, the very personification of meekness and humility. Now he spoke of passing occurrences, or of surrounding objects,—the flowers on the table, or the dog on the hearth; and enlarged in most familiar-wise on the beauty of the one, the attachment, the almost moral nature of the other, and the wonders that were involved in each. And now, soaring upward with amazing majesty, into those sublimer regions in which his soul delighted, and abstracting himself from the things of time and sense, the strength of his wing soon carried him out of sight. And here, even in these his eagle flights, although the eye in gazing after him was dazzled and blinded, yet ever and anon a sunbeam would make its way through the loopholes of the mind, giving it to discern that beautiful amalgamation of heart and spirit, that could equally raise him above his fellow men, or bring him down again to the softest level of humanity. "It is easy," (says the critic before alluded to,) "it is easy to talk,—not very difficult to speechify,—hard to speak; but to "*discourse*" is a gift rarely bestowed by Heaven on mortal man. Coleridge has it in perfection. While he is discoursing, the world loses all its *common places*, and you and your wife imagine yourselves Adam and Eve, listening to the affable archangel Raphael in the Garden of Eden. You would no more dream of wishing him to be mute for a while, than you would a river, that "imposes silence with a stilly

sound." Whether you understand two consecutive sentences, we shall not stop too curiously to inquire; but you do something better;—you feel the whole, just like any other divine music. And 'tis your own fault, if you do not "a wiser and a better man arise to-morrow's morn."

Yes, a wiser and a better man. For let it be the peculiar praise of the illustrious dead, that he laid the brightest trophies of his genius on the holiest altar, offering up the whole splendour of his splendid intellect to the "Father of lights," from whom it issued, and to whom it is now returned. Glorifying that which was glorious, and hallowing that which was holy, "his spirit had sympathy with all living things," because with all living things God hath sympathy. From flowers to animals, from animals to man, from man to Deity, he rose step by step in love, till, like Jacob's ladder, his heart was full of ascending and descending angels.

I remember Coleridge reading some passages from the old poets, with such a look and tone of enjoyment, that his whole soul seemed poured out in the flood of melody that fell from his lips. Nor was it surprising to find one of his most original turn giving the palm to those early writers, who, as he justly observed, were the parent streams of all those channels of thought, that diffuse themselves through modern poetry; which has chiefly the merit of dressing up old ideas in a new and more elegant costume, or, in other words, re-setting the jewels of antiquity in the filigree of the day. Talking of Shakspeare, he gave it as his opinion that both *Titus Andronicus*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, were the works of that mighty Archimage, and bore the impress of his genius too strongly, (despite their faults,) to give sanction to the idea entertained by some critics, that they were the compositions of an inferior hand.

Coleridge's manner of adducing his arguments was very pleasing. While he led you through a labyrinth, too long, perhaps, and intricate for you to thread of yourself, you have supposed that you held all the while the silken clue in your own hand. With all his learning,—and he was deeply learned,—with all his wisdom, and he was truly wise,—no satire, no pride, no unbecoming contempt of others less gifted than himself, threw even a passing shadow over the brightness of his nature, a nature the most *regenerate*, perhaps, that ever put on the inspiring mantle of *genius*.

And yet, of the numbers that Coleridge's celebrity attracted, doubtless there were some that, moth-like, fluttered round the light, only to singe their wings; and then went buzzing away, to abuse the flame; that, like the sun to weak visions, "blinded with excess of light." One might question,—“what religion is he of?” Another respond,—“it is a religion of his own;” and a third exclaim,—“how presumptuous!” But alas! for her that questions, and for him that answers, in a case like this! Ye sapient *few!* that which you designate a religion of his own is the religion of angels and glorified spirits; and that which you presumptuously denounce, as “presumptuous,” was the soul and essence of humility, following, even as a little child, in the path the *Father* points out.

Peace to the ashes of the blessed dead! This is the third night,

since those stars his spirit loved first kept watch above his grave. Oh! what a little spot of earth suffices him, who held so large estate of mind! How narrow, low, and mean, his dwelling-place, who sate enthroned upon a hill of light! But what could splendid monument avail, or urn, or epitaph, to honour him, whose fame is wedded to immortal things? No: let the poet rest, as poet well beseems: not in the storied temple, where proud dust wears the rich gilding that disguises truth; but side by side with those of humble clay, and higher hopes—where nature's tranquil sounds are oftenest heard, sweet songs of birds, and insects' happy hum; or tiny feet of lisping childhood, as they dance along. And when, on sabbath days, a mingled throng awake the echoes of the holy house, 'twill not be like the noise and din of the great city, where the dead are outraged by the voice of life: for holy words, though they may not sink into the heart, keep guard upon the lips, that dare only to sing in whispers, while within the circle of God, and his people of the grave.

August 5, 1834.

L. M. C.

STANZAS ON VISITING ROKEBY.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

ROKEBY, whose praise inspired lips have sung,
And o'er thy features mind's bright halo flung,
That nature's charms, all lovely as they seem,
Yield to the magic of poetic dream;
Rich in their mingling tints thy woods appear,
The rush of waters to the charmed ear
Is soothing, as the tone of voice or lute,
When winds to catch the silver sound are mute.
There is a touching stillness in the scene,
A holy calm, that makes us pause between
The offer'd homage of our outward eye,
And nature's loneliness and mystery.
Wrapt in the shadowy veil of teeming thought,
The bardic spirit here new vigour caught;
Peopling thy sylvan haunts and streams of light
With shapes of beauty and with forms of might.
'Tis not for hand unskill'd to wake the lyre,
Genius, high priest of nature, heaped the fire,
Fair Rokeby, on thine altars, piling high
The odours of divinest minstrelsy;
And that Promethean flame towards heaven shall climb,
Spreading its orient light through *space* and *time*.

* The scene of Scott's beautiful tale of "*Rokeby*."

SICILIAN FACTS.¹—No. XVI.

IL CAPO POPOLO ROSOLIA.

HOWEVER pusillanimous the populace of Catania seem on some occasions, they sometimes break forth, like all other Sicilians, into frightful excesses. The infamous custom exists here of raising money by levying a tax on bread, wine, oil, and other necessities for the subsistence of the poor classes. In 1797 it pleased the senate, on some occasion, to order a superb festival, the expenses of which were to be met in the above manner: several others had taken place shortly before; the bread had in consequence already increased in price, and diminished in size; but as wages were not augmented in proportion, thousands of the poor were deprived of sufficient subsistence: the new rejoicings and illuminations raised the evil to a frightful degree, and the distress became general. To complete their misery, a failure of the harvest unfortunately happened at the same period; notwithstanding, the senate still continued to exact the tax upon bread. This was too much to be borne; the people rose tumultuously, and broke into the most furious riots, electing for their leader a person named Rosolia, by trade a mercer. This man, with three companions, proceeded to the episcopal palace, on the part of the populace, to demand assistance from the bishop, who was accounted one of the wealthiest individuals in Catania; that avaricious prelate having, on the first sign of the commotion, ordered his carriage to a postern door, sent a servant to the four delegates with the sum of four ounces, or about two guineas, for the relief of the whole population of Catania, literally starving at the time, and hastening to his carriage, drove immediately into the country.

Nothing could exceed the fury of the people at this mockery; they broke into the bishop's palace, seized upon the furniture, and burnt it in the streets; the nobility, terrified at this outrage, shut themselves up in their mansions, or fled from the city. The mob, considering them as their enemies, resolved upon setting fire to their habitations as the readiest way of bringing them to terms. Their first attack was on the senate house, which was soon in flames; but as the vast lava-built edifices of Catania are not so easily consumed as the residences which the British nobility occupy in London, the rioters were unable to destroy them, and except damaging the interior, and the roofs of the fabrics which they fired, they did them little injury.

In the meantime Rosolia formed a new senate, who having arrayed themselves in the wigs and gowns of their predecessors, gravely sat down to deliberate and decree. "Empty such a granary," "break open such a magazine," "set fire to such a palace," were the usual orders of this summary council. The mob every day became more furious, and broke into wilder excesses, so that the nobi-

¹ Concluded from vol. x. p. 420.

lity left in the town became apprehensive for their lives. The Prince of B——, who was a great favourite of the people, was at length persuaded to make an effort to calm them. Accompanied by some friends, he left his palace on horseback, and presented himself to the rioters, by whom he was received with acclamations. He promised that if they would return to order, and retire to their homes, he would charge himself with the care of reducing the bread to such a price as should leave them nothing to complain of: this assurance quieted them at once. The prince was as good as his word: for a month he maintained, at his own expense, the whole population of Catania; and after that, for a considerable time longer, took upon himself a proportion of the price, so as to keep the bread at a reasonable rate.

Rosolia, the Capo Popolo, or ringleader, effected his escape to Malta; but after some time imagining the affair blown over, and himself unknown in Palermo, he came to that city, but was immediately recognized and arrested, and soon afterwards hanged.

No. XVII.

THE CAPITAN DI NOTTE, A HOUSEBREAKER.

IN the years 1810 and 1811, it was observed that robberies had become unusually frequent in Syracuse, several murders were committed, and it was highly unsafe to be in the streets at a late hour. Houses and shops were every night broken open without its being possible, in any instance, to discover the perpetrators. The patrols of the police were in consequence augmented, and the strictest watch kept by the Capitan di Notte, a certain Signor Anga, but in vain; the enormities still continued, and even increased to a frightful degree. It happened at this period that Captain K——, an officer of the 6th battalion of the German Legion, aid-de-camp to the general commanding the garrison, was quartered in the Convent of San Francesco. Having one day received his pay for several months, to a considerable amount, the money being in Spanish dollars, it was difficult to conceal the receipt of such a sum from observation. On his return home in the evening he found his drawers forced open and the money stolen. Inquiries were unsuccessful, and he was obliged to put up with his loss as he could. It must be noticed that the evening on which the theft was committed was excessively wet, and that an umbrella had been taken at the same time. Three months after the fact, as Captain K—— was passing through the streets during a shower of rain, he fell in with a man carrying the identical umbrella he had lost, and which he knew by a private mark. Without delay he seized this person, who proved to be a servant of the above-mentioned Anga, Capitano di Notte. The man was in great confusion, and said the umbrella belonged to his master; on which Captain K—— insisted on being instantly conducted to his house. Anga himself

was not at home; but his wife, on hearing the cause of this visit, evinced symptoms of alarm and apprehension, which excited suspicion. With much difficulty an order to examine the premises was procured from the magistrates; the search was at first fruitless, but it being observed that the cellar was floored with wood, a practice very uncommon in Sicily, the planks were removed, when vast magazines were discovered underneath filled with goods and merchandize of various descriptions and great value, acquired by a series of successful robberies. The worthy Capitano di Notte was arrested, and confessed his crimes: the night watches and constables were in league with him; they were accustomed to plunder shops and dwellings nightly with impunity; whilst a part forced the doors, and carried off the goods, the others kept guard at the openings into the street, and prevented people from passing that way.

Anga further confessed that the Sub-Prior of San Francesco was an accomplice in the robberies, and a sharer in the booty, and that a still larger proportion of the stolen property would be found in the subterranean magazines of the convent; it was this ecclesiastic who had committed the theft on Captain K——. The convent was accordingly visited, when not only wells and cisterns, made dry for the purpose, were found filled with property of immense value, but also several horses were discovered in magazines and cellars, fitted up as stables. Yet all this was but a part of the booty collected by this nefarious association during the period of five years, for which time these depredations had been carried on with impunity. They kept agents constantly employed in disposing of the goods in different parts of the country, and particularly at the great fairs of Lentini, Calatagirone, and Calatanissetta. For these crimes Anga was condemned to the galleys, where, I believe, he yet remains. The Sub-Prior of San Francesco was delivered over to his bishop for punishment, who, it is said, still retains him in confinement.

No. XVIII.

IL SIGNORE TROVATO.

Two miles from Catania is the magnificent church of "Il Signore Trovato;" in Sicilian, "Il Signore asciate," or, the Lord found. It was erected about twenty-five years since, on the following occasion.

Two poor men out of work, and without money to procure them a meal, happening one evening to enter a church in Catania, where the host was at the time exposed, one of them took an opportunity, when the priests were absent or occupied, to possess himself of the rich silver vessel in which it was contained. They then went to a trattoria, or eating-house, outside the town; when they had finished their repast, they told the hostess that they had no money, but that she need not be alarmed as they had silver about them, and would call next day and pay her; her husband being absent she made no effort to detain them. These two unfortunate beings, re-

lieved from the pangs of hunger, now began to feel compunction for the crime of which they were guilty, and perceived that they would never be able to dispose of the vase, which would always be recognized as belonging to a church.

In the meantime the theft was discovered; all Catania was in commotion, the inhabitants ran to and fro, beating their breasts, and crying in a lamentable tone, "*Il Signore è rubbato! Il Signore è rubbato!*" The Lord is stolen! the Lord is stolen! A mere spectator would have imagined that an earthquake was throwing the city to the ground, or that Etna was once more on the point of overwhelming it with his fiery torrents. On the following days the consternation was, if possible, still greater. The two robbers went to another trattoria in the country; whilst they were taking their meal, a girl of about seven years of age caught a glance of the silver vessel in the breast of the thief, his coat being accidentally unbuttoned. Struck by the unusual splendour, the child instantly guessed at the truth, as the report of the loss was now spread far and wide, and ran to her mother, exclaiming, "*Il Signore è trovato!*" The Lord is found! Appalled at the discovery, the two culprits took to their heels. Not being in the habit of committing similar crimes, their consciences became touched; but as it was not safe to restore the vessel to the church from whence they had taken it, they resolved on burying it. Not esteeming it respectful to lay it in the ground without a covering, one of these poor men tore his shirt, and enveloping the sacred utensil in the piece, they dug a hole and reverently consigned it to the earth.

Processions in the interim were made, and prayers offered up in Catania for the recovery of the host: all imagined this event to be the forerunner of some dreadful calamity. For three days no tidings could be learnt of it; on the fourth, word was brought in the evening that a dog had been seen stationary for three days at a certain spot, and that it could neither be allured by caresses, nor driven away by blows. The peasants supposing the animal to belong to some person who had been murdered, dug in the place it seemed to indicate, and there to their inexpressible surprise discovered the lost vessel. Not holding themselves worthy to touch it, they hastened to carry the joyful tidings to the bishop, who, summoning immediately all the clergy of the city to follow him, set out bare foot at midnight to recover the sacred deposit. All Catania, late as was the hour, poured out of the gates to join in the procession. The host was found as described. The place of its concealment was consecrated instantly by the bishop; and many thousands passed the night on the spot in prayer and thanksgiving. The present superb temple was erected there as soon as possible, at the public expense, and a festival and an annual fair instituted in commemoration of the event.

It is to be added that the two thieves, unable to bear the remorse and reproach of their conscience, came voluntarily forward and confessed their crime. They were hanged in consequence, and died exceedingly penitent; one in particular is dignified with the appellation of "*Il buon ladrone*," "the good thief," from his having in the act of suffering turned his face towards the church.

No. XIX.

LF TUPPATELLE.

ON Candlemas and the two succeeding days a fair is held at a small distance from the city of Catania, which is frequented by the inhabitants after the procession of St. Agata, which takes place on the 5th of February, and where they divert themselves until the evening, when they return to enjoy the brilliant illumination and fireworks with which the day, or rather night, concludes, as all classes promenade through the streets until morning.

At this fair is an ancient and curious custom: the women put on the short mantle, and draw it close over the face in such manner that one eye only is exposed to the view; thus disguised, they amuse themselves by seizing on their male acquaintances, and insisting on a fairing, which custom does not allow any gentleman so captured to refuse. Diverting scenes often take place on these occasions; many who are not remarkable for their generosity, prefer depriving themselves of the fair rather than expose their pockets to these demands. Some years since, when the English army was resident on the island, a handsome young officer came with others to partake of the diversions of the place; he was ignorant of the established usage, and had forgotten his purse; scarcely had he taken a turn, when two of the *Tuppattelle*, as the women so muffled are called, addressed him and demanded a fairing; the poor Englishman, ashamed of the base figure he was obliged to make before two ladies, who, from the richness of their dress appeared to be of no ordinary condition, stammered out an apology as well as his imperfect knowledge of the language would permit: it was to no purpose that he promised it on the morrow; the *Tuppattelle* would neither grant credit nor delay, but told him as he was obstinate they must take him prisoner, and accordingly, each seizing an arm, they led the astonished officer to their carriage, into which he entered without much disputing their right of capture. The vehicle drove rapidly through the fair; but before he could ascertain its direction, his companions contrived to blindfold him: finding resistance useless, he submitted to their will, wondering where it all would end. The carriage at length stopped; having alighted, his fair captors led him up several flights of stairs into a magnificent apartment, when the bandage was removed. This they told him was his prison, and that he must expect to remain there until he gave them their fairing. I cannot take upon myself to say positively whether the ladies got the fairing they expected, but I imagine they did, as when they consented at last to release their prisoner, they declared themselves perfectly content with his conduct. During his confinement he was treated in the most sumptuous manner; the wines were delicious—the cook was a master of his art; the best the season afforded was regularly served at table. The *Tuppattelle*, who favoured him pretty constantly with their company, were excessively handsome; nothing was wanted but liberty, but if he sighed for that, he sighed for it in vain for fifteen days, at the expiration of which, he

was conducted blindfolded, as before, back to Catania. It was evident that he had undergone much during his imprisonment, as his brother officers observed, that a twelvemonth's campaign would scarcely have reduced him more effectually. Perhaps the ladies were not satisfied at his disclosing the secrets of their prison-house, as the officer declared he never heard any thing further of them, and that although he repeatedly afterwards visited Catania for the purpose of renewing his acquaintance, he was not so fortunate as to succeed in again procuring a sight of either of them.

No. XX.

SAINT SEBASTIAN AND THE SENTINEL.

As the image of Saint Sebastian was one day carried in procession through the streets of Augusta, the rabble remarking that one of the English sentinels neglected to present his arms as the saint approached, vociferated to him loudly to pay the usual compliment. The poor man, finding himself surrounded, and abused on all sides, not understanding a word of Italian, and seeing the bye-standers point with vehement gestures to the statue, which was moving down the street on a large stage, calling out to him at the same time in bad English, "Rascal, present," imagined in his confusion that the saint was the rascal, and that the populace had brought him there for the purpose of being shot. Afraid to contest the point with so many hundreds, he levelled his piece, and in an instant sent a musket ball through his body, for which heretical action he would inevitably have been torn to pieces by the pious mob, had not the guard, which was stationed near the spot, alarmed at the report, arrived in time to rescue him from their hands.

No. XXI.

SAINT LORENZO AND THE OLD WOMAN.

WHEN I was in Modica, a priest gave me a laughable instance of the credulity of the lower orders. A woman in comfortable circumstances had an only son, of whom she was so fond, that she could not rest for desire of knowing in what manner he was to die. To learn this she every day attended in the church to which my narrator belonged, and kneeling at the shrine of St. Lorenzo made long and fervent orations, begging him to enlighten her on the wished-for point, always concluding with, "Blessed St. Lorenzo, inform me of what death my son is to die." For a long time, as may well be supposed, she got no answer; but her constant visits and invariable prayer, with the necessity of being daily obliged to remind her that it was

time to shut the church, at length wore out the patience of the sexton. He waited, however, till passion week, during which it is customary to veil the images. When the good lady made her usual appearance he hid himself behind the curtain which concealed the figure, and on the wonted supplication of "Blessed St. Lorenzo, inform me of what death my son is to die;" instantly replied in a hollow, solemn tone, "Impiso, impiso:" in English, "he will be hanged." "Ah!" said the indignant mother, rising from her knees, not at all astonished at the miracle, or grateful for the gracious condescension of the saint, "you rascal, it was for that tongue of yours you were roasted alive."

Whilst speaking of San Lorenzo, I must take the opportunity of remarking, that, with some Catholics, it is a matter of doubt whether he be saved or not, having been guilty of the sin of presumption when undergoing martyrdom. Whilst on the gridiron on which he suffered, and his executioners were fanning the fire, and pulling him about with red-hot pincers, he very composedly, though I apprehend not very coolly, observed, "that he was done on one side, and they might turn him on the other."

No. XXII.

ASCENT OF THE ANTENNA MARC.

Le Moselle—Le Furie—Fiumaras.

TOWARDS the middle of June a friend having proposed a trip to the summit of the Antenna Marc, or Mons Chalcidicus, the loftiest of the Pelorian chain, at the foot of which Messina is situated, I accepted the invitation with pleasure. We started next morning at sun-rise in order to have the whole day before us. We passed through the Porta delle Legni, one of the gates of Messina, which opens on the bed of a torrent, called in Sicilian, Fiumaras. From the number of hills round the town, from their steepness, and the depth of the ravines into which, in the wet season, runs all the rain that falls, these fiumaras are very numerous. Their wild aspect evidently shows the irresistible force with which these streams pour down from the mountains to the sea. Huge fragments of rock, enormous masses of masonry, the work of other times, even large trees, are rooted up and borne along by the violence of the torrent. Many are the instances of persons who have been lost by attempting to ford them before sufficiently diminished to afford a safe passage. The very sea into which they pour their impetuous waters is discoloured for miles round. Some of these beds are a quarter of a mile in width, and the stream or streams take their course through them according to the direction they receive on the mountains. After heavy rains the whole fiumara becomes filled, and has the appearance of a vast, turbid, and precipitous river.

This evil must ever render travelling less easy and convenient in Sicily than in countries not so mountainous, or where the rains descend with inferior violence. It is scarcely of any use to form good roads in places where they are so likely to be destroyed by the force, or the accidental change, of a current. Bridges would afford no sufficient remedy, owing to the uncertain course of the torrents, and because their impetuosity is such, that no masonry could long resist them; besides, were such a scheme practicable, no nation could support the expense, and Sicily is the poorest of the poor. The Romans, with whom the island was a favourite province, and who could command the labour, and consequently the wealth of the whole country, made no such attempt, celebrated as they were for stupendous undertakings. I therefore fear the *fumaras* must be considered as irremediable evils.

Our way lay up the course of one of these temporary rivers; at times the scene may indeed be terrible, but now nothing could equal its beauty and sublimity. Rocks, of ages' standing, worn into a variety of grotesque and romantic shapes, some bare, without a trace of verdure on them; others, covered with aromatic flowers, and crowned with a variety of magnificent trees, hanging over on each side, and forming a dense and constant shade over the *fumara*, narrowing as we advanced upwards. Towards the higher part, the torrent had worn a bed for itself from forty to fifty feet in depth. The village of Bordorsara lies near the mouth of this *fumara*, to which it gives its name. We went a little out of our way to see a waterfall, formed by a small stream, falling down a precipice of nearly two hundred feet; when increased by the rains, this must be a most magnificent object. It is afterwards diverted into several artificial channels, and serves to work the mills, which are always found at the head of the *fumaras*.

We now left this *terra incerta*, and began to ascend the mountain, winding gradually along paths formed by the goatherds and tenders of cattle for their own convenience. I noticed, on my way, the *Carubba*, or locust tree, the false caper, and the *Ricinum Americanum*, with many beautiful varieties of *Genista*. After three hours spent in slow ascent, I was agreeably surprised, on arriving on the ridge of some hills below the *Antenna Marc*, to get into something like a road, which I found led to Messina by a much longer way than we came: it had been enlarged by the English during their occupation of the island for military purposes. We soon after reached the summit. I feel the weakness of language, and the impossibility of communicating the feeling impressed by the reality of this glorious prospect.

Of all heights, perhaps that of this mountain is best suited to combine extent and distinctness of vision: it is elevated about three thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and stands in the middle of a range of hills, over which, with the exception of Mount Scudari, it towers to a considerable height. At our feet lay Messina, as on a map, its harbour full of shipping, its fortresses, streets, and public buildings, all distinctly visible, and to be traced with accuracy and fidelity. Before us poured the celebrated *Faro*, extending from north to south for twenty miles, between the lofty

mountains of Calabria, and the beautiful coasts of Sicily. On the latter shore the eye caught, scattered at intervals, villages surrounded by ever verdant groves of the orange, the olive, and the lemon. On the former, the city of Reggio, with the places in its vicinity, and the famous promontory of Scylla—a bold rock, projecting considerably into the sea towards Sicily, having a large town at its base. Turning to the left, we perceived, to a great extent, the north coast of the island, and the ocean studded with the Lipari islands, apparently immediately beneath us, although at the distance of forty miles. On the right we beheld the sublimest object of the whole scene—the beautiful, the terrible, the celebrated Etna, standing isolated, its enormous base stretching to the sea, and seemingly to the foot of the mountain on which we stood. The snow, which had begun to fall this year earlier than usual, had already robed the summit of this wonder of Sicily in a covering of spotless white, although none had yet settled on the adjacent mountains, if any of the hills indeed could merit that name,—since, although some are exceedingly lofty, they scarcely seemed to have any elevation opposed to the colossus which exalted its aspiring head into the clouds above them.

On the summit of the Antenna Marc is a guard-house, where a small party is usually stationed to keep a look-out on all sides by sea and land; indeed, a better spot for that purpose could not have been fixed on, as nothing can possibly approach from any quarter without being perceived. It is difficult to describe the aspect presented by this part of the island; it resembles an immense space, on which a variety of bold and romantic mountains seem to have sprung up, as if by accident, so thickly and irregularly are they grouped. Travelling by the nearest distances between places in Sicily is impossible; hill rises upon hill in perpendicular ascent, and precipice succeeds to precipice. The roads, or rather ways, from necessity, wind round the mountains, frequently doubling or trebling the real distance, except at the sea side, where the beach generally affords a good natural road, varying in its direction as the winds force the waters higher or lower over the shore, the tides in Sicily being scarcely perceptible.

The country round has a truly romantic appearance; the vales thickly wooded by a variety of trees, discovering every shade of green, through which are seen, at intervals, the courses of the impetuous fiumaras. The sides of the higher hills are clothed half way up with vineyards, the lower ones entirely: the former, towards the summit, are either completely bare, or covered with beautiful heaths and odoriferous herbs, on which sheep, goats, and oxen, are seen browsing; whilst the peasants, who look after them, recline in some shady dell, or under some projecting rock. Sometimes the scene is broken by large forests, or by villages and towns scattered in all situations, from the plain below to the tops of the highest mountains.

The lovely gardens or orchards, termed *Le Moselle*, in the vicinity, lay at our feet; they are a delicious and beautiful promenade, the work of a rich Jew, named Moses, from whom they received their name. Perhaps, as a commercial city, the Jews in Messina may have enjoyed more privileges than their brethren in other parts of the island; but they have never been well treated in Sicily. By an edict

of Frederick II. it was forbidden to a Jew to speak to a Christian under severe penalties. Even now they are shunned and detested, and there still exists a law which prohibits their dwelling more than forty days in the same house: it has, however, of late fallen into disuse.

The base of the Antenna Marc is studded with a great number of beautiful villages, formerly called *Le Furie*, accenting the middle syllable. *Cammare*, *Bordonara*, *Galate*, *San Stefano*, *Scala*, *Gazi*, and *Roccamadura*, are the principal among them.

Having gratified ourselves by contemplating, for a long time, the delightful picture before us, we retired to the foot of a large chesnut tree, where we unpacked our wallet, and sitting in such a position as to view *Etna* on one side, and the ocean, washing the shores of Italy to a great distance, on the other, we made a frugal but hearty meal, the pleasure of which was enhanced by the beauty of the prospect before us. The thermometer, on the preceding day, stood in *Messina* at 70°, the mercury had here fallen to 56°. It is sometimes excessively cold on this mountain, even in summer, especially when the *tramontane*, or north wind, prevails. During the whole winter the snow lies on the summit, and gives the detachment stationed here no small trouble to clear it away from before their quarters.

We now prepared to return, and as the descent by the rough paths is far more hazardous than the ascent, we preferred taking the road back.

MY HOME IS BY THE SEA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

On ! lead me not o'er banks of flowers,
In summer's garb arrayed,
To gaze on fair and fragrant bowers,
And groves of clustering shade ;
Proudly I claim my birth and lot,
'Mid scenes more wild and free,
Your woods, your glades, delight me not—
My Home is by the Sea.

You bid me mark the rising day,
Your gay parterre illumine,
Glancing through almond trees its ray
O'er each faint flow'et's bloom ;
But I upon the rock's high verge,
Have loved at dawn to be,
And watched glad sunbeams gild the surge,
Tossed from the foaming sea !

And when the silvery stars of night,
From their dark chambers break,
You fondly view the pensive light,
Sleep on the glassy lake ;
You ask me if those waters clear,
Recall loved thoughts to me—
A cheating phantom they appear,
Mocking the vast, vast sea !

Your storms—I smile to think on them,
And trace their damage dread,
A woodbine severed from its stem,
A scattered tulip-bed !
For I have seen the shipwrecked band
To the swift life-boat flee,
And welcomed strugglers to the strand,
Snatched from the raging sea !

Mariners, oft in pining mood,
Seem in the deep to trace
The verdant mead and leafy wood
Of their loved dwelling-place ;
Thus, though your gardens, groves, and vales,
Around my steps may be,
One image in my mind prevails—
The bright, the boundless sea.

I bear with me an ocean shell,
Its sounds to me are dear,—
Oh ! like an old familiar spell,
It murmurs in my ear ;
Even in exile, I rejoice
In some still spot to be,
And greet its low mysterious voice,
The language of the sea.

Yet deem not that with cold neglect,
Your lawns and bowers I scan,
I could not fairer works expect
From the frail skill of man :
But since I first in childhood trod
The sands with footsteps free,
I traced the mighty hand of God
O'er the wide, pathless sea.

I wander on the lonely shore,
And wait his presence there ;
His grace, his mercy I implore
In musing and in prayer :
And oft his voice appears to speak
Of heavenly hopes to me—
Then wonder not I pine to seek
My Home beside the Sea !

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. IV.Proxima deinde tenent *mæsti* loca.

I HAVE often remarked that the most lively tempers are not unfrequently subject to fits of melancholy. This is particularly observable in young minds which have not acquired the solidity of mature age; and indeed I have more than once been struck with the fancy, that a pining disposition is the peculiar companion of youth, no less than that volatility for which it is so often censured. For my own part, I must confess myself to be one of those who cannot always be cheerful; and for this reason I generally make a point of being melancholy, on some fixed day in every fortnight, which leaves me cheerful for the remainder of the time.

Last Monday chancing to be one of these days, which I have thus been at the trouble of introducing into my caleudar, I walked out, as is my custom at such times, without any other companion than a book, and, whether it was that chance or association directed my steps, found myself in a short time at the little wicket gate of the church-yard which I described in my last number. Having entered, taking care to close the latch behind me, lest any stray animal should come in, I sate myself down on a little verdant hillock beneath the old yew tree, and began to give loose to my melancholy in such reflections as the scene was calculated to inspire. "Alas!" I thought, "how many are sleeping here amid the cold damps of the grave, who were once subject to the same passions as myself! Some of them, perhaps, have sat upon this very hillock where I am now seated, musing like me upon the mass of their fellow creatures that was congregated beneath them. Like me, each of them in his time has indulged, according to his station, his various dreams of ambition—each, alternately, has been the prey of hope and despair, of joy and sorrow. Mournful thought! and I too must one day yield to the same fate. I too must one day exchange life and all its endearments for a little cerement like theirs, though I am now musing over them. Why then waste the bloom of my early days, in studies which can profit me nothing in my dark chamber, but which can only waste my lamp ere the flame be yet at its height? Why aim at intellectual improvement, when my whole life is bounded by so short a span, that already one-third of it is past over? Better were it to be for ever contemplating these mournful scenes, to be for ever present among these abodes, in which I must so soon take up my rest." I was proceeding with these reflections, when the thought struck me that their general tenor became rather a heathen than a christian. Accordingly I rose from my seat with a deep blush on my cheek, and began to consider that, after all, it was but the corporeal part of my fellow creatures over which I had been speculating. Just as I had come to this conclusion

¹ Continued from p. 83.

I was interrupted by an approaching step, and on turning round found our old pastor close at my elbow.

My worthy friend was not surprised to see me, since he had observed me, he said, pass by the window; "but," added he, "I could not follow you with my old legs just then, since I had a little job on my hands." Upon this he showed me a piece of glass which he had been cutting into the proper size to supply the place of a pane that had been broken in one of the church windows. Upon my asking him why he did not call a glazier, he told me that he was his own mechanic, besides which, he was very anxious to have the putting in of that particular pane, it being close behind the pew where the old sailor sat. "And you must know," he continued in an under tone, "ever since his daughter died, the old man has never taken care of himself, so that, I dare say, he might catch cold without knowing it." I thought this a good opportunity for asking something about this old sailor, who is one of my sister's pensioners, and was much pleased to hear how kind my aged companion had been to him. Amongst other things he told me, that, knowing the grief to which the old man had been put by the loss of his daughter, he had been accustomed every day till very lately to send his servant (who also chances to have been once a sailor) to talk with him about the sea. This expedient, however, which was intended to turn away his thoughts from the subject of his recent loss, at last quite failed of effect, so that he gave it up in despair. His next contrivance was to place an evergreen between the new tombstone and the path, so that the old sailor might be cheated out of the sight of it when he came to church on a Sunday. But this expedient was not more successful than the former. And after many other trials of the like nature he gave up his kind intentions. "Ah," said he, as he concluded this story, "I have found at last that grief must have its way; but for all that, I do not see why the old man should catch cold." Saying these words, he put a finishing stroke to the little pane, and asked me to accompany him home, to which I acceded very readily, not only because I love the old gentleman for his philanthropy, but because I have also of late become very curious to learn all that I can of his ways, which are quite peculiar to himself. As, however, we were walking down to the gate, I could not forbear leaving him for a moment that I might walk across the grass to the tombstone which I have mentioned above. It was put up by Fancely at his own expense last year, when he was staying with us, and contains the following epitaph of his own composition:—

" Sweet peace be thine! whose spirit never knew
The base enjoyments of a world untrue,
And all but sighed a brighter world to find,
Because thy parent linger'd still behind."

I could perceive, when I came back, that there was a little wet spot on the cuff of the old gentleman's coat, and we pursued our way in silence to his little cottage, which I have before noticed. No sooner, however, were we fairly sat down, than all his wonted liveliness returned to him; and he asked me, with his usual hospitality, whether I would like a taste of the true metheglin as it was made by his ancestors.

Upon my expressing my wish, he knocked three times on the wainscot with his walking stick, and immediately his old servant entered, bearing a large brown jug and two horns. "These horns," said the old gentleman, "belonged to my great-great-grandfather. They were once the property of a wild bull, which he is said to have killed with that old knife which you see hanging against the wall." After I had done honour to the primitive liquor of my host, he directed my attention to several curious articles that serve as ornaments to his little parlour, amongst which I particularly noticed an arm-bone of an ancient Briton, the owner of which must have been at least eight feet high, unless indeed it be the bone of a buffalo, as some persons have hinted to him. "But then, my dear fellow," he observed, "we all know that Wales was never famous for buffaloes, so that it must have been the bone of some ancient Briton, which proves that my countrymen were once the finest people in the world." I assented to this opinion, since I well knew it to be dictated by that patriotism for which my old friend's country is so famous; and then remarked what an ancient piece of furniture his walking-stick appeared to be. "That walking-stick," he replied, "was once in the holy war, as you see by its having a cross upon it. I suppose it to have been used by one or other of my ancestors on that memorable occasion, and only use it myself on particular days for the same reason." I was taking my departure, much pleased with my visit, for it is but seldom that I intrude on his privacy, when he called me back, and having observed that the book which I had in my hand was only in boards, offered to bind it for me in a much better style than it could be bound at a bookbinder's; adding, that nothing had degenerated so much of late years as bookbinding; "but then," said he, "you need not fear me, for I always make my covers of wood."

When I reached home, I could not help reflecting upon the cheerful piety of my old friend, which indeed breaks out on every occasion, although I have not thought fit to notice it. Since, however, I do not consider this to be a proper place for indulging religious speculations, I shall endeavour instead to give an account of some regulations that have lately been formed by a very tristful society of Oxonians, which will, I think, explain my notions on this subject just as well, and may perhaps prove amusing to my readers. This society is one which makes religion its sole pursuit; but so far from deriving cheerfulness from such a source, makes a point of all its members exercising an habitual stiffness and melancholy, that is often very absurd. I was introduced to it at its place of meeting by Fancely, who is subject to sudden fits in almost every pursuit, and was thinking at that time of entering himself as a member. When, however, he heard the clause that no member was to read novels, he changed his intention no less suddenly than he had formed it, and has ever since been contented with living like a rational creature.

Regulations for such of the Gown as belong to the Oxford Religious Society.

"Whereas there be great numbers of gownsmen, who do only go to chapel eight times a week, and do not think it needful to go oftener

than their superiors think requisite, we, on the other hand, will admit no person to our society who will not engage to attend chapel twice every day, morning and evening.

"Also we require that every member cut each of his acquaintance that may be seen indulging in any of those amusements which tend to debase the moral principle; such are hunting, fishing, rowing, skating, playing at cricket, archery, and all other indulgences of the like nature, which we hold to be sinful and blasphemous. Hunting, because it requireth a red coat; fishing, because it increaseth ferocity of temper; rowing, because it causeth a vain confidence, for doth not the rower oftentimes say to himself, 'Yea, I shall not be drowned to-day;' and the rest for reasons no less urgent.

"Nor let him only refrain from all those pleasures which are, by the world, called rational; but let him also cause pain to himself, by humiliating himself in every way that he can. Let him not attend company in anywise, either for breakfast, or for dinner, or for wine, or for tea, or for supper; the last especially, wherein we hear that it is the custom to indulge in punch and divers other sinful articles. Or if the flesh prevail and he go, let him be careful to say some odd thing that may draw down upon him the contempt of the party, and this serve as a punishment. Moreover, let him hate ices as he doth the devil.

"And since it hath been said that a good Christian walketh steadily in his path, let him be careful when he walketh, that his gait be solemn. Let him not be seen to run in any wise. 'Moreover, let him not touch his cap,' as the phrase goeth, to the proctor, for 'let him remember that in the sight of God we are all equal.'

"As for the article of dress, let his dress be sober. Let him not wear the pink waistcoat that savoureth of the world; nor the yellow waistcoat that savoureth of envy; nor the blue waistcoat that savoureth of vanity; nor the green waistcoat that savoureth of hell. Let him not wear the blue coat with the brass buttons of heathenism, nor the green coat, nor the brown coat, nor any coat but the black coat. As also let him wear black trowsers, refraining from the trowsers of Satan. Let him not wear his cap and gown, remembering that they are but pageantry; but if he do, let him not, as the foolish custom is, cut the tassel of his cap shorter than nature hath made it, seeing it is but vanity to cut the tassel short. Nevertheless, when he weareth a hat, let him forbear to cock it, as the saying is. Let him abhor a white hat. Let him not use a walking stick that is polished, and hath on it the devices of Satan. Boots let him have none, nor let his shoes be square-toed, which thing savoureth of pride. Let him wear a white neckcloth and handkerchief, abhorring all profane colours as machinations of the tempter.

"For the mind, let him refrain from reading devilish works. Let him not enter a house where the novels termed 'Waverley' may be found. Let him read no novel; let him read no poetry save hymns; let him forsake the gods and goddesses altogether, save what his great and little go compelleth him to, and that let him forget as soon as may be. Let him read nought but tracts; let him delight in tracts; let tracts be his food day and night."

These are by no means all the regulations of the society; but I have thought fit to pick them out, as appearing to me the most curious. I am indeed far from denying that even in those which I have here written down, there is a great deal which is good: what I object to is, that the spirit of them is in an extreme. I would also put the reader upon his guard against receiving every sentence as a literal copy, since I have written from recollection, not chancing to have by me the list of rules, which, I am told, is presented to each member on his first entering the society.

S.

 RONDEAU.

THE BONNET AND PLAIDIE!

Air—" *The Girl that I love.*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE bonnet—the bonnet!
 My blessing upon it!
 The bonnie blue bonnet that covers the brave!
 'Tis the pride of our story,
 And laurels of glory,
 With sweet mountain heather, aboon it shall wave.
 The bonnet, the bonnet!

The plaidie,—the plaidie!
 The brave Highland laddie
 Has rendered the plaidie the pride of the world:
 The foe flies before it,
 The lasses adore it;
 And liberty smiles when the plaidie's unfurled.
 The plaidie, the plaidie!

The bonnet, the bonnet!
 My blessing upon it!
 My own bonnie love wears the bonnet of blue:
 The plaidie, the plaidie!
 My brave soldier laddie
 Won fame for the plaidie, at proud *Waterloo*!
 The plaidie, the plaidie!

LADY TUDOR'S FETE DANSANTE.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

It's not often that I go to a *fête dansante*—or a *fête* of any kind, indeed; for to tell you the truth, I am of a rather choleric disposition, and it raises my bile so much to see English festivities disguised under foreign names, that I generally throw, unanswered, into the fire all invitations to *déjeûnés à la fourchette*, *diners champêtres*, *soupers dansans*, and the whole of the tribe. But, being on a visit in the early part of the present summer, with an old and much-esteemed friend in Shropshire, I suffered myself to be included in a party to do honour to the Countess Tudor's birthday in a *fête dansante*.

The day arrived, and broke as auspiciously (as some one, I fear, has said before me) as if no party was intended. At two precisely we set out for "The Abbey;" and many were the vehicles and single horses that we encountered on the way, laden with the friends, neighbours, and tenants of the noble earl and his beautiful countess. The equability of our journey—for men, when they are going out to dinner, dance, or what not, seem to be agreed that any manifestation of wit or vivacity on the road would be quite thrown away, and reserve their fire, like soldiers in a battle, till they come to close quarters—our equability had remained for a considerable time uninterrupted, when it was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of old farmer Strongitharm, whom we found in the middle of a bye-lane, bewailing his fate and broken-down pony-chaise. Strongitharm is an honest, worthy farmer of the old school, a tenant of the present earl—and of his father before him—six feet two inches without his shoes, (which are generally a couple of inches more,) and as round and ruddy as a full-blown rose. Need one wonder that a pony-chaise, built in the old earl's time, should give way under such a burthen? it made a vast difference to *our* celerity, I can tell you, when the old gentleman accepted my friend's invitation to tumble into his cab.

But what a glorious sample of unsophisticated mortality is that jolly old farmer! what a fine specimen of the blunt honesty of the olden days! "Can you tell me, sir," he began, as soon as we had dispatched the subject of his mishap, "can you tell me what it is we're goin' to be at, at the Abbey to-day? They sent me a note, and my neighbour, farmer Stackwell, and old mister Rumble at the mill, as well: but hang me if e'er a one of us could get at the rights of it—what it meant. All as we could make out was summut about *feet dancing*, so we nattarally supposed there was goin' to be a ball."

"Quite right," said my friend.

"But if it wasn't for affronting the earl and her ladyship, I promise you I shouldn't be here. At my time of life, it's no very pleasant thing to be put out of one's old ways, and dressed up in this manner, in white gaiters, and nankeen smalls, (as my wife calls 'em,) and yellow waistcoats, and blue coats, and such like. My wife wanted me to come in pumps and silk stockings, but I told her I

wasn't quite such a fool as that, and didn't want to be made the laughing-stock of the whole parish. Pumps, eh! and silk stockings, eh! Why, I should ha' been ashamed to ha' gone thro' my own farm-yard, for fear of being hooted by my own cow-lads. Depend upon it, sir, them are no good times as sees farmers kicking their heels about in pumps and silk stockings."

Within a mile of the Abbey, we caught the sound of a merry peal of bells, which died away again as the wind that wafted it to our ears veered round. On ascending the next hill, the merry bell-music again became audible; and the church, which is situated in the park, at a stone's throw from the house, exhibited a brilliant flag on its highest pinnacle; which, however, for want of sufficient wind, clung round its staff in perfect immobility. We entered the Abbey grounds under a triumphal arch, in which the family griffins of the Tudors grinned conspicuous: but the painter, having copied the arms from an old hatchment, in lieu of the family motto had inserted the word "*Resurgam*." As we bowled along the ancient park, admiring the groups of deer standing under the old oaks, and the swans gliding majestically over the lake, and congratulating each other on the fineness of the day, a *feu-de-joie* from a battery on a neighbouring hill announced and complimented us on our arrival. Our horse, however, did not take it in the right light; but, bolting suddenly out of the drive, upset us over some new-fallen timber, smashed the cab, and set off, with a whole troop of deer in company, up the opposite acclivity. In an instant the bells ceased, the ringers came running out of the belfry, the garrison at the fort (the innocent cause of all the mischief) made a sortie, and the Abbey poured forth a crowd of visitors and servants to ascertain what damages we had suffered, or what assistance we might require. Fortunately, however, we had all escaped scot-free—if we except a terrible rent in poor Strongitharm's nan-keens, and the utter spoliation of his lily-white gaiters; the first of which were soon set to rights by some neat-handed Phillis of a housemaid; and as for the second—the gaiters—finding too many rents and too much besmearment to admit of mending or cleansing, the worthy soul cast them off altogether, and appeared in a pair of gloriously rotund calves, covered with Waterloo-blue worsted. Accompanied by the whole band, except one or two stable-boys, who had gone off after the runaway tit—we proceeded to the Abbey, where we were graciously received by the noble earl and his lovely lady. Having given an account of our adventure, and joined in the laugh against us with as good a grace as people usually do when they themselves are the subject of the joke, we began to recognize and to scrape acquaintances in various parts of the room: but, as nothing particularly brilliant was said during this time, (how *can* one say smart things before dinner?) I shall take the opportunity to give my gentle reader a glimpse of the characters of such of us as had the happiness to possess any characteristics to distinguish us from our fellows.

Of the earl I can say little, though no man, perhaps, ever had more to say for himself. His forte, or rather his weakness, was an inordinate love of speechifying. On all occasions, appropriate or in-

appropriate, he was sure to be on his legs. From a Bible-anniversary down to an anti-beer-shop meeting, there was he, proposing, opposing, and composing, (for some people were audacious enough to say that his eloquence had soporific properties,) and, as he was very long-winded, and acted on the principle that the public mind can entertain but one idea at a time, and was determined that *his* should be that one idea, you may suppose his orations were not the most exhilarating in the world. But talk he would, whatever might be the question, whatever the consequence. Was it that a skittle-ground was to be abolished, or a cock-pit established, Lord Tudor was the man to enlighten the world on the advantages of the one, or the heinousness of the other. It has been said that he has harangued a turnpike meeting two hours and a-half "by Shrewsbury clock;" and once kept a vestry meeting from the end of *matins* to the commencement of *evensong*, in elucidating the advantages of whitewashing the parish church. How he obtained an audience for so long a time has been a wonder to many: but when it is recollected that a majority of that audience was composed of his tenants, and tradesmen in his employ, and the minority, of tradesmen solicitous of his custom, the wonder, I believe, will no longer exist. As a peer of the realm, of course he enjoyed the privilege of addressing the noble and learned lord on the woolsack whenever he thought fit: but somehow or other, though he never suffered a question to pass without fully explaining his opinion of its merits or demerits, it was always announced in the newspapers that he "addressed the house in so low a tone as to be totally inaudible;" or "his arguments were lost in the noise made by noble lords leaving the house," or "the noble earl dropped his voice in such a manner at the end of his sentences, as to prevent our catching the drift of his argument;" or "he was so frequently interrupted with cries of 'adjourn,' and 'go on,' as to preclude the possibility of our reporting him correctly;" or (which was most frequently the case) "the noble lord was left speaking!"

Let us now turn to the countess. Her person (one should always speak first of a woman's person) was eminently beautiful; though a rejected lover, or an envious rival, might say that her figure was deficient in grace, and her face in intelligence. Perhaps it might be so—we will not stay to inquire (the earl would make you a speech an hour long on the subject): but a more bewitching blue eye, or a more luxuriant flow of auburn locks—genuine auburn, mind you! not a gleam of red among 'em—never fascinated the gaze of mortal. As for her mind, it was not without its weakness, we confess that, but what woman's—aye, or what man's, is? Let us remember, too, that it was a love match; that the earl ran away with her from her father's house—a *farm-house*—where she had seen nothing of the refinements of life, and been taught none of its accomplishments. Can we wonder, then, that some of the weaknesses which many of her sex, who cannot plead the same excuse, have been unable totally to avoid, should have fallen to her share? But what, let us inquire, *are* these foibles? for our reader will begin to take alarm at the serious tone we are assuming. Don't, gentle reader: believe us, it is our gallantry alone that induces us to come forward thus resolutely as the coun-

tess's champion—it is our exceeding love to the gentle sex, that makes us so anxious to excuse even the least foibles of those “angels of life.” The countess, then, you must know, on being transplanted from her own wild fields to the gardens of the nobility, was subjected to a higher degree of culture, in hopes of fitting her for the adornment of those brilliant parterres. To be less metaphorical, she was provided with masters to teach her those various branches of education which usually come under the denomination of accomplishments; and her studies were attended with as much success as is usual under such circumstances. The lady acquired so much music as enabled her to find fault in tolerably scientific phrase with the best performances, but not sufficient to give her a taste for their beauties. She had enough drawing to enable her to apply certain terms of art in their proper places, and to lavish terms of dislike in all places, proper and improper. But the most amusing of her ladyship's new acquirements was that of French, which she interlarded in the conversation in the most ludicrous manner; not introducing a phrase or word when that would aptly illustrate an opinion, or this more forcibly express a sentiment; but lugging in, wherever she could, words that had no force, and phrases that had no appropriateness; not unfrequently, too, ekeing out French sentences with English words, where her knowledge of the language, which was but very slight, failed her; so as to give the whole a strong resemblance to what we may conceive to have been the language of Babel when the tongues began to be confounded. My friend said she put him in mind of the shops about town where they stick up “*Ici on parle Français.*”

Of the untitled part of the company it will scarcely be necessary to distinguish more than two or three. The first of these—the lion of the day—was the gallant Captain Ross, who had promised to appear in his Esquimaux dress; but, from the extreme heat of the weather, was obliged to decline the honour. The second was Jack Tudor, (commonly so called,) a near relation of the earl's, and the wag of the family; who, with a small stock of wit and great good-nature, managed to find admirers wherever he went, and a friend in every admirer. The third (and last to whom I shall formally introduce my reader) was Count Trapu, a little squat Frenchman, whose peculiarity was the having studied our language chiefly from the old poets, and speaking in obsolete English that nobody could understand.

The *programme* of the day's festivities, as the countess expressed it, was “dancing *au commencement*, then a *dîner champêtre*, and then dancing again *jusq'au minuit.*” Count Trapu protested that “nothing could be more lustic than her lakin's vizament, or more coragiotive to the leman rousters around him.” After which he proceeded to look out for a partner, but, for want of an interpreter, was unable to procure one. Jack Tudor agreed that her ladyship's arrangement was excellent, and hoped the gallant captain from the North Pole would oblige them so far as to open the ball with his amiable and beautiful relative. The captain politely declined, on account of the extreme heat, and begged to be allowed to take a cool stroll among the monuments in the adjoining church instead. Jack Tudor said it was a *cool* trick, but he supposed the captain must have his way; and

proceeded to offer his own hand as an unworthy substitute. The earl begged the attention of the company for one moment, while he assured them that in the arrangements of the day he had entirely deferred to the opinions and wishes of his lady; in doing which, he was free to say, he had not less consulted his own convenience than their comfort; for, whatever might be the pleasure, whatever might be the delight, whatever might be the satisfaction he experienced in administering to their wants, in forwarding their wishes, and in furthering their desires, he felt—he deeply felt the conviction, that he could not have succeeded more eminently than the noble lady on his left had done *on the present occasion*. We shall not go through the whole of the earl's speech, for, to tell the truth, we listened to a very small portion of it: suffice it to say, a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and it was not finished, when an alarm was given that the boat, from which the fireworks were to be let off in the evening, was in flames in the middle of the lake, and expected to blow up every minute. An instantaneous rush to the open lawn ensued, and there, sure enough, we saw the *nil desperandum* in the last stage of despair, the smoke and the flames rolling and flickering among its sails; and the poor pyrotechnist himself standing up to the neck in water by its side, unable to swim, and afraid to wade, and bellowing for help with all the force of his lungs. After repeated assurances of the *fordingness* of the pool, the fiery gentleman began to make the best of his way towards the bank, where the greater part of the company—female, you may be sure, as well as male—were awaiting his arrival. The squibs and crackers now began to explode; serpents gave a brief hiss, and popped into the water; wheels wheeled after them; Roman candles and Bengal lights flashed among the sails, or burnt away the cordage; blue fire, red fire, yellow fire, green fire, grey fire, brown fire, and, I verily believe, *black* fire, enveloped the vessel from stem to stern; when suddenly, *whiz!* a great devil of a rocket, came blazing and hissing into the very thickest of the ladies. Such screaming, and tumbling, and scrambling, and scampering, I never witnessed since the hour I was born. The “coast was cleared” in an instant—here and there stood groups of ladies with their dresses torn, their plumes broken, and their hair dishevelled; attendant swains consoled them as best they could, and assisted to adjust their disordered garments; the poor half-drowned pyrotechnist came dripping up the bank; while the rocket, as if enjoying the joke, lay master of the field; and, after a brief blaze of triumph, gave an expiring kick, and exploded in half-a-dozen blue stars. In a few minutes after, the vessel went down, squibs, crackers, and all; and, the ladies having by this time repaired their damages, dancing was again proposed; the countess observing that “a quiet *pas* would be very agreeable, *après le fâcheux contretemps de cette abominable sky-rocket-là*.”

The day, however, proved so excessively hot, that, after half the ladies and gentlemen had quadrilled and waltzed their hair out of curl—the other half wore wigs—the dance was given up in despair: and the gentlemen were now called upon to provide amusement for the ladies till the important moment of dinner should arrive. The younger ones found no difficulty in this, for they immediately carried

off their doxies into the various arbours and alcoves, with which the place abounded, and began courting with all their might. This was all very well for such as happened to *have* doxies; but far from agreeable to those who, like me, had come quite unprovided, and trusted to Terpsichore for a *liaison*, as my friend the countess would say.

"Oh dear! *mon dieu!* how very *infortuné!*" cried the countess.

"Ods sonties! it ben dearn bail," said the count.

"Never mind," cried Jack, "we are not the first people in the world who have met with a stop-waltz."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the earl;—but, seeing the noble lord was meditating a speech, the company began to slink off, some one way, some another, till he was left with only the chairs and tables to bear him company. Most of us had strolled away into the garden, in hopes of finding some cool shade and fresh air. Here the earl soon joined us; and, asking if we were fond of horticulture, to which we all responded "yes," begged that he might be allowed to show us over his forcing-houses. Only think, gentle reader, forcing-houses in the middle of a hot summer's day, after a sultry dance in a close tent! However, there was no help for it; for we had asserted our love for flori, and fructi-culture, and the noble lord had already had too much cause to complain of our rudeness. In we went, then—it almost melts me to think of it—with the earl "creeping like a snail" at our head. Grapes, pines, cactuses, and *tabernæmontanacitrifolias*, were submitted to our admiration—not a tree, not a plant was overlooked. Often we had to stand under the hottest light of the whole building, while our host explained the advantages of some new compost which he had introduced, or to crawl back the whole length of the place to see some new engine which he had invented. By great good fortune we were rescued from this earthly Tartarus by a lady fainting: and you may be sure, when we had succeeded in recovering the belle from her swoon, we took good care not to be entrapped again.

The countess now consented to be our conductor—or *chaperone*, as she called it—and, after leading us through various grottoes, where one couldn't stir without having a clatter of stones and oyster-shells about one's heels, and Swiss cottages, where one couldn't stand upright, she inducted us into her new dairy. It was a *gage d'amour*, she said, from her *bon homme*, and considered the most perfect *bijou* in the kingdom. It was indeed a paragon of dairies. The walls were lined with Dutch tiles, the floor and settles were of white marble; the pans were of China, with the names of "Cherry," "Lady," "Fair-star," and so forth, painted on the sides. Churns of mahogany, and butter-moulds of satin-wood were seen in one place; cheese-presses of mahogany and alabaster in another; skimming-dishes of silver hung against the wall; and in the centre of the room an antique Cupid was spouting water from a marble basin. In short, there was nothing wanting to make it the completest dairy in the world—except milk and cream. From the dairy we returned to the house; where, somehow or other, I found myself inveigled into the countess's music-room, where I was condemned to hear her ladyship and a dear friend of her's play "familiar duets"—*play* to them,

but *death* to me—for the best part of an hour: with the additional mortification of overhearing Jack Tudor and a knot of the merriest fellows of the party enjoying themselves over a rubber at billiards, at the farther end of the gallery.

Dinner was at length announced, and the lawn in front of the house was soon filled with company: here gallants escorting their fair ones—there groups of ladies and gentlemen staying to admire the arrangements of the banquet; here young misses running back for fans and smelling-bottles—there old men hobbling forward to get a good seat near the head of the table; here fat kitchen-men staggering under the weight of smoking sirloins—there blue butlers conveying baskets of wine and barrels of strong beer. The diners were divided into three parties. One, consisting of the earl and his immediate friends, and a few of the more influential of his tenants, was regaled in a spacious conservatory; which, as yet but half built, was open to the front, and covered with a temporary roof of boards. The whole of the interior was profusely decorated with evergreens—that, I believe, is the correct phrase on such occasions—and the pillars in front were garlanded with flowers and foliage from the top to the bottom. Variegated lamps were hung in different devices on the walls and along the pillars, to be lighted for the evening ball. Flags were flying—or rather, drooping—over our heads; and a band of music was stationed in a sort of large bird's-nest of boughs at the bottom of the room. At a small distance from the conservatory were two long arcades of boughs and flowers, underneath which two equally long tables groaned with the weight of good old English cheer. A band of music was stationed in each, which played alternately during the whole of the repast.

Having taken our places at the board, the earl's chaplain got up to say grace, which was no sooner finished, and the party ready to proceed to business, than the earl himself rose, and begged to detain them one moment—though from the bottom of his heart he was sorry to do so—but he felt he should not be doing justice to his own feelings, or to their merits, if he could suffer himself to sit down *on the present occasion* without expressing, as far as his feeble powers would permit, the happiness he felt at seeing congregated around him, &c. &c. &c. till all the meat was cold, and the wine hot, and every man—and woman, I believe—at table cursed his garrulity from the bottom of their hearts. The speech at length ended, and dinner commenced.

“*Donnez-moi un petit bain* of that turbot, *s'il vous plaît*, Doctor Paternoster,” said the countess; “and, *apropos des bottes*, where are your friends, the Brockleys, *mon cher docteur*? Mrs. B. promised faithfully to be here; but, *pauvre femme*! it's that *vilain bête* of a *mari* of her's that's prevented her, no doubt. *Par ma foi*, I've no notion of husbands taking so much upon themselves, nor of wives giving way so easily.”

“Ah! fine talking, my lady,” said Jack Tudor, “but we all know the wife is the weaker vessel—an't she, Doctor Paternoster?”

“We have the authority of St. Paul for that—chapter twenty-eight, fourteenth and two following verses,” replied the doctor.

Count Trapu said something antediluvian on the subject, and the earl protested that he felt extreme regret at the absence of the doctor's friends *on the present occasion*.

"O lawk! *mon dieu!*" resumed the countess, "what in the world's become of our guest, the *galant capitaine?* has any one seen him since morning?"

No one *had* seen him, and no one knew how to account for his absence. We ran to the church to seek him. He was not there. We sent all round the garden. He was no where to be found. He must be in the house: but he was *not* in the house. The stables, the park, the adjoining booths were searched—but in vain. The last time he had been seen was by the side of the water, soon after the "affair" of the *nil desperandum*. Every one hesitated to give utterance to the horrid thought that then suggested itself. The earl was the first to say, "He cannot be drowned!" Ropes, however, were immediately procured, and men were set to drag the lake. Our dinner, meanwhile, went on sadly and solemnly: but it *did* go on nevertheless, and with pretty good appetite, *considering*.

"Poor Captain Ross!" said one; "that he should escape all the horrors of the arctic ocean for this! pray, miss, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?"

"He has a wife and family, I believe," suggested another; "poor souls, if our fears *should* come true! Will you oblige me, ma'am, with the salt?"

"This suspense is really dreadful," continued a third.—"Doctor, may I trouble you for a *very small* bit more of that pig?—Poor fellow! he had better have perished among the ice-bergs at once.—Not *any* more sauce, thank you."

The men at the lake still continued their sorrowful investigation, and servants were constantly dispatched to know if any thing had been found: but nothing had as yet been discovered, except a few rockets and Roman candles. Anxious eyes were continually turned towards the water, and one of the gentlemen at table—the county coroner—begged to suggest the expediency of having hot blankets provided, in case the gallant captain should be not quite dead; as also a housemaid, to be ready to go to bed to the gallant captain at a moment's notice. As he spoke, a servant came running up the hill with a hat in his hand.

"Good God! they've found his hat!" exclaimed the earl, turning pale.

We were all breathless.

"The captain's found," cried the servant, scarcely audible.

"Good heavens! I feared so," said the earl: [six ladies here fainted;] "is he quite dead? is life totally extinct?"

"O no, my lord, he's not dead; but sits smoking a cigar in the ice-house, which he says is the only comfortable place about the premises; and begs your lordship will send him a little cold meat, and a bottle or two of iced champagne, and a few ice-creams, and any little cool things you may have at hand: and hopes your lordship and my lady will excuse him coming out till the cool of the evening, as he finds the heat so very *impressive*."

After we had enjoyed a good laugh at our mistake—in which the ladies who had fainted couldn't help joining—we resumed our dinner and our hilarity. But misfortunes never come single: we had scarcely let off a pun a-piece, and hob-nobbed with a fair one, when as pleasant a thunder shower burst over our heads as one would wish to see on a summer's day. In less than five minutes the eaves of our bower were running like spouts. A minute more, and a great blotch of rain fell through the roof upon the bald head of Doctor Paternoster. A few seconds after that a descent was made upon the table, which soon became flooded; and its superabundant waters, after meandering through the dishes, and saturating the table-cloth, discharged themselves on the laps of the neighbouring ladies and gentlemen. Hitherto it had been but a joke: those who had escaped the visitation laughed at their less lucky companions, while the suffering party thought the best way to prevent the jest from spreading, was to appear not to mind it. This was all very well for a while, but at length the nuisance became so great and so general, that it was found impossible to laugh at it any longer. The ladies rose in alarm, and threatened to leave the table; but the earl, with that consideration and promptitude which so eminently characterized him on all occasions, got up and assured them, in a neat and appropriate speech, that "He would immediately direct a number of rick-cloths to be placed over the building, which he had no doubt would effect 'the consummation so devoutly to be wished,' and restore to them that harmony which it was his first wish to see prevail *on the present occasion.*"

Jack Tudor, meanwhile, had dispatched servants to the house for umbrellas: and now a scene ensued which it would require the pencil of a Hogarth, (or, since we can't have him, of a Cruikshank,) to do justice to. Servants stood holding umbrellas over the heads of such ladies as were unfortunate enough to require, and lucky enough to procure them—said ladies continuing to ply their knives and forks as best they might under circumstances so little auspicious. Other fair ones were obliged to take up with parasols, which they held in one hand, while they dispatched their viands with the other. The gentlemen, of course, had nothing for it but to submit to the inconvenience, which was not at all mitigated by the droppings of the ladies' parasols and umbrellas on their shoulders. Our friend, Jack Tudor, did all he could to make light of the matter.

"Allow me," he would say, "to have the pleasure of taking wine with you, Miss Plumelet—and perhaps your young friend under the brown umbrella will do us the favour to join us?"

"Doctor Paternoster, pray ask the lady with the blue parasol if she'll take a little ham to her chicken."

"You, ma'am, under the green canopy, with the yellow fringe—may I trouble you for the mustard?"

A great hubbub from without now diverted our attention from our own grievances; and, looking towards one of the auxiliary banquetting bowers, we saw its whole contents streaming forth, and dancing about the lawn as if they were mad: now slapping their heads, now shaking their arms, now throwing off their coats, now stripping up their trousers. To divine the cause of all this seeming madness was beyond

our utmost sagacity : to inquire was out of the question, for the rain came down in torrents, and the party were all flying, as fast as their antics would let them, towards the house. You may be sure we were all in amazement, and full of surmises ; with which, as there was not a servant or an umbrella to spare, we were obliged for the present to content ourselves. I was among the first, when the storm abated, to sally forth in investigation of the mystery ; for I had seen the blue stockings of old Strongitharm conspicuous in the *mêlée*, and really feared something serious might have happened to him. I found him, almost immediately on entering the house, sitting on a stool in the steward's room, bathing his leg with vinegar.

"O Lord, sir!" he began, as soon as he saw me, "if ever I come to one o' these here things again, my name an't Samuel Strongitharm. Only to think what unluckiness a man brings on himself with going gandyin' about in this way among earls and countesses ! Let a man stick at home, I say, and then he'll come to no harm. He's no business to leave it, in my mind—only on market days, and fair days, or so. And I shouldn't have left mine if it hadn't been for my wife—a silly old oaf—who wanted to persuade me to come in pumps and silk stockings, too—as if I wasn't fool enough for coming at all."

"But what is the matter, Mr. Strongitharm?"

"Matter! matter enough, I think—never any man had such an unfortunate day as I've had—but it serves me right for coming—I'll never be ruled by my wife again as long as I live. Matter, eh!—first of all I breaks down in a bye lane, and stands not knowing what to do, nor which way to turn myself, for an hour and a quarter—but if ever they catch me here again, with their *feet dancing*, and fireworks, and dining in arbours, and such tom-foolery, let 'em tell me on't, that's all. Matter, eh!—then I gets frightened to death with cannon, and upset by two harum-scarum devils—oh, you was one of 'em, I believe—well, never mind! it served me right for coming—but if ever you get me here again, you may upset me over every oak tree in the parish, and welcome. Well, sir, then—like a fool as I was—I must go and begin dancing, and make myself the laughing-stock of the whole company—but I'll never dance down another dance, if I was to live to a hundred ;—and then, when we went off to dinner in that d—d arbour place, where should I get but right opposite a baron of beef, which I had to carve for the whole company : add to which, I had those infernal drums and trumpets roaring and *blarting* close to my ear all the time, till my head ached as if there was a smithy at work in it, and I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my heels."

"Really, it was very unfortunate."

"Stay, sir, stay! you haven't heard all yet. The worst is to come. Our booth, you know, sir, joined up to my lady's flower garden, where she keeps her bees—confound 'em! Well, hearing the infernal clatter of that d—d band, (God forgive me for saying so,) what does they do but immediately sets a swarming; and, as the devil would have it—for I'm sure none but the devil could have brought it about—nothing would serve their turn but they must come swarming in our arbour, and fixed themselves on a bush just over my head."

"By Jove!"

"Yes, by Job, indeed, sir! But I shouldn't have cared for that; for bees, I know, are very quiet creatures if you'll let 'em alone; and they might have swarmed there and welcome, for me; but when the rain come, sir, a gentleman as was on one side of me was handing a *humberellow* to his wife as sat on the other, when what does the fool do but pokes the point of it right in among 'em. Down they comes, fizzing, and buzzing, and hissing, and attacks us right and left, from top to bottom of the table: not a man, woman, or child but was stung over and over again. Off we scampered, one over another, devil take the hindmost—the bees after us, digging their stings into our faces, and then taking a circle in the air that they might come at us again with more force—the rain pouring all the while as if heaven and earth would come together—men swearing—women screaming—children crying—such a sight I never saw since I was born. The men was bad enough off; for the bees got in our breeches, and before we could get 'em out again, they had stung us in twenty different places: but the poor women was the worst; for, you see, sir, when the little devils had got any where about them, they couldn't very well get to turn 'em out, so they had nothing for it but to try and squeeze 'em to death—and I needn't tell you, sir, that squeezing a bee an't exactly the way to make him sting softer. But it's no laughing matter, sir—only look at my leg—there's nineteen bites on this, and twenty-three on the other—besides about forty or fifty more in various parts of my body. Look at my face, sir! I can hardly see you, for my eyes being bunged up by these cursed beasts: and there's poor Sample, of the Hill Grange, they tell me has had above a tea-cupful of stings took out of him within these ten minutes. I'll never come to one o' these gipsyings again as long as I live—if I do I wish I may be shot—and if ever I keep another of those infernal bees—I wish I was at home this minute—I'd—I'd—I'd shoot 'em every one."

In vain I endeavoured to console poor Strongitharm in his misfortunes, to persuade him that his miseries were at an end, and that he might yet spend a very agreeable day.

"No, no," said he, "let me go—let me get clear off this once, and if ever they catch me here again, may all the bees in the parish swarm on my head! No, no: there's my pony, I see, at the door—keeper's lent me a saddle—those infernal trumpets!—and I'll be off. Give my duty to the earl—what the devil's gone with my stocking!—and her ladyship, and say I wish her many happy returns of the day—those cursed bees!—but she must never ask me again, for I wouldn't undergo such another day as this for the universe. Where's my hat?—O Lord, how my head does ache!—good bye, sir—those infernal bees!—my respects to the other gentleman as helped to turn me over—those unlucky trumpets!—here, *ostler*, here's sixpence for yourself—that eternal beef!—good bye, sir, good bye—I wish you merry!"

A sardonic grin was on the old fellow's countenance as he uttered this last sentence, and I heard him repeat it several times, in an under tone, as he trotted down the avenue, interspersed with ejaculations of "those cursed bees!"—"those infernal trumpets!"—"that unlucky beef!"

I shall not dwell on the succeeding—or rather, un-succeeding

events of this inauspicious day. It is true that, a brisk wind suddenly arising, the weather cleared up, and the moon shone out brilliantly during the whole evening. But every thing else went wrong. The fiddlers got so confoundedly drunk that they were unable to accompany the dancers, and it became necessary to import a pianoforte from the Abbey, which the young ladies performed upon in succession. On lighting the variegated lamps, it was found that the wind, which had been so favourable in clearing the weather, was by no means so well disposed towards the illumination; but, after extinguishing one entire end, and robbing the Tudor escutcheon of both its griffins, and reducing the family motto, "*Satis verbum*," to a simple "*bum*," it continued to puff out here and there a lamp, at intervals, during the whole evening, so as to keep up a continual oleaginous odour of the most undisguisable nature. Though scarcely to be included in the category of misfortunes, we must not here omit to mention the circumstance of a brilliant transparency, displaying the royal arms of England, accompanied by the alarming announcement of "WAR," in Roman capitals. Much surprise and remark, you may be sure, was occasioned on the first discovery of these ill-boding letters; but our apprehensions were soon set at rest by the appearance of the decorator, who assured us upon his honour, that they meant nothing more than "William and Adelaide Rex!" Several little misadventures took place at a later hour in the evening: one of which was a young lady taking fire at the pianoforte, in consequence of the extreme protuberance of a pair of gigot sleeves; and another, a young lady taking umbrage in the middle of the "Dublin Lancers," on discovering that she had been dancing all night with a surgeon's 'prentice, whom she mistook for a young baronet of the same name, with a large estate in the neighbouring county. But the crowning misfortune of all was the discovery, at a late period of the entertainment, that a band of thieves, taking advantage of the absence of the servants, (one half of whom were drunk, and t'other half dancing,) had sacked the house from top to bottom; and what made the thing more distressing was, that among the horses with which the rascals had chosen to carry off the booty, was my friend's *Cabrioletta*, as he called her: so that we had the pleasant option of spending the night where we were *on two chairs*, or jolting home in farmer Arable's spring cart. As the less of the two evils, we chose the cart: but how often does the less turn out the greater evil! (excuse the Iricism.) It soon appeared that farmer Arable was much too far gone to be available for charioteering; and, as my friend (I'd tell you his name, only it's hardly worth while now we're so near the end) had established himself in a comfortable flirtation with one of the worthy agriculturalist's daughters, I had no resource but to take the reins myself—only think, gentle reader! the reins of a spring-cart, (which means, I believe, a cart built without any springs,) on a dark night—in a muddy lane, six miles long by as many feet wide—with the additional excitement of a drunken farmer snoring at my elbow, and a family of seven giggling girls laughing and romping behind my back.

I began this account with a declaration—that I don't often go to a *Fête Dansant*: let me conclude it with an asseveration—that I'll never go to another.

MR. HOWISON ON THE EUROPEAN COLONIES.

European Colonies, in Various Parts of the World, viewed in their Social, Moral, and Physical Condition. By JOHN HOWISON, of the Hon. East India Company's Service. 2 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

OF all countries, not excepting the ancient, England has colonized most. Our voluble and somewhat vain-glorious neighbours, the French, when their revolutionary mania was at the highest, and they thought that they stood on the very apex of mental illumination, among other schemes of conquest and Gallic universality, that of making their language the only one spoken on the face of the globe was not too wild to enter into their very sanguine imaginations. They have not succeeded in thus regulating the confusion of tongues even so well as they did in their revolution; and they succeeded in that vilely. In this general furor of inordinate ambition, not only foreign kingdoms were to be subjugated, but alien grammars; and this spirit of domination was so general, so pervading, so exclusive, that nothing hereafter was, in any sense, politically or *grammatically*, to remain *neuter*—every thing was to be French, and every thing, either masculine or feminine. Not only was this language to have been universal, but also unchangeable; the tones that then urged the aristocrats, *à la lanterne*, were to be the very ones that were to exist till the final doom; (if things French could be doomed to any thing final;) and, in order to effect this, a scheme was patronized by the National Convention, of manufacturing a brazen head, the mouth of which, inflated by a pair of bellows, was to give forth all the sounds of all the vowels and consonants, with the compound ones of many of the most familiar words, so that republican, *sans culotte* French, was to go down unadulterated until language should be no more. We mention this, as we like to spur them on in a generous rivalry, and to show how much we have triumphed over them in this their favourite project, by pointing out how very general our own language has become, being familiarized over a great part of India, spoken in many settlements of Africa, and having become the vernacular over the largest portion of America. We owe this triumph to our spirit of colonization, and our well-regulated mercantile enterprise. To a nation thus circumstanced, any work that treats upon the subject so excellently as does this of Mr. Howison, demands, and will obtain, something more than the ephemeral interest of curiosity; for it is at once eloquent, liberal, and enlightened.

This author looks upon his subject with the broad view of the philosopher. He generalizes, and seldom stooping to the minuteness of detail, shows us a noble and imposing entirety that fixes the attention, and is indelibly impressed upon the memory. He exhausts our mind by no long chronological lists of disputed events, he wearies us by no statistical accounts, vexing the eyes by the marshalled array of

columnar and divergent figures ; but grappling with the most powerful facts, he throws them down before us, and we at once conquer the subject, and become suddenly learned upon a matter, upon which we may have had before diverse and conflicting opinions. Like an able navigator, he gives us an account of the great leading marks of the voyage, the headlands, and the most remarkable phenomena ; but does not coast along every insignificant bay, or tire us with a description of humble creeks and flat beaches. We thus perform with our talented author a vast voyage with but little trouble, and scarcely any ennui. Though we thus praise highly, we cannot do so indiscriminately ; we think that, at times, he is led away into the expression of opinions at variance with the enlightened spirit of the age, and his own excellent understanding ; that often he has come to conclusions too hastily, and has also, upon some very momentous subjects, evinced a one-sidedness of perception that we little expected from one so talented, and who has had such astonishing advantages of seeing mankind under their various modifications and phases. These expostulatory remarks we make in the spirit of friendship ; and though Mr. Howison has given us two remarkably thick octavo volumes, we trust that he will not take his stand behind them, and, making use of them as a barricade against our amicable animadversions, level at us the words of defiance.

The commencement of his first volume will immediately convince the reader that he has under his eye the work of a man not only of general and extensive knowledge, but also of high classical attainments. He gives us, in glowing language, a description of all that is remarkable in the modern African Ocean, and some good conjectures upon the site of the Atlantis of Plato, and the arguments concerning the probability of the existence of a submerged continent off the coast of Africa. It cannot be supposed that we can accompany the author through all his arguments, or enumerate all his facts ; the former are generally cogent, the latter interesting and undoubted. His exposition upon the aborigines of Africa is masterly, and though not new, well condensed and well related. We must give our readers an extract, descriptive of the bahobab, or calabash tree, growing on the banks of the Senegal river,

“ Which is the largest vegetable production in the world : its trunk, according to Adanson, sometimes measuring sixty or seventy feet in circumference, and throwing out no branches for nearly an equal height from the ground. These stately trees love the banks of the river, where they form places of general resort for nearly all the animal inhabitants of the forest. Their larger branches are peopled with monkeys of different kinds, which, after uniting into small detachments, run to their farthest extremities, and having there for a few moments surveyed the persons passing by in boats, and saluted them with discordant cries, hurry back into the shade, and are soon succeeded by new reconnoitering parties of the same species. On the twigs projecting over the river, birds of the kingfisher tribe suspend their nests, woven in a pear-like shape, where they swing to and fro with every breath of wind, safe from the depredations of either apes or serpents ; while many reptiles of the latter kind, varying in size and colour, twine themselves round the lower boughs, in order to watch conveniently for prey, and dart down upon it when it does appear. The roots of the bahobab afford shelter to multitudes of squirrels which sport amongst their interstices, and its trunk is studded with lizards of the most resplendent hues, lying in wait for the insects which fly around in myriads and keep up an incessant and sonorous humming.”

Passing by the natural productions of this ultra-fertile district, we must give some account of what specimens of humanity there are to enjoy this munificence of Providence. Our author estimates the African character at a very low grade. For this debasement he gives us many specious, and some irrefutable, reasons. The enervating influence of the climate seems to have much to do with this; and, undoubtedly, there is some peculiarity in the species. In what consists, in the estimation of the majority of a nation, the *summum bonum*, will materially affect its moral and physical condition. If it be thought to be ease, either contemplative or sensual, that people will never make great advances in civilization, providing the climate does not spur them on to exertion for mere subsistence. The African nations are precisely in this predicament. They have made for themselves a horizon of happiness, beyond which they neither want to travel nor to see. The natural government for a nation of this description is an absolute despotism; but what despotism in Africa is, let the reader judge from the following specimen of the beau idéal of a black hero, this was

“Trudo, one of the greatest negro generals ever known, and famed for his conquests and victories;—when asked if he did not often make war with the sole view of procuring captives to sell to the European traders who frequented the coast, he warmly resented the imputation, and declared that he made it a rule never to dispose of a single slave upon any terms whatever, unless he happened to have a greater number than was sufficient to water the graves of his ancestors. At another time, on being reproached with cruelty, he denied the charge in general, but acknowledged that he sometimes caused a few fresh human heads to be thrown upon the bye-roads near his palace in the night-time, in order “that people might start when they came suddenly upon them next morning.”

The reader must understand, that watering the graves of this considerate gentleman's ancestors, is slaughtering a few scores of human victims over the place of sepulture, that contains the royal dust and corruption.

There is, in this part of the work, a strong and sensible appeal to the over-busy philanthropy of our nation, to leave the Africans to themselves, not only for the sake of our negro brethren, but also on the score of humanity to our fellow-subjects. Thousands of human sacrifices, and millions of treasures have been wantonly wasted, in order to try a futile experiment to please the appetite so rapacious among our saints, of converting the “Indian.” After showing the miserable absurdity, and the cold-blooded cruelty of all these missionary experiments, the author concludes thus:—

“Nor can we consider them as altogether safe from foreign disturbance so long as we hear plans proposed for the civilization of Africa. It is not difficult to comprehend the real meaning and object of these, and it is equally easy to anticipate what would follow their successful execution. Let then the generous nations of Europe allow the Africans to enjoy their barbarism a few centuries longer.”

The chapter devoted to European society in West Africa, is nothing but a fearful catalogue of crime, made more hideous by disease, and invariably wound up by rapid death. Are not centuries of destruction sufficient to convince the European nations, and particularly the English government, that a residence on the shores of Western Africa is certain dissolution to any but the natives? What would

the philanthropists of England say, were an act of parliament passed, that all convicts should be henceforward transported to no other places but Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, or Goree? Would not the country ring with the cry of indignation from one end to the other? "Hang them at once," would be the general expostulation, "rather than send them out to die miserably and certainly under a tropical sun." Yet this very virtuous country tolerates the deportation, of whom, to that grave of horrors? Of valuable officers—of brave and wound-scarred veterans—of misguided missionary enthusiasts. We say nothing of the navy, for they keep clear of the danger by keeping clear of the coast. Sometimes we are inclined to think that the English are the most hypocritical nation that ever paraded their honesty—we are sure that a portion of them are. Bitterly true is the witty sarcasm of Theodore Hook, that Sierra Leone has always two governors, one going out alive, and the other coming home dead. Let us get out of West Africa and its abominations as soon as we can, for we are sick of it.

When we arrive at the Cape of Good Hope with our author, the task of review becomes more agreeable. We here see a flourishing colony, easy in circumstances, under a mild government; and though slavery exists among them, it does in so tolerant a shape, that it is felt as no degradation by the slaves themselves, but rather as a tie that binds them to their masters, and a sacred obligation to support them through sickness, through sorrow, and old age, even until death. Mr. Howison has a very high opinion of the Caffre nation, which, it ought to be generally known, is totally distinct from the Hottentot and the Boschman. These three species form the aborigines of Southern Africa; but they will be all, no doubt, ultimately absorbed in, or expelled by, the white population. As this quarter of the globe has been also taken under the especial protection of the societies at home for spreading the light of the gospel, let us hear what an impartial and an intelligent witness says of their exertions.

"The missionaries of South Africa, doubtless, feel severely the disadvantages of their situation, the hopelessness of the labours imposed upon them, and the many hardships to which they are exposed; but they are too good men to wish to abandon their posts, and too zealous in the cause of religion and civilization to be discouraged by the physical and moral difficulties which surround them. I am aware that many persons who contribute largely to the support of missionary associations will condemn my opinions on this subject, considering it a matter of indifference how poor, destitute, and miserable the Christian converts may be, provided they are able to crawl to church two or three times a week, and to repeat a few psalms and prayers: but unfortunately the Hottentots and Boschmen have little taste for a system of spirituality; and the sight of cultivated lands and of abundance of cattle would do more in alluring them to adopt a settled mode of life, than super-human eloquence, or even the performance of miracles, on the part of their instructors."

Every one knows that the Dutch were the first who peopled the southern extremity of Africa; but every one does not know that it was honest Simon Vanderstel that first produced that excellent wine, Constantia, which is surpassed only by his own veracious adventures.

"He built an elegant country residence ten miles from Cape Town, and called it Constantia, in honour of his wife; and it is this farm which now produces the ce-

lebrated wine of the same name. Here it would appear that Vanderstel spent much of his time, and frequently entertained his friends. Kolbe, who sometimes enjoyed his hospitality, complains of his propensity for exaggeration and his love of the marvellous; and says, that he once assured him, that in the course of his travels in the colony, he had ascended certain mountains of so great a height, that he could see the grass moving on the surface of the moon, and hear it rustling in the wind."

Travelling eastward from the Cape of Good Hope, we arrive at that antique land, known by the general term of "India." On this soil our author seems peculiarly at home. Here he not only displays his extensive modern information, but also his ancient erudition. But before he reaches the Indian shores, he compels the reader to plough with him the deep, deep sea of the Indian Ocean, and here, we think, that he gets out of his depth. He theorizes. He wishes to establish a system of spontaneous generation. Not being able always to account for the rapid production of animal and vegetable phenomena on recently-formed coral islands, he says:—

"The history of an isolated and solitary coral island in the Indian or the Pacific Ocean, from the period of its first emerging above the surface of the sea, till it has become covered with various species of plants, and peopled by different animals, would afford us the desired insight into the physical capabilities of the globe. But as this history cannot be obtained at present, and as it could not be executed at any time without the concurrence of successive generations of men, (an improbable circumstance,) we must rest satisfied with what analogy and conjecture may furnish in reference to the subject. I have above remarked, that we may reasonably believe that every soil contains within itself the elements of vegetation, and is capable of producing plants, though neither their seeds nor shoots may ever have been deposited in it; and I am inclined to suspect that animals also are often generated in places where none of their species have before appeared or existed. It is probable that the principle of organization, after passing through a series of the simpler forms of existence, acquires a degree of intensity and perfection which enables it to develop itself under those characters which belong to the higher orders of quadrupeds. It is well known that we can at pleasure produce those living forms called *infusoria*, by the admixture of particular substances, and that we can even choose which species of them we shall bring into existence. Here then we have an evolution of animal life from vegetable substances, without the intervention of other animals. The *infusoria* are unquestionably living and intelligent beings; and it is perfectly possible that we might by some particular process, such as Nature may constantly be carrying on, improve their organization to such a degree, as gradually to raise them higher in the scale of animals, and to cause their development into a superior and more perfect form of existence. We are almost forced to come to some conclusion of this kind, when we seek to discover how solitary islands, of recent coral formation, and situated in the middle of a vast ocean, have been provided with animal inhabitants. A thousand accidents may convey men to such places, however unexperienced they may be in the art of navigation; but the vulgar and commonly received opinion that animals are supplied in a similar way, is utterly untenable in two-thirds of the instances in which it is adopted."

Here is a doctrine indeed! If Nature can herself produce, without seed or ova, plants and animals, from nothing but her own "principle of organization;" and that the said Nature can "improve their organization to such a degree, as to raise them higher in the scale of animals," why stop at "deer, foxes, squirrels, and mice," and "such small gear," but ascend at once to man? We cannot bring what *infusoria* we like into existence. The rudiments of the beings that we do bring into existence were before deposited by similar beings; and the sacred command of like producing like after its kind, is invariably acted upon in this globe, and science has fully proved what revelation

has asserted. Even the moss that, almost invisible to the naked eye, faintly tints the newly-built wall, a few hours after its erection, with a tender green, has its seed conveyed to its destination, itself unseen, by the viewless winds. All the animaculæ, that we see in the magnified drop of water, sport, war, and die, are produced either directly each from its parent, or from some ova that the parent has deposited; and one genus never takes up the attributes or the figure of another. "Order" is emphatically "Heaven's first law." To suppose otherwise, would be almost to arraign the conduct of the Creator. To prove how vacillating are some of Mr. Howison's opinions, we quote, as well as for its own sake, the following curious fact.

"Towards the end of the last century, the French, then in possession of the Mauritius, on several occasions, sent the leprous slaves of that colony to the island of Diego Garcia, both in order to prevent the disease being communicated to others, and to afford those affected with it the means of living entirely upon turtle; a kind of diet which is reputed to be very efficacious in restoring such persons to health. At this time an English merchant brig was driven by strong gales close to Diego Garcia, and came to anchor within a small distance of it. She was manned chiefly with Lascars, or Indian sailors; and when the weather had moderated, she sent a boat on shore for water, and two of them were despatched into the interior of the island in search of a spring. In the course of their ramble they fell in with a small colony of lepers, consisting of eight or ten persons, both male and female, and spent a little time amongst them, and then returned to the boat and related their adventure. No sooner was the master of the brig informed of it, than apprehensive of leprous contagion, he positively refused to take the Lascars on board, and they were carried back into the island by force, and left there, while he pursued his voyage, and never saw or heard more of them. I learned these particulars at the Cape of Good Hope, from the individual who was first officer of the vessel at the time that this occurred, (about 1792;) and it is probable that no European has since visited the island, which is surrounded by dangerous reefs, and quite out of the usual track of ships. The progeny arising from the intercourse of the Madagascar and Mozambique slaves, and the two natives of Hindostan, would in all likelihood present some singularities of feature and form; but when it is considered in addition that leprosy renders white the skin of black or swarthy people, and that this peculiarity is communicated, though in an inferior degree, to their children, it is easy to conceive that the present population of Diego Garcia (if it really has any) must wear a singular physical aspect, and must differ very materially from that of the other islands in the Indian Ocean."

This is directly in opposition to the opinions attempted to be upheld by the antecedent quotation, as here very evident physical causes are adduced to support the writer's hypothesis, and nothing is left for the spontaneous exertions of Nature.

Speaking of the antiquity and permanency of the Hindu empire, the author is led a little too far by the impulse of declamation. He eulogizes the wisdom of castes, asserts that no other nation so long has preserved its integrity, and that these institutions are admirably adapted to promote the happiness of a people. Having said very much to this purpose, he proceeds thus:—

"After this, is it reasonable for any one to condemn indiscriminately the institutions of the Hindoos? Can that be bad in theory, which has worked so well in practice? Would it not have been happy for the nations of Europe, had they learned to preserve their identity and their existence as the Hindoos have done? The empire of Hindostan forms a magnificent subject of contemplation, whether we regard its prodigious magnitude, or its vast period of uninterrupted stability, or the infinite concourse of human beings which it has moulded into a particular social form, and maintained in a state of unity for a long series of ages. What a contrasting picture

does Europe present within even a few centuries ! There we observe civil and religious wars and massacres—bloody persecutions for matters of opinion—Guelphs and Ghibellines destroying each other they know not why—holy crusades undertaken by tribes of banditti—irruptions of barbarians into half-civilized countries, and of civilized men into barbarous ones, in both cases with the same sanguinary results—national aggression and retaliation, and the morbid excitement of political party spirit disturbing all classes, and turning to the advantage of none. The history of Hindostan resembles the course of a mighty, placid, and unruffled stream, while that of Europe is like the agitated current of a turbid mountain rivulet."

And a little further on he asserts that "war was of an uncommon occurrence in Hindostan, at the time of its highest grandeur and prosperity;" because "the natives were found to have made but slow progress in the military art when Alexander invaded India." We do not deny that there is, in this extract, some energy of writing ; but we must confess the author has made great sacrifices in order to make a point in his book. In the first place, India, more than any other country, has had its plains fertilized by the blood of its inhabitants, both by foreign and intestine wars. When Alexander invaded India and overthrew Porus, he found no deficiency in the military art in his opponents. As far as the efficiency of arms, appointments, engines, and the training of animals to the purposes of war, are concerned, the invaded were far superior to the invaders:—they were inferior to the Greeks only in mental energy and physical strength. Where a high state of civilization is found, there also the arts of war will be fully understood. But the axiom, that inferiority of warlike implements proves an unwarlike nation, is false ; for wars have been as numerous, as bitter, and as continuing, when waged by barbarians, with no better weapons than clubs and arrows, as when we have laid all the powers of chemistry and mechanism under contribution to do that scientifically in the mass that the savage is forced to do, like a butcher, with his own hand, in detail. Indeed, the very converse of Mr. Howison's opinion seems to be the true one—the more certain the efficiency of the destructive engines, the more certain is the reign of peace. Again, we never should have suspected such a florid eulogy of *castes* from a mind so enlightened as is that of our author. Where there is no emulation, there can be no improvement ; and the one hundred and sixty millions of the inhabitants of India live to little purpose, either of dignity to themselves, or of glory to their Creator, if one hundred and fifty-nine millions of them are to remain stationary servants and slaves, to all generations, to the wily and the lazy policy of the professors of a creed as absurd as it is cruel, and as demoralizing as it is absurd.

The following is curious as a fact connected with optics ; whether the reader will coincide with the deductions drawn from it, we know not.

"The total ignorance of perspective and *chiaro oscuro*, and the hardness and stiffness of outline, which characterise the paintings of the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Mexicans, and the ancient Egyptians, are circumstances equally notorious and perplexing ; and the only plausible theory that has ever been advanced upon the subject is the one which supposes that the perpetual sunshine, and strong reflection of light in hot regions, injure the vision of their inhabitants, and render them incapable of estimating distances and proportions by the eye. I am the more inclined to this opinion, because I have found that the generality of the natives of India neither

relish nor comprehend the system of perspective and light and shade which is adopted by European painters. On viewing our landscapes, or groups of figures, an Hindoo will remark, in reference to those parts of the piece where the relief is strongest, that the objects are of two colours, a dark and bright one; and he will inquire why the figures of men or animals, that may be represented far in the background, are not equally large with those in front. The lower classes of people in India have not the smallest idea of symmetry in the arrangement of furniture, or in the disposal of table equipage; and it is not till after they have been some time in the service of Europeans that they are able to lay a carpet exactly in the centre of a room, or place two couches or similar articles in the same relative position. Their masters commonly attribute this to stupidity, though it evidently enough arises from defective vision, consequent upon long-continued irritation of the optic nerve by the glare of a tropical sun."

All that we have to say upon this is, that if the painter made his *chiaro scuro* and his perspective natural, we doubt whether the Indian would not understand them; for they judge of distances well enough in the open air, and we are sure that the most obtuse pariahs never mistook an elephant for a mouse, because the former animal appeared no larger on account of its far position to the eye of the spectator. We well remember, in one of our ships, that a Lascar was the best look-out that we had at the mast-head, and would tell a three-decker from aloft, when hull down on deck, and never thought it, on account of its apparent littleness, to be a cock-boat, or a child's toy.

We hope that we shall not be thought to have been captious in some of our foregoing remarks. Had we been indiscriminate in our commendation, the sincerity of our judgment might have been doubted. However, we can give unqualified praise to all that is written on the European society in India. We recommend this portion of the work to particular attention. There are views unfolded that we think most judicious, and the vivid descriptions would serve excellently to interest those who look only for amusement in their reading. Mr. Howison is strenuously opposed to any European making a permanent settlement in India. The propriety of so doing is a question that we have not sufficient space to discuss; but to show how earnest the gentleman is in his opposition, we shall quote his concluding sentences on the subject.

"The colonization of Hindostan by Europeans would render that country a theatre of discontent, oppression, divided interests, and bloodshed. The concluding scene of the drama of foreign dominion in India is hid by the curtain of futurity, and the reflective mind almost fears to anticipate its character. But let us not hurry the catastrophe, lest we increase its frightfulness; and by colonizing the country we shall assuredly do both. Let us not presume too far upon the forbearance and submissiveness of the Hindoos, and venture to introduce and permanently diffuse amongst them a race of men whom they would equally dread and detest. Universal and bitter exasperation would quickly follow a measure of the kind, and Nature would sooner or later assert her rights, and most probably seek relief in a general and indiscriminate massacre of Europeans from one end of the peninsula of Hindostan to the other.

Our author next takes his readers to the Arctic regions, and manages that department ably. Almost every thing that can be said upon the subject, he has well said. The north-west passage—the immense quantities of drift-wood on the coasts of the Arctic shores—the leviathans of the deep, all that is fabulous, and all that is true, are

scientifically discussed in their turns. However, we must do the author the justice to quote his opinion upon the impossibility of ever reaching the pole, as the obstacle he adduces is novel to us, and worthy of the scientific mind from which it originates.

“The possibility of reaching the North Pole by water has for some time past ceased to be a subject of discussion; and those theorists, who used to contend for the probable existence of an expanse of open sea in that quarter, have been forced by recent nautical researches to abandon their opinion. A comparison of the heights at which eternal snows are found to exist in various parts of the world, between the equator and the arctic circle, fix the curve of perpetual congelation under the former at fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and under the latter at three thousand five hundred. In extending this line in regular progression to the Pole, and calculating its height in proportion to the diminution of temperature that takes place as we approach the extremity of the earth, we shall find that the curve of perpetual congelation must cut the Pole five or six hundred feet below the surface there, whether it be land or sea; and consequently that eternal frosts must prevail in these regions to the same depth, and render the existence of a space of open water totally impossible, even in the midst of the hottest summer.”

It is thus very plain that our hopes must be frozen up into the most rigid despair when we come to the spot where the line of perpetual congelation cuts the sea, and then there will be nothing left for us but to tunnel; and, when we arrive directly under the pole, to work a shaft upwards into daylight, choosing, of course, the right season of the year. But to resume our censorial sobriety, we must say that we have some doubts respecting this theory of perpetual congelation. The excessive coldness that reigns on the tops of the highest mountains, proceeds only from the extreme thinness of the atmosphere. There is sufficient sun, but not sufficient air for its beams to act upon. Now Captain Parry and the northern explorators, even in the highest latitudes, felt no difficulty of breathing from the extreme tenuity of the atmosphere. At times, when the sunshone powerfully, the heat was even oppressive. Fogs too prevail, which evinces a rather too dense than a too much rarified atmosphere. We rather think, that were we squatted upon a flat piece of ice, on the “pole of th’ earth,” on the 21st of July, the sun shining at the time, we should find no small use for a white cambric pocket handkerchief, to wipe off the gathering drops of perspiration from our brows, in order to prevent the dire effects of *perpetual congelation*. We rather suspect so—but who knows? neither Mr. Howison nor ourselves.

There is also much excellent argument respecting the fossil remains that have been found so plentifully to exist along the shores of the frozen regions. How the elephant, the mastodon, and other prodigious animals got there, has always, and will always, puzzle the learned, so long as they keep themselves fettered by respectable prejudices. That there was, at one time, a sufficiency of vegetable productions in these now desolate parts, to support those monsters, is also evident from the petrified specimens of plants that every where abound. There is one easy solution to the mystery, by supposing that the present north pole was not always the north pole. The axis upon which a globe spins is merely accidental, and our earth would twirl equally well upon any other than the one that she now employs. But let us hear Buffon’s opinion upon this subject.

"According to Buffon, it is exactly thirty-six thousand years since elephants first began to inhabit the Polar regions. They could not, he thinks, have lived there at an earlier period, because it would have been too hot for them; nor at a much later one, because it would have been too cold. But they did not long find the Arctic lands a congenial place of abode, for the refrigeration of the substance of our planet producing a progressive diminution of temperature, they were forced to proceed gradually southward, in search of a milder climate; and the continued southerly migration of the species, occasioned by that cause, at length conducted them to the equatorial regions, which are now alone suitable to their constitution. In this way the French philosopher explains how elephants' bones are found diffused in every parallel of latitude between the north pole and the torrid zone."

Thirty-six thousand years are *un peu de trop*, Monsieur Buffon, for our universities, and we are surprised that Mr. Howison should quote so infidel an assertion; but, after all, the harm cannot be very great, as there are almost a dozen contradictory ones afterwards brought forward, so that the reader is left in a very orthodox state of doubt and perplexity, and religion escapes an insidious attack.

We now come to a most interesting part of the work, that which relates to the lost colony frozen up in East Greenland. The account is excellently related, and much we wish that we had space to transcribe the whole of it. However, we believe that the existence of this colony (if it now exist) is not generally known, or has been long, almost forgotten. It appears that some Norwegians made a settlement in that country, and inhospitable as the country is, the colony became numerous and prosperous, to that degree, that the land was brought under tillage, and churches and schools were founded, and flourished. Still, the inhabitants were forced to look to other more favoured countries for most of the luxuries, and many of the necessities, of life. About the middle of the fourteenth century, this colony was shut out from the rest of the world by vast accumulations of ice on the coasts, forming an impenetrable barrier to every attempt to again open communications with the isolated inhabitants. What became of them remains an unfathomed, and we now fear, an unfathomable mystery. On this subject Mr. Howison has given the reins to his vivid imagination, and he thus forcibly describes the event as happening probably in the following manner.

"In some tempestuous night in April, when looking forward to the opening of the navigation, and the arrival of the annual fleet from Norway, they would be aroused by a succession of terrific noises; and, stationing themselves on their lofty shores, would see afar off a vast and uninterrupted succession of mountainous icebergs moving from the north in horrid array, and bearing down upon the coast of Greenland. A great proportion of these floating masses would probably pass on to the southward, and encourage the frightened colonists to hope that the rest of them would follow the same route; but the gradual entanglement of the icebergs with one another, and the stoppage in their progress caused by capes and points of land, and by the in-draught of eddies and local currents, would at length render many of the largest of them stationary, and form the general outline of that frozen barrier which was soon to inclose the colony.

"No sooner had the progression of the icebergs ceased in one place, than those following close behind, unable to advance farther in a lateral or horizontal direction, would be forced upwards over the tops of those ranged before them, and a scene of fearful accumulation, collision, and destruction would ensue, and go on increasing so long as additional materials continued to be rolled in from the relentless north. Thus the frozen barrier, having first acquired the utmost possible solidity below, from the violent compression and the wedging together of its different parts, would afterwards attain greater and greater elevation, and at length rise higher than the coasts

of Greenland, lofty and precipitous as these are, and extend itself into every bay and inlet, and even encroach upon the land. Then would the colonists begin to feel some misgivings respecting their situation; but so long as the wind continued to blow with any degree of strength, and the least motion was discernible amongst the icebergs, they would indulge a hope of seeing them disperse, perhaps even more rapidly than they had collected together, and would retire to their houses on the approach of darkness, short as its duration is in Greenland at the beginning of the Polar summer. Revisiting the coast next morning, they would find that the tempest had ceased, and that the ice was motionless, while a serene atmosphere and cloudless sky enabled them to discern an interminable succession of glacial peaks and frosted eminences rising to the northward and eastward; and the profound and melancholy silence reigning in these directions would indicate that Nature was satisfied with what she had done, and that her activity was not likely to be soon again exerted in the same quarter.

"The colonists would not altogether despair of the breaking up of the ice till the middle of August, when the power of the sun begins to decline in the Arctic regions. But before the season had advanced so far, they must have experienced two formidable results of their new situation, the total interruption of their fisheries and the want of the drift-wood, which had before annually floated towards their coasts, and afforded their only supply of fuel for the winter. The impossibility of the usual vessels arriving from Norway they would regard as a minor evil, because these brought to the colony merely the conveniences of life, which cease to be available whenever its necessities are withdrawn. Anticipations of famine and benumbing cold would now take undivided possession of every mind; and the impulse of self-preservation would set the colonists in array against one another. The hearts of the rich would be steeled to the miseries of the poor, and a desperate struggle would take place in the partition of the fuel and the means of subsistence that existed in the country, and were to form the only resource of its inhabitants throughout at least a Polar winter of eight months' duration, and perhaps for a succession of years, should the ice which blocked up their coasts remain so long undissolved, and they themselves be able to protract their lives for any considerable length of time. In the course of a few months all their firewood and oil would be consumed, and they would be reduced to the necessity of pulling down their habitations to obtain the timber that formed their floors and roofs; and in this way deprived of shelter, they would dig caves in the ground, in imitation of the winter-houses of the native Greenlanders, and linger out their lives in these dark abodes, in the constant companionship of cold and famine. A large proportion of the colonists must have perished in the course of the second year of their imprisonment; and a considerable number would probably attempt to cross the country and reach West Greenland, but finding the route impassable, (as it has since been ascertained to be,) they would mostly fall victims to the fatigues of the journey. The priests would in all likelihood continue to the last to reside in their churches and convents, of which there were several in the colony; and it is in the cells or libraries of these that some written memorial or diary of the events of that awful period may yet exist, and hereafter be found by the first navigator who is fortunate enough to effect a landing upon the coast of East Greenland.

"Some sanguine speculators have even insisted that this colony may still be in existence, and this opinion has caused them to feel an ardent desire that its site should be visited and explored, in order to ascertain the present condition of the inhabitants; but we shall rest satisfied that they must all have perished within a few years subsequent to the first season of their imprisonment, if we consider the physical character of Greenland, and reflect upon the immediate and insurmountable privations to which its residents, however inured to the climate, must have been subjected upon the closing of the ice around them. But did the least air of probability attach to the former supposition, it would indeed be an admirable subject for human enterprise to penetrate to the colony; not so much with a view to gratify our mere curiosity respecting it, as to solve a problem in reference to the mental capabilities of the human race, which is involved in the following question: Can any community in a state of civilization, be it high or low, continue to make progression in that state without foreign aid or intercourse?

"It would appear that the Norwegian settlers in East Greenland were tolerably far advanced in the arts of life at the period at which they last had communication with Europe. They had regular forms of government and of religion; they practised agriculture and the more necessary mechanic arts; and they possessed schools

and churches, which were served by priests endowed with a moderate portion of the learning of their own times. Supposing, then, that the lost colony is still in existence, and that its inhabitants shortly contrived in some way or other to remedy the evils that first attended their separation from the rest of the world, shall we, on visiting them, find that they have declined, or progressed, or remained stationary, in reference to the state of civilization which they enjoyed at the period of our former acquaintance with them? We may reasonably enough conclude that the first must be the case; because the physical difficulties to which they would be exposed on the closure of the ice, would absorb their whole attention, and withdraw their minds from the cultivation of learning and the improvement of the arts. But let us imagine that no obstacle of the kind had existed to retard their social advancement; would they in such a case have preserved amongst themselves, up to the present time, all the knowledge that they possessed when they were shut out from Europe; and would they have increased it, and even discovered new channels for the exercise of the human faculties and of human ingenuity?"

But we must draw to a conclusion. We have room only for one or two more extracts, with our attendant remarks. It will certainly be thought by every candid, by every enlightened mind, that Mr. Howison, in making the following uncalled-for attack on truth, (for knowledge is truth,) and advocacy of darkness, has shown a knight-errantry, the hardihood of which we cannot admire, and a prejudice that we certainly did not expect. All this is the more glaring, as the manifesto was not called for by the subject on which he was treating; indeed, he seems to have travelled greatly out of his way, in order to attain a commanding eminence from which to promulgate it.

"When the mass of the lower orders of society in Great Britain shall have become sufficiently enlightened and instructed to analyze their own condition, and to contrast it with that of their superiors—when they shall perceive that the national wealth is daily narrowing the sphere of its distribution, and will at length become almost exclusively concentrated in the hands of aristocratic, mercantile, and clerical monopolists—when they shall discover that these bodies have no community of interest with themselves, and that they wish to be regarded as privileged, authoritative, and distinct branches of human society; then will they bring into practical use the knowledge that is now being diffused amongst them, and convert it into an engine of revolution and destruction; and, assisted by it, break into pieces our complicated social machine, and throw into irremediable disorder its ill-assorted materials.

"A catastrophe of this kind can be delayed or prevented only by the placing of impediments in the way of the farther diffusion of knowledge amongst the lower classes; since, situated as they are, and probably ever must be, they can enjoy contentment, and live innocently, and feel reconciled to a state of subordination, only as long as they are allowed to remain ignorant and uninstructed."

In the first place, we doubt the premises put forward in this extract. The great mass, unfortunately, never will be so enlightened as the author anticipates. As population increases in the ratio of civilization, and the facility of obtaining the necessities of life, so will that redundant population be obliged to employ itself in incessant labour in order to obtain those necessities, which, though they would be always sufficient, will never superabound. They would have no time, scarcely the inclination, to acquire this much-dreaded knowledge. Would that they had! Would that Mr. Howison's premises were correct! How different then would be the conclusion that he anticipates! Knowledge could not increase without increasing the good sense of the community at large. Things that are done in the blaze of light are done well. It would then be seen by every class,

the lowest as well as the highest, that probity, morality, and order, were the main ingredients of holding together beneficially the social compact; that every violation of one of these in the individual would tend to the general injury; and that the vast blessing of that magnificent combination of intellect and activity which we enjoy can only have its due effect, so that its benefits can reach the meanest subjects, by respecting property, by obeying the laws, and by honouring those on whom the sacred duty devolves to see those laws respected.

We had selected some other passages for remark, but we must pause. Mr. Howison must pardon us for our friendly strictures. We admire his talents. With a few exceptions, he has written an excellent work—a work of that general utility and interest, it becomes almost a duty for every one to peruse. In it, the reader will find much of classical elegance of language, combined with great force of reasoning; sometimes we think that he is in the wrong, but never dull; sometimes too declamatory, but always sincere; sometimes too discursive, but always interesting. We now bid him farewell, by expressing ourselves as heartily glad of having made his acquaintance, and by asserting that there are few, very few, with whom we could have travelled so far, and have found so agreeable, so candid, and so instructing companions as himself; and with whom we should find so few occasions of differing, so many in agreeing. As yet, he has touched only upon the wings, the outskirts of society: the field before him is large, and though there are many labourers in it, there are but few who know, like him, how to reap so profitable a harvest.

SONG.

THE EYES THAT LOOK SMILINGLY!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

'Tis a strange world we live in, this same world of ours;—
Yet its landscapes of beauty, sweet sounds, and bright flowers,
Its holy affections, and magical ties,
Oh! they keep back the soul, from its own native skies.
Though in dreams we may picture a world of more grace,
But awaking again to each *dear social face*,
The eyes that look smilingly on us impel
Our hearts still to worship the world where they dwell.

Oh! it is not in nature to turn from the *kind*,
Or to wish to leave *Friendship* and *Love* far behind;
Though heaven itself be our guerdon and goal,
Yet love still will fetter the wings of the soul:
As the wild eagle soars to the sun in its flights,
So the spirit will mount to the "Father of lights;"
But the eyes that look smilingly on us impel
Our hearts to return to the world where they dwell.

CLARA; OR, LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.¹

BY DON TRUEBA TELESFORO D'Y COSIO.

WHEN Don Gil Perez received intelligence of the melancholy fate of his niece, instead of feeling compassion for her misfortunes, or being visited by remorse for that cruel treatment, which had been the real origin of her untimely end, the narrow-minded and superstitious old man felt a degree of horror at the supposed crimes of the poor victim; and he failed not to tell her sister that the hand of God was visible in the punishment with which the disobedience of Agnes had been attended. Father Bastos said many edifying things on the occasion. He descanted copiously on the dreadful effects of pride and disobedience—the eligibility of conventual seclusion—and the happy destiny which Agnes had lost by her rebellious spirit. He concluded by hoping for the mercies of Heaven towards the poor sinner, and trusting that Clara would at least take warning from the dreadful example of her elder sister. Dona Josepha threw also her share into the stock of this pious and superfluous oratory. She was of course very eloquent on the subject of female youth and beauty, to the possession of which she unhesitatingly attributed the misfortunes, offences, and disastrous fate of her niece.

The situation of Clara became, from this moment, more irksome and mortifying. In the lectures with which these personages thought proper to treat the young girl every day in the year, the disobedience of Agnes and her punishment was the unvarying peroration to the discourse. As it was a self-evident truth that Agnes would not have died in an hospital if she had consented to enter a nunnery, Dona Josepha, by process of a very curious chain of argument, satisfied herself that the only remedy for Clara escaping the same, was to make a nun of her with all possible dispatch.

The possession of riches is, according to many very pious and learned authors, a severe impediment in the road to heaven; simply because their use being misapplied, it leads imperceptibly to the commission of sin, and the perdition of souls. This being admitted, what act could illustrate in a more exemplary manner the fervour of charity, than to remove the said terrible obstacle from a Christian's path! Father Bastos had the salvation of the Indiano, the wife, and the niece much at heart; and consequently he felt it a duty incumbent, both on his fatherly solicitude and religious capacity, to ward off the dangers that might obstruct the accomplishment of so desirable an end. Hence the pious man was indefatigable in the holy work of getting from the Indiano all the money he could.

But this was not all. The fact being now established beyond doubt that Theodosio and Clara were deeply in love, it was indispensable to provide a prompt and efficacious remedy for a danger which threatened so much evil and calamity. Father Bastos had conceived a bitter and very zealous aversion against the young man. Theodosio was equally disgusted with the sordid schemes and superstition of Father Bastos. A vast quantity of rancorous feeling was divided into two equal portions, and shared between the lover and the friar. It was no difficult task to imbue the narrow mind of Don Gil with prejudice against his nephew.

A warm dispute, which occurred between Father Bastos and Theodosio, brought matters to a crisis. The infuriated friar represented every mark of contempt bestowed on his person as so many gross affronts offered to

¹ Continued from vol x p. 432.

religion. The Indiano was shocked, Dona Josepha escaped a fainting fit by the merest chance, and the expulsion of the offender from the house was instantly decided upon. This plan was without loss of time carried into effect ; but Don Theodosio, on quitting his beloved Clara, made an eternal vow of constancy, and frequently conjured her not to take any future step without his previous knowledge and approbation. He promised that ere long he would return armed with legal power to rescue her from the state of thralldom in which she was kept by her relatives.

The departure of Theodosio was the harbinger of joy to every member of the Indiano's family except his niece. The separation from her lover fell like a heavy weight on her heart. She felt as if she were doomed never more to see the object of her first and only affection. Her gentle spirit pined away in secret sorrow, although the meekness of her disposition induced her to assume before her relatives a cheerful aspect, that was in direct contradiction with the state of her feelings.

To induce Clara to take the veil was the next measure to be adopted, and the success of this scheme appeared but little doubtful in the opinion of Father Bastos. To the first attacks Clara put forward an opposition which her catechisers had not anticipated—the genuine feelings of nature—and the potency of a pure, deep, and absorbing affection struggled hard against the suggestions of superstition. Although she did not possess powers of intellect of the strongest order, yet her sense would tell her that there was no crime in the love which she felt for her cousin. A soothing hope, which came at intervals to illumine her heart, supplied her with a momentary courage, and she for the first month uniformly repelled every endeavour made to induce her to enter on a life of seclusion.

But this opposition was not calculated to discourage Father Bastos. He flattered himself that time and perseverance would vanquish the reluctance of the girl. Clara's soft and yielding disposition would not withstand long, unassisted, the repeated attacks of parental authority and religious expostulations. The only danger which the friar had to apprehend, was from the attempts made by the lover to thwart his plans. To prevent any intercourse between him and Clara was accordingly a primary consideration. This, in a house like that of the Indiano, and with the secluded habits of life in which Clara spent her time, was a matter of very easy accomplishment. Two months elapsed, and yet Clara had received no intelligence from her lover. His letters had been intercepted, while she herself was kept in complete ignorance of the fact.

The most fearful expedient which the Indiano and the friar used to carry their schemes into effect was, as we have already stated, the awful terrors of religion. The mind of Clara was but too timid and well disposed to receive such impressions. After some time, therefore, she began to think that she had been guilty of grievous sin in the eyes of God, for having entertained so absorbing an affection for a mortal man—one of his creatures—made of perishable clay, and full of frailties and imperfections ! The lugubrious phantom soon became the source of constant and mortifying anxiety—the repose of poor Clara was destroyed. She, who was pure and sinless, began seriously to fancy herself a delinquent—a sombre gloom gradually pervaded her mind—she became more attached to frequent the church and recite long prayers—the fatal disease of her relatives had infected her, although, in her case, the malady was destitute of that poison which tended to the misery of others. No ; the hapless and deluded girl could not, for a moment, harm any living thing save herself—one of the most lovely, guileless, and unoffending of Heaven's creations !

Of all the dismal images that worked on her fevered brain, none was so fearful, so full of sorrow, or so constantly recurring, as the remembrance of her unfortunate sister. This terrible phantom persecuted her

by day, and disturbed her slumbers by night. Father Bastos had but too well succeeded in persuading Clara that Agnes had evinced the conduct of a great sinner, and that her miseries and disastrous end was a just punishment by an offended God. Moreover, the example of the sister was strongly urged as the most efficient arm to induce Clara to become a nun. A parallel was instituted between her present reluctance to enter a convent, and the rebellious conduct exhibited by Agnes at a former period. This reasoning, however false in principle, was but too plausible not to produce a strong effect in the already bedimmed understanding of Clara. She felt the full force of the friar's remonstrances, and she shuddered in anticipation at the sins which she might commit, and the dreadful death she might incur, should she persist in opposing the wishes of her uncle.

Dwelling on this perplexing subject, she retired one evening to bed, her mind more than usually loaded with frightful images of future misery. She directed her fervid prayers to Heaven, and composed herself to sleep. It was in vain—a thousand superstitious terrors run riot in her imagination. Then the form of her lover—that true, kind, and sincere lover, whom she was compelled to abjure, came forward arrayed in all the attributes of sorrow and affection to distract her heart. The snatches of slumber which closed her eyes were troubled with these mournful visions. Poor Clara discovered that she had placed too great a reliance on herself. Theodosio, far from being forgotten, was still in possession of her entire affection. Those affections were harassed and perplexed, tainted and shadowed, in the mist of superstitious terror; but yet they remained true to the object by which they were engrossed.

This was a source of additional misery to Clara. She struggled desperately to discard the image of her lover from her thoughts, but in this attempt she failed—the mournful object still kept fixed before the eyes of her mind, and his looks seemed to be full of a gentle reproach—the reproach of love and pain. In the tumult of her feelings Clara rose from her bed, and knelt on the bare ground before a picture of the Holy Virgin which adorned her room. The apartment was illumined by the dim and gloomy refulgence of a lamp, well calculated to promote the morbid sensibility of Clara's feelings. She raised her eyes to the image, and prayed fervently for the restoration of that calm and repose which appeared to have fled for ever from her bosom. The tears of the penitent (for such Clara considered herself) flowed fast, whilst her sobs and groans bespoke the agony of her soul. The fever of her imagination was now worked up to the highest degree, and she at length fancied that the image, before which she knelt in humble prayer, fixed a mournful look upon her. This illusion of her brain, she considered as a warning from heaven, and she prayed fervently that the will of Providence might be made known to her, that she might sacrifice her feelings and comforts, life, the world—all—to that sacred admonition.

When Clara rose on the following morning, the struggles which her soul had undergone during the night were but too visible on her countenance. She was interrogated concerning the cause of this emotion, and she, whose thoughts were made of candour and purity, found no difficulty in revealing the whole secret of her heart. Don Gil and his wife, as usual, immediately perceived the hand of Providence on her. The anxiety and disquietude which the image of Theodosio had produced, and the tumult of agony in which Clara had passed the night, afforded ample evidence, that she ought to renounce every idea of her love, and become a nun with all possible expedition. Soon after Father Bastos came in to throw his assistance into the balance. He delivered a very lengthy and edifying sermon, and solemnly asserted that Clara was a bride elect of heaven, and then congratulated the maiden on her happy destiny. She requested

a few days to adopt a final resolution—the wish was too just, and was easily complied with.

At this interesting period Dona Josepha died, or rather, as Father Bastos expressed it, she was gone to claim the inheritance of glory which she had gained by her piety and good works. The temper of Don Gil became, from this moment, more lugubrious, and in the jaundiced state of his mind, he conceived that every thing which he saw and heard was a sin; the wretched man became a torment to himself, and a positive nuisance to those who came into the least contact with him. His imagination was stored with ideas of every possible calamity that can afflict human nature, and he once entertained the notion that the end of the world was fast approaching. The increasing superstition and gloom of her uncle, and the torture resulting therefrom, made another inducement for Clara's taking the veil. She at length gave her consent, and, at the age of seventeen, commenced her noviciate in the convent of ———.

Clara found no difficulty in adapting herself to the habits of a life of seclusion—her uncle's house had always been a kind of nunnery, as far as intercourse with the world was concerned. Indeed the change, if any thing, was for the better, as she could enjoy the society of the nuns, some of whom were very young, and not so morose as their elder sisters. But for the severe aspect and austere character of the mother abbess, from which the gentle nature of Clara recoiled, she would have enjoyed comparative repose and happiness; yet even the rigour of the abbess was far preferable to the tantalizing, hypochondriacal, and tormenting character of Don Gil Perez.

In a few months, calm was restored to Clara's bosom. Not that the phantom of Theodosio had completely quitted her thoughts. That image still broke upon her meditations at intervals, but still the intrusion was not accompanied with that intense feeling of disquietude and pain, which it was wont to bring on former occasions—a sensation of subdued sorrow, rendered endurable by the spirit of piety and resignation, had now taken possession of Clara's heart, and even this remnant of unfortunate love, she hoped would, at a future period, be converted into a tender, pure remembrance for the object, divested of all human passion, and incapable of inflicting either pain or regret. With this soothing idea the days of the novice flowed in a gentle stream, unrippled by cares or remorse, whilst those of her lover were involved in mystery. We must now revert to Theodosio, who had, by this time, become as a dead man to his beloved Clara.

The destiny of Clara had long been a subject of doubt and speculation to her absent lover, thanks to the activity of Don Gil and Father Bastos. Every means of intercourse had been so efficiently intercepted, that in the moments of grief, Theodosio entertained the most gloomy ideas, sometimes fancying that he was no longer an object of tenderness to Clara, at others, that she had sunk into an early grave. A charge of heresy brought against him before the holy office of the Inquisition, confined him to the dungeons of that terrible tribunal for a period of several months—the accusation, however, was not substantiated, and he was released from prison. The first use he made of his liberty, was to repair to Madrid in all haste, to ascertain the fate of his beloved Clara: the information which he gathered, filled him at once with astonishment and sorrow. One ray of hope, however, dawned upon his soul—the noviciate of his mistress had not yet expired, and she might yet be rescued from pronouncing a rash vow, which would bring along with it only misery and regret. Theodosio, naturally enough, conceived that undue influence had been used in persuading Clara to take the veil. He considered her as an addition to the list of victims of fanatic zeal and parental oppression. With this idea, a feeling of pity and justice alone, had no other

more tender sentiment actuated him, would have suggested the propriety of an attempt to rescue her from the convent.

This enterprise, however, was surrounded with almost insurmountable difficulties. But a few days remained of the noviciate, and it was not probable that in so short a period Theodosio could succeed in getting access to his mistress, and inducing her to a flight. Instigated by a tumult of dread, love, and compassion, he hastened to the nunnery, and essayed every means of informing Clara that he was sojourning in the precincts of that solemn prison-house. Baffled in all his attempts, he one day adopted a step of greater boldness—he climbed the walls of the garden at the fall of evening, and hiding himself behind a cluster of trees, he struck a few melancholy strains on a guitar, which were followed by a Moorish ballad, to which Clara had been always very partial. The scheme was full of danger, but, like many other attempts instigated by boldness in the moment of despair, was accompanied with success.

Clara was sitting by the narrow window of her cell, when her ear caught the plaintive sound. She was at first startled, and imagined that she laboured under some delusion of the brain. She listened attentively—her heart now throbbed with a tumult of conflicting feelings. The leading events of her life passed rapidly and vividly before her mind. She trembled with a strange mixture of terror, hope, and pleasure. She opened her window and leant forwards to ascertain if her eyes would confirm the promise of her ear. A man issued from the green bosom of a thicket, which appeared now partially tinged by the silvery radiance of the moonbeams. Clara, with a thrill of uncontrollable emotion, perceived the form gently moving forwards. She beheld the outlines of a man resembling her lover in height and deportment: imagination filled up the picture, and the throb of her heart clearly told her that Theodosio had impiously intruded within the precincts of that sacred spot. But the sensations of terror and superstition gave way before the more genuine and powerful feelings of human nature. The pure stream of love returned to those channels of the heart, from which it had been repulsed by the troubled current of superstition.

Theodosio held up a letter, and with all the eloquence of passion, conjured Clara, by signs, to admit it into her possession. He then placed the epistle in a marked spot, but yet sufficiently hidden to escape detection, and after lingering for some time on the hallowed place which contained all that his soul held dearest in life, he at length retreated from the garden, to concert measures for the rescue of his beloved Clara. The feelings of the young novice were now excited to the highest point; the astonishment produced by the unexpected apparition of her lover, had at first completely absorbed all her powers, and she suffered no ungrateful reproach to intrude in order to dissolve the charm by which she was bound. But with the retreat of Theodosio came reflection. Clara was soon plunged into a deep and perplexing reverie. She blamed herself for the guilt which she had incurred by affording the least encouragement to the desperate attempts of a man with whom every connexion was broken in this world—a man, whom, more than any other member of the human species, she was bound to banish from her thoughts. These painful speculations disturbed the repose of Clara during the night. To soothe the agitation of her soul, she had recourse to prayer, but even the power of fervent devotion failed in calling back the lost tranquillity of her mind—that mind, despite of the efforts of piety, was chiefly occupied by the image of her lover. Alas! all the endeavours of religious zeal were insufficient to eject so powerful a tenant from the habitation of which he had taken possession.

When morning came, the state of Clara's mind was, if possible, more distressing. Her sense of duty suggested that she ought not to read the

contents of her lover's letter. Moreover, some whispering spirit told her that the epistle should be delivered to the mother abbess. She was almost determined to act up to this idea, but her courage failed at the moment of putting it into execution. A stream of tenderness and of returning affection inundated her heart. The death of her lover might perhaps be the result of her severity. She had not yet pronounced the awful and hopeless vow, and the agency of her will was still unshackled. Besides, the period of a noviciate is allowed to the young mind in order to weigh maturely the awful responsibility of the engagements which it is about to make. These consoling reflections came next to counsel a different course, and as the heart is never backward in adopting that alternative which is more consonant with the tenor of its feelings, Clara at length resolved to be guided by the impulse of ill-suppressed affections.

She descended to the garden, and watching a favourable opportunity, was fortunate enough to possess herself of her lover's letter, without having attracted notice, or excited suspicion. Her fingers trembled as she took up the paper. She felt (in her estimation) a guilty joy, and she sped to the secrecy of her cell ; she fancied that every object which met her eyes was a severe witness of her offence, and reproached her conduct. Once again safe within her narrow chamber, she breathed more freely ; but the tumult of her heart increased as she opened the letter and read its contents—they were imbued with the wild eloquence of impassioned love and despair. The perusal produced a powerful and decisive impression on the mind of the gentle and affectionate girl. After detailing the trials which he had undergone, and his efforts to obtain information with regard to her destiny, the ill-fated lover continued to dissuade Clara from the rash resolution which she had adopted. This part of the letter ran thus :—

“ Clara ! Clara, my own beloved—the hope of my soul—the sole principle of my life ! I conjure you by that immaculate purity—by that love of virtue which is the essence of thy nature, to repel an instigation which is prompted not by the voice of true religion and piety, but by the foul breath of fanaticism. Oh ! listen ere it is too late—the moments are counted, and a life of remorse and despair will be the award of your infatuation. Yes, Clara, you are going to pronounce sacrilegious vows, in which the heart will have no share. Pause, I conjure you ; pause ere it is too late. And if after this more solemn admonition, the pleadings of my agony and despair could be weighed in your mind, let me recall to your memory the sacred pledge of love. Have you forgotten a feeling which I deemed interwoven with the very principle of your life ? Are you ashamed of that love ?

“ No, no ; the love which I feel for you, Clara, is not the offspring of vanity, or a fleeting passion. No, it is a sentiment worthy of the object by which it was inspired—a sentiment tender as the expression of thine eyes—pure as the imaginings of thy mind—deep as the innate goodness of thy soul—a sentiment fresh like thy beauty—enduring and indelible, like thy virtues.”

After these, and other earnest admonitions, Theodosio concluded by insinuating that he would convey to her the means of escape. No time was to be lost, and as the case was so urgent, the lover announced his intention of making a bold attempt.

The perusal of this letter threw poor Clara into the most powerful agitation ; the conflict of her feelings produced a keen sensation of pain, yet in the midst of her emotion she enjoyed an undefinable charm in the boldness expressed by her lover ; the darker phantom of sin now and then came across her imagination, but the lurid image was soon chased

away by more consoling and enlivening prospects. One thing, however, puzzled her ideas, and this was, the nature of the plan which her lover would pursue to accomplish his designs. In the postscript of his letter he had intimated that in a trunk which was to be taken to the convent on the following day, she would find the means for effecting her escape. We must explain.

When a young maiden takes the veil, and abjures the world for ever, the most interesting part of the ceremony is certainly that which refers to the sacrifice as connected with her personal charms. The young novice is represented as the bride-elect of the Saviour, and accordingly, on the day on which her espousals are to take place, she is attired in the most splendid habiliments. She is adorned with the most scrupulous care and rich profusion, and these worldly ornaments are exchanged by her for the humble and coarse habit of the convent ; her hair is then cut short, and every thing is done to give the impression that she renounces all the pomp and charms of life, for an existence of penance and humility.

Don Gil Perez of course was neither forgetful of this part of the ceremony, nor disposed to let it pass without evincing his zeal. It was a matter of the highest importance : nay, a sprinkling of worldly vanity might also be mixed with this religious fervour, and he had accordingly resolved that his niece should be dressed for the approaching ceremony with all the pomp and splendour that care and expense could procure. Father Bastos approved highly the zeal evinced by the Indiano. It was an additional proof of the influence which every thing connected with religious ceremonies exercised over his mind. The preparations were accordingly made in the most expensive manner, and a passing sunshine diffused itself over the lugubrious aspect of the devotee, as he conceived that he was zealously promoting the future welfare of his niece, as well as his own. With regard to Father Bastos, he inwardly congratulated himself on the near completion of those plans which he had laboured so much to bring about.

Clara, the interesting subject of so much care and speculation, was, meantime, labouring under the painful trials of dread and irresolution. The impassioned appeal of her lover had made the strongest impression on her heart. She felt half determined to follow his wishes, but in the following moment the image of the sinful duplicity which she was committing, would fill her soul with agony and terror. The battle of her feelings was very distressing, and the nuns failed not to observe the agitation of the young novice ; this, however, did not afford matter for great surprise—such displays were not of unusual occurrence in the nunnery on similar occasions. The painful reverie of Clara was soon dispelled by the necessity for action. A trunk arrived from her uncle, containing the dress and ornaments in which she was to be decked out for the ceremony of the morrow. Clara endeavoured to conceal the emotion which she experienced when the key of the trunk was delivered to her. She would have immediately proceeded to examine the contents, but her desire was thwarted for the present, as she was obliged to attend the confessional, and undergo other religious exercises, preparatory to the solemn sacrifice which she was on the eve of making.

The hour for evening prayers arrived, and the disquietude which Clara had felt during the day increased to a painful degree : the sisterhood repaired to the choir, with that sort of listless indifference which habit had rendered natural. The mother abbess, with her accustomed severity of aspect and solemnity of deportment, heralded her flock to the evening devotions, pride and moroseness stamped on those features which all the efforts of practised deceit could not bend to enact humility. She cast a scrutinizing look on Clara—the glance went to the young girl's inmost heart ; that heart, though pure as the unsullied snow, quailed from the cold unfeeling eye of cruel superstition. The excitement produced

by her lover's letter could not be hidden from the observing mind of the abbess, but she was far from surmising the real cause of so visible an emotion. She naturally concluded that it was the effect of the solemn ceremony about to take place on the morrow. Convinced, as she felt, that the young novice was one of the many victims obliged to pronounce vows in which the heart has no share, and to bid adieu to the pomps and deceits of a world, of which, alas ! they were incompetent to judge—the circumstance, therefore, excited neither surprise nor indignation ; the event was of no unusual occurrence, and all that was required of a novice was an humble spirit when making the detestable sacrifice.

Prayers began in the usual solemn monotony of tone, but the mind of Clara was absent from devotion—the sensations of her young heart were harrassing and painful. It was in vain that she endeavoured to fix her thoughts on the religious duties for which they were assembled. She had no longer controul over her will—a crowd of distressing images flocked and fled before her imagination, all full of dismal omens, all pregnant with a certain woe and horror, which though undefinable, appeared yet to threaten with a fearful certainty. The letter of her lover had thrown her into a state of wild excitement. She seemed no longer the mild, pure, pliant being, born merely to suffer and bend to the will of others. Nor did her aspect offer the image of a virgin, spotless even in the most fleeting thoughts : alas ! no, a revulsion of feeling had come over her heart—good and virtuous she was still, but that angelic purity of mind was withered. She had in some measure sanctioned any steps which her lover might be induced to take in his despair, and this thought conveyed a poignant sensation to her soul. Her sense of virtue shuddered from the lurid phantom which her weakness had conjured up in her imagination. She fancied herself guilty of some great sin, and the impression was productive of the deepest agony and remorse.

Nor was this the only feeling that pressed to distract her mind—the pathetic appeal of her unfortunate lover had gone to her inmost heart, and remained firmly impressed thereon. She could not disguise from herself that she still loved him—loved him with all the fondness of a first, a pure, deep affection, loved him with that absorbing sentiment which can alone be felt by a devoted female in the spring of life, when all her feelings are fresh, all her thoughts unsullied, all her acts beaming with the light of candour and purity. Such love partakes of a celestial origin—it is a rare boon—frequently, alas ! the bitterest curse that can fall on the possessor. But there is a charm in the feeling, which takes a strong possession of the mind which loves to dwell on the idea, however harrowing, and which, in the midst of dismal gloom and threatening horror, throws a soothing influence to cheer up the sinking heart. It is a cheering light glimmering through the darkness—a smiling flower blooming in a dreary desert.

The tumult of Clara's thoughts increased every moment. She was anxious to see the prayers ended—never had they appeared so long as in the present instance ; her mind was restless—her heart throbbing to painful intensity—the wildest and most incoherent ideas played before her besotted imagination. Sometimes the prospect of escape from the life of misery to which she was about to condemn herself, came to diffuse a momentary comfort, but in the next moment the sacrifice of the morrow dispelled the illusion, and she shrunk from the wickedness of which she was guilty in harbouring such criminal thoughts ; this conflict of feeling grew to a degree that made her ready to faint, and she reclined for protection on the balustrades of the choir. Meantime the nuns continued mumbling the accustomed service in their usual drowsy monotonous manner, perfectly heedless of the sorrow and wretchedness which weighed on the soul of the novice.

What an awful moment was this ! The silence of the hour—a chilling silence, and disturbed alone by the solemn voice of prayer. The melancholy and awe-inspiring aspect of the place was sufficient to engender gloom and despondency in the youthful heart. Images of woe and terror danced before the mind of poor Clara—the church seemed enrobed in dismal shadows—the saints appeared as if animated and coming forward from their niches ; the solemnity of death, which presided over the place, whispered to the soul a warning of misery and woe. A fearful presentiment seized on the hapless victim—she strove to discard it from her mind, but she strove in vain, for the unwelcome and dismal thoughts broke on her meditations with ominous pertinacy. She could not pray—her whole soul was absent from the spot, and when, by a strong effort, she summoned back her thoughts to the holy duty she was performing, she shuddered at the phantom of guilt which presented itself to her mind. She was on the point of bidding farewell to the world—of pronouncing solemn, irrevocable vows which would render her as it were dead to all the purposes of life—her whole thoughts, feelings, and desires, were henceforward to be directed towards heaven alone, and yet at such an awful, such a sacred period, she had hearkened to the voice of a lover—granted his request—and was harbouring criminal hopes of a rescue from her religious confinement.

A thrill of horror shot to her heart as the pealing organ spread its full, solemn, and elevating notes along the aisles of the church. That mournful sound, to which her ear ought to have been accustomed, was like a voice of death. There was something replete with dark forebodings in those sublime, yet melancholy strains. She felt an undefinable presentiment of evil working in her throbbing brain, and she trembled in every limb, unconscious of a cause for the agitation.

Theodosio had promised to supply the means of her deliverance. Were those contained in the trunk which contained the rich habiliments in which she was solemnly to renounce the world and take the vow ? This thought recurred frequently to her mind. It had already troubled her from the first, but every moment it became more and more anxious and tormenting. Perhaps a ladder of ropes—but would she have courage enough to adopt so desperate a course ? Again, was not this an act of guilt from which a virtuous mind ought to shrink with horror ?

Prayers were ended, and the nuns, in the usual order and awful silence, having received the blessing of the mother abbess, began severally to retire to their cells. When Clara, her heart brimful to bursting, approached the abbess, the matron addressed some words of consolation, not unmingled with a certain severity both of tone and manner, which is in accordance with strict religious discipline.

“Go, my daughter,” she said in a calm, austere voice, “go to thy rest, and may the Holy Virgin watch over thy slumbers—raise your soul to heaven—for to-morrow thou wilt choose the better part. Thou art a bride elect of the Saviour, and an imperishable wreath will be thy reward hereafter.”

Each of these words was a dagger in the breast of poor Clara ; they were so many condemnations of her duplicity ; and she felt relieved when the abbess, holding forth her hand to be kissed, bestowed upon her the parting blessing for the night. With hurried speed and a panting heart the novice then hastened to her cell : she entered—closed the door—breathed a long sigh, and felt eased from the weight that pressed on her soul. For a moment she stood as if fixed in the midst of the narrow tenement, then summoning her strength, she approached the trunk. No sooner had she touched it than she felt a cold chill running through her veins—her bosom heaved fearfully—her tongue was parched up—her eyes seemed burning in the sockets—a powerful, overwhelming fever,

paralyzed her limbs. She wept—wept aloud—unconscious of the cause of her sorrow ; but her conscience was not tranquil, she considered herself a sinful being, and a fearful voice rang in her ear the award of guilt. Poor, hapless girl ! thou wert good and angelic ; if the shadow of sin approached thee, it was thy own gentle and pure nature alone that converted the fleeting, perishable shade, into a thing of substance !

A moment elapsed—Clara felt somewhat more tranquil. She at length resolved to open the trunk : she turned the key—her eyes were fixed for a moment—the next a scream of wild horror and dismay filled the room, and was echoed along the silent precincts of the cloisters. The trunk, instead of bridal ornaments, contained the breathless corpse of a man—that man was Theodosio, her ill-fated and devoted lover ! She gazed again in throbbing anxiety—he might be alive ;—alas ! no—it was too late—the chill of death was upon his brow, and his countenance exhibited the ghastly hue produced by suffocation. He had been too long kept without the power of breathing ; for although he had bored an aperture in the trunk, the porters who brought it to the convent, ignorant of its contents, had placed it in a manner to render abortive the unfortunate lover's contrivance. Life was extinct. With a look of glazed horror the wretched Clara contemplated the fearful object before her. She had no tears to shed—hers was an agony beyond the power of the least passing relief. Mechanically she took the hand of her adored lover—the clammy coldness of the touch called her wandering senses again to concentrate in all the horrors of her situation. The first paroxysm was over. Again she endeavoured to deceive herself with false hopes—again those fearful hopes were repulsed by the chilling reality. She found the powers of utterance—and a loud, wild, harrowing cry disturbed, for the second time, the awful silence that reigned in the convent.

The painful sound had startled the peaceful tenants of the place. The mother abbess, and two or three of the neighbouring nuns, rushed to the spot from which the dismal cry had issued—the door of the cell flew open, and the horrid spectacle struck their astonished eyes. Clara's wild and frenzied looks were for a moment withdrawn from the ghastly remains of her lover, and fixed on the stupified nuns. The misery of her situation was increased. The mother abbess gazed for some time on the terrible scene before her, then suddenly bursting into a strain of horror—"Can this be possible?" she exclaimed. "The corpse of a man in this holy cell ! Are then our sacred walls defiled by so flagrant a guilt ? Thou wretched thing," she added, turning to the awe-struck novice, "tremble at the enormity of thy crime—the curse of Heaven is on thy head—a life of unceasing penitence can only partially atone for your sins, and serve to calm the wrath of Heaven. Prepare to be immured for the rest of thy wretched existence in the close and dismal dungeon which justice and religion have assigned for criminal females like yourself."

The sufferings of Clara had now arrived at their acme—the cup of misery was brimful to overflowing—the dreadful image of disgrace which would attach to her memory, presented a hideous train of thought to her mind ; the awful aspect of the mother abbess—the prophetic terror of her words—the fearful malediction she pronounced, added to the horrors of the tragic scene, pressed so heavily on her head, that the weight surpassed all the powers of suffering. Clara spoke not a word ; she looked mournfully for a moment on the abbess, uttered a low, plaintive moan, and fell on the body of her unfortunate lover. The nuns imagined this was a swoon, produced by the horror of the scene, and hastened to proffer their assistance. Alas ! it was in vain—Clara was no longer among the living—her heart was broken, and her trials and sorrows were no more. For some time the nuns harboured hopes she might recover, but when the death of the poor victim could afford no doubt, such a catastrophe, in-

stead of the tears of compassion for the hapless fate of a lovely being, only produced in the votaries of fanaticism a religious terror at the supposed crimes of a wretched sinner. So vast, so absorbing is the power of superstition, that it corrupts even the pure stream of female tenderness ! And that feeling of compassion, which they would not withhold from the most worthless object in the creation in the moment of distress and destitution, they deny to a wretched, innocent, and lovely being of their own sex !

The news of the dreadful tragedy, despite of the precaution of the mother abbess, was soon spread through the town, and produced a powerful sensation among the friends of the parties. Don Gil Perez was horror struck at the catastrophe. Yet, although he had been so materially instrumental in bringing it about, he nevertheless felt not the least remorse of conscience, whilst his zealous indignation was powerfully excited at the fancied crimes of his victims. The Indiano's health had for sometime been in a declining state, and the fearful events which had within so short a space of time taken place among his nearest relatives, were calculated to hasten the period of his existence. His malady assumed a mortal aspect, he felt his end approach, and desired Father Bastos not to quit his side. He died calmly, as if his had been a life of blessing, comfort, and utility to his fellow creatures, instead of the accursed origin of a great sum of deepest woe and misfortune. He consoled himself with the idea that he died the death of the just, an idea which the pious Father Bastos took no care to contradict, for his plans had succeeded to the fullest extent. The whole wealth of the superstitious Gil Perez devolved on the church, and such piety certainly rendered him deserving of an immortal crown in the regions of bliss.

The funeral of the deceased *Indiano* was performed with the greatest pomp and solemnity. Masses were ordered to be said in every convent, church, and chapel. Charity was distributed to all the paupers of the place, and the service for the dead was celebrated with all the state and ceremony of religion. To conclude the scene in a befitting manner, Father Bastos ascended the pulpit, and delivered a panegyric on the deceased, which in the eyes of common sense would seem like a mockery of religion. He descanted copiously on the piety, charity, and other virtues of the Indiano in extravagant terms, coolly announced to the congregation that his soul had flown to the realms of light, and concluded by making a contrast between the virtues of Gil Perez and his edifying death, and the guilty lives and appalling deaths of his relatives.

The greater part of the audience felt no doubt convinced by the friar's eloquence, and departed accordingly, impressed with a feeling of terror mingled with astonishment, that such pious persons as Don Gil Perez and his wife, should be the relations of such fearful sinners as Agnes, Clara, and Don Theodosio.

Tantum religio potest suadere malorum !

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.¹

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

WHAT with dipping, port wine, bark, and Dr. Buck, at the age of four years my limbs began to expand properly, and my countenance to assume the hue of health. I have recorded the death of my foster-sister Mary; but about this time, the top-sawyer, wishing to perpetuate the dynasty of the Brandons, began to enact *pater familias* in a most reckless manner. He was wrong; but this must be said in extenuation of his impiously acting upon the divine command, "to increase and multiply," that, at that time, Mr. Malthus had not corrected the mistake of the Omniscient, nor had Miss Harriet Martineau begun her pilgrimage after "the preventive check." There was no longer any pretence for my remaining at Bath, or for my worthy foster-father abstaining from work, so we again removed, with a small family, in our search after sawpits and happiness, to one of the best houses in Felix Street, somewhere near Lambeth Marsh. This place, after the experience of some time, proving not to be sufficiently blissful, we removed to Paradise Row, some furlongs nearer the Father in God, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. I have a laudable pride in showing that I had a *respectable*—I beg pardon, the word is inapplicable—I mean a grand neighbour. "I am not the rose," said the flower in the Persian poem, "but I have lived near the rose." I did not bloom in the archbishop's garden, but I flourished under the wall, though on the outside. The wall is now down, and rows of houses up in its place. I had a great inclination to be discursive on the mutability of human affairs, when I had finished my last sentence; but I have changed my mind, which is a practical commentary upon them, and will save me the trouble of writing one.

In our location in Paradise Row, the house being larger than we required for our accommodation, we again received old Ford, the only paradise, I am rather afraid, that will ever own him as an inmate. An awful man was old Ford, my godfather. His mingled prayers and blasphemies, hymns and horrid songs, defiance and remorse, groans and laughter, made every one hate and avoid him. Hell fire, as he continually asserted, was ever roaring before his eyes; and as there is a text in the New Testament that says, there is no salvation for him who curses the Holy Ghost, he would, in the frenzy of his despair, swear at that mysterious portion of the Trinity by the hour, and then employ the next in beating his breast in the agony of repentance. Many may think all this sheer madness; but he was not more mad than most of the hot-headed Methodists, whose preachers, at that time, held uncontrolled sway over the great mass of people that toiled in the humbler walks of life. Two nights

¹ Continued from p. 104.

in the week we used to have prayer-meetings at our house; and though I could not have been five years old at the time, vividly do I remember that our front room used, on those occasions, to be filled to overflow with kneeling fanatics, old Ford in the centre of the room, and a couple of lank-haired hypocrites, one on each side of the reprobate, praying till the perspiration streamed down their foreheads, to pray the devil out of him. The ohs! and the groanings of the audience were terrible; and the whole scene, though very edifying to the elect, was disgraceful to any set who lived within the pale of civilization.

I must now draw upon my own memory. I must describe my own sensations. If I reckon by the toil and the turmoil of the mind, I am already an old man. I have lived for ages. I am far, very far on my voyage. Let me cast my eyes back on the vast sea that I have traversed; there is a mist settled over it, almost as impenetrable as that which glooms before me. Let me pause. Methinks that I see it gradually break, and partial sunbeams struggle through it. Now the distant waves rise, and wanton, and play, pure and lucid. 'Tis the day-spring of innocency. How near to the sanctified heavens do those remote waves appear! They meet, and are as one in the far horizon. Those sparkling waves were the hours of my childhood—the blissful feelings of my infancy. As the sea of life rolls on, the waves swell, and are turbid; and as I recede from the horizon of my early recollections, so heaven recedes from me. The thunder cloud is high above my head, the treacherous waters roar beneath me, before me is the darkness and the night of an unknown futurity. Where can I now turn my eyes for solace, but over the vast space that I have passed? Whilst my bark glides heedlessly forward, I will not anticipate dangers that I cannot see, or tremble at rocks that are benevolently hidden from my view. It is sufficient for me to know that I must be wrecked at last; that my mortal frame must be like a shattered bark upon the beach ere the purer elements that it contains can be wafted through the immensity of immortality. I will commune with my boyish days—I will live in the past only. Memory shall perform the Medean process, shall renovate me to youth. I will again return to marbles and an untroubled breast—to hoop and high spirits—at least, in imagination.

I shall henceforward trust to my own recollections. Should this part of my story seem more like a chronicle of sensations than a series of events, the reader must bear in mind that these sensations are, in early youth, real events, the parents of actions, and the directors of destiny. The circle in which, in boyhood, one may be compelled to move, may be esteemed low; the accidents all around him may be homely, the persons with whom he may be obliged to come in contact may be mean in apparel, and sordid in nature; but his mind, if it remain to him pure as he received it from his Maker, is an unsullied gem of inestimable price, too seldom found, and too little appreciated when found, among the great, or the fortuitously rich. Nothing that is abstractedly mental is low. The mind that well describes low scenery is not low, nor is the description itself necessarily so. Pride, and a contempt for our fellow creatures, evince a low tone of

moral feeling, and is the innate vulgarity of the soul: it is this which but too often makes those who rustle in silks, and roll in carriages, lower than the lowest.

I have said this much, because the early, very early part of my life was passed among what are reproachfully termed "low people." If I describe them faithfully, they must still appear low to those who arrogate to themselves the epithet of "high." For myself, I hold that there is nothing low under the sun except meanness. Where there is utility, there ought to be honour. The utility of the humble artisan has never been denied, though too often despised, and too rarely honoured; but I have found among the "vulgar" a horror of meanness, a self-devotion, an unshrinking patience under privation, and the moral courage, that constitute the hero of high life. I can also tell the admirers of the great, that the evil passions of the vulgar are as gigantic, their wickedness upon as grand a scale, and their notions of vice as refined, and as extensive, as those of any fashionable *roué* that is courted among the first circles, or even as those of the crowned despot. Then, as to the strength of vulgar intellect. True, that intellect is rarely cultivated by the learning which consists of words. The view it takes of science is but a partial glance—that intellect is contracted, but it is strong. It is a dwarf, with the muscle and sinews of a giant; and its grasp, wherever it can lay hold of any thing within its circumscribed reach, is tremendous. The general who has conquered armies and subjugated countries—the minister who has ruined them—and the jurist who has justified both, never at the crisis of their labours have displayed a tithe of the ingenuity and the resources of mind, that many an artisan is forced to exert to provide daily bread for himself and family; or many a shopkeeper to keep his connexion together, and himself out of the workhouse. Why should the exertions of intellect be termed low, in the case of the mechanic, and vast, profound, and glorious, in that of the minister? It is the same precious gift of a beneficent Power to all his creatures. As well may the sun be voted as excessively vulgar, because it, like intellect, assists all equally to perform their functions. I repeat, that nothing that has mind is of necessity low, and nothing is vulgar but meanness.

At six years of age my health had become firmly established, but this establishment caused dismay in that of Joe Brandon. As I was no longer the sickly infant that called for incessant attention, and the most careful nurture, it was intimated to my foster parents, that a considerable reduction would be made in the quarterly allowance paid on my account. The indignation of Brandon was excessive. He looked upon himself as one grievously wronged. No sinecurist, with his pension recently reduced, could have been more vehement on the subject of the sanctity of vested rights. But his ire was not to be vented in idle declamation only. He was not a man to rest content with mere words: he declaimed for a full hour upon his wife's folly in procuring him the means of well-fed idleness so long, threatened to take the brat—meaning no less a personage than myself—to the workhouse, and then he wound up affairs in doors by beating his wife, and himself out of doors by getting royally drunk. This was the

first scene that made a deep impression upon me. Young as I was, I comprehended that I was the cause of the ill-treatment of my nurse, whom I fondly loved. I interfered—I placed my little body between her and her brutal oppressor. I scratched—I kicked—I screamed—I grew mad with passion. At that hour the spirit of evil and of hate blew the dark coal in my heart into a flame; and the demon of violent anger has ever since found it too easy to erect there his altar, of which the fire, though at the time all-consuming, is never durable. From that moment I commenced my intellectual existence. I looked on the sobbing mother, and knew what it was to love, and my love found its expression in an agony of tears. I looked on the tyrant, I felt what it was to hate, and endeavoured to relieve the burning desire to punish with frantic actions and wild outcries. Old Ford, who had been present and enjoyed the fracas, immediately took me into his especial favour: he declared that I was after his own heart, for I had the devil in me—said that I had the right spirit to bring me to the gallows, and he hoped, old as he was, to live to see it: he then entreated of the Lord that my precious soul might be saved as a burning brand out of the fire—took me by the hand and led me to the next gin-shop—made me taste the nauseating poison—told me I was a little man, and it was glorious to fight—doubled up for me my puny fists, and asserted that cowards only suffered a blow without returning it. A lesson like this never can be forgotten. I ground my teeth whilst I was receiving it—I clenched my hands, and looked wildly round for something to destroy. I was in training to become a little tiger. From what I then experienced, I can easily conceive the feelings that actuate, and can half forgive the crowned monsters who have revelled in blood, and relished the inflicting of torture, as pandering to their worst passions in infancy resolves them into a terrible instrument of cruelty, the controul of which rests not with themselves. But this lesson in tiger ferocity had its emollient, though not its antidote, in the tenderness of the love which I bore my nurse, when, on my return, I flung myself into her arms. Ever since that day I have been subject to terrific fits of passion; but very happily for me, they have long ceased to be but of very rare occurrence.

The next morning master Joseph came home ill, and if not humbled, at least almost helpless. He had now three children of his own, and the necessity of eschewing skittles, and presiding over the saw-pit, became urgent. With all his vices and his roughness he was surprisingly fond of me. He too applauded my spirit in attacking himself. He now rejoiced to take me to the saw-pit, to allow me to play about the timber yards, and share with him his *al fresco* midday meal and pot of porter. I always passed for his eldest son, my name being told to the neighbours as Edward Percy Brandon. I knew no otherwise, and my foster parents kept the secret religiously. At seven I began to fight with dirty little urchins in the street, who felt much scandalized at the goodness of my clothes. It is hard work fighting up hill at seven years of age. Old Ford would wipe the blood from my nose, and clap the vinegar and brown paper on my bruises with words of sweet encouragement; though he always ended by predicting that his hopeful godson would be hung, and that he should live

to see it. I have certainly not been drowned yet, though I have had my escapes, and old Ford has been dead this thirty years. As one part of the prophecy will certainly never be fulfilled, I have some faint hopes of avoiding the exaltation hinted at in the other.

About this time I began to notice that a lady, at long intervals, came to see me. She seemed exceedingly happy in my caresses, though she showed no weakness. She passed for my god-mother, and so she certainly was. She was minute in her examination in ascertaining that I was perfectly clean; and always brought me a number of delicacies which were invariably devoured immediately after her departure, by me and those little cormorants my loving foster brothers and sister. Moreover, my nurse always received a present, which she very carefully and dutifully concealed from her liege lord of the pits. However, I cannot call to my mind more than four of these "angelic visits" altogether. "Angelic visits," indeed, they might be termed, if the transcendent beauty of the visitor was to be regarded. At that time her form and her countenance furnished me with the idea I had of the blessed inhabitants of heaven before man was created, and I have never been able to replace it since by any thing more beautiful. The reader shall soon know how, at that very early age, I became so well acquainted with angelic lore.

At seven years of age I was sent to school. I could read before I went there. How I picked up this knowledge I never could discover. Both my foster-parents were grossly illiterate. Perhaps old Ford taught me—but this is one of the mysteries I could never solve, and it is strange that I should have so totally forgotten all about an affair so important, as not to remember a single lesson, and yet to hold so clear a recollection of many minor events. But so it is. To school I went: my master was a cadaverous, wooden-legged man, a disbanded soldier, and a disciplinarian, as well as an a-b-c-d-arian. I well remember old Isaacs, and his tall, handsome, crane-necked daughter; the hussy was as straight as an arrow, yet, for the sake of coquetry, or singularity, she would sit in the methodist chapel, with her dimpled chin resting upon an iron-hoop, and her finely formed shoulders braced back with straps so tightly, as to thrust out in a remarkable manner her swan-like chest, and her almost too exuberant bust. This instrument for the distorted, with its bright crimson leather, thus pressed into the service of the beautiful, had a most singular and exciting effect upon the beholder. I have often thought of this girl in my maturer years, and confess that no dress that I ever beheld gave a more piquant interest to the wearer, than those straps and irons. The jade never wore them at home. Perhaps the fancy was her father's, he being an old soldier, and his motto, "eyes right, dress!" Whosoever fancy it was, his daughter rejoiced in it. "Eyes right! dress!" is as good a motto for the ladies as the army—and well do they act up to it. The most important facts that my mind has preserved concerning this scholastic establishment are—that one evening, for a task, I learned perfectly by heart the two first chapters of the Gospel according to St. John; that there was an unbaked gooseberry pie put prominently on the shelf in the school-room, a fortnight

before the vacation at Midsummer, to be partaken of on the happy day of breaking-up, each boy paying four-pence for his share of the mighty feast. There were between forty and fifty of us. I had almost forgotten to mention, that I was to be duly punished whenever I deserved it, but the master was on no account to hurt me or make me cry. I deserved it regularly three or four times a-day, and was as regularly horsed once. Oh! those floggings, how deceptive they were, and how much I regretted them when I came to understand the thing fundamentally. Old Isaacs could not have performed the operation more delicately, if he were only brushing a fly off the down of a lady's cheek. *He* never made me cry.

I had, as I have related, been encouraged in fits of passion, and had been taught to be pugnacious; my mind was now to be opened to loftier speculations; and religious dread, with all the phantoms of superstition in its train, came like a band of bravoës, and first chaining down my soul in the awe of stupefaction, ultimately loosened its bonds, and sent it to wander in all its childish wildness in the direful realms of horrible dreams, and of waking visions hardly less so. I was fashioning for a poet.

My nurse was always a little devotional. She went to the nearest chapel or church, and, satisfied that she heard the word of God, without troubling herself with the niceties of any peculiar dogma, which she could not have understood if she had, and finding herself on the threshold of divine grace, she knelt down in all humility, prayed, and was comforted. Old Ford was a furious Methodist; he owned that he never could reform; and, as he daily drained the cup of sin to the very dregs, he tried as an antidote long prayer, and superabounding faith. The unction with which he struck his breast, and exclaimed, "Miserable sinner that I am!" could only be exceeded by the veracity of the assertion. Mrs. Brandon only joined in the prayer meetings that he held at our house, when Ford himself was perfectly sober—thus she did not often attend—Brandon never. Whilst he wore the top-boots, he was an optimist, and perfectly epicurean in his philosophy—I use the term in the modern sense. When he had eighty pounds odd a-year, with no family of his own, no man was more jovial or happier. He had the most perfect reliance on Providence. He boasted, that he belonged to the Established Church, because it was so respectable—and he loved the organ. However, he never went in the forenoon because he was never shaved in time; in the afternoon he never went, because he could not dispense with his nap after dinner; and, in the evening, none but the serving classes were to be seen there. He ridiculed the humble piety of his wife, and the fanatical fervour of his lodger. He was a high churchman, and satisfied. But when he was obliged, with an increasing family, and a decreased income to work from morning till night, he grew morose, and very unsettled in his faith. The French Revolution was at its wildest excess. Equality was universally advocated in religious, as well as political establishments. The excitement of the times reached even to the sawpit. Brandon got tipsy one Saturday night with a parcel of demagogues, and, when he awoke early next Sunday morning—it was a beautiful

summer day—he made the sudden discovery that he had still his faith to seek for. Then began his dominical pilgrimages. With his son Edderd in his hand, he roved from one congregation to another over the vast metropolis, and through its extensive environs. I do not think that we left a single place, dedicated to devotion, unvisited. I well remember that he was much struck with the Roman Catholic worship. We repeated our visits three or four times, to the Catholic chapel, a deference we paid to no other. The result of this may be easily imagined. When an excited mind searches for food, it will be satisfied with the veriest trash, provided only that it intoxicates. We at length stumbled upon a small set of mad Methodists, more dismal and more excluding even than Ford's sect: the congregation were all of the very lowest class, with about twelve or thirteen exceptions, and those were decidedly mad. The pastor was an arch rogue, that fattened upon the delusion of his communicants. They held the doctrine of visible election, which election was made by having a call—that is, a direct visitation of the Holy Ghost, which was testified by falling down in a fit—the testification being the more authentic, if it happened in full congregation. The elected could never again fall: the sins that were afterwards committed in their persons were not theirs—it was the evil spirit within them, that they could cast out when they would, and be equally as pure as before. All the rest of the world, who had not their call, were in a state of reprobation, and on the high road to damnation.

All this, of course, I did not understand till long afterwards, but I too unhappily understood, or at least fancied I did, the dreadful images of eternal torments, and the certainty that they would soon be mine. First of all, either from inattention, or from want of comprehension, these denunciations made but a faint impression upon me. But the frightful descriptions took, gradually, a more visible and sterner shape, till they produced effects that proved all but fatal.

The doctrines of these Caterians just suited the intellect and the strong passions of Brandon. The sect was called Caterians, after the Rev. Mr. Cate, their minister. He went home, after the second Sunday, and put his house in order. As far as regarded the household, the regulations would have pleased Sir Andrew Agnew: the hot joint was dismissed—the country walk discontinued—at meeting four times a day. Even Ford did not like it. Brandon was labouring hard for his call. He strove vehemently for the privilege of sinning with impunity. He was told by Mr. Cate that he was in a desperate way. Brandon did all he could, but the call would not come for the calling. Mrs. Brandon got it very soon, though she strenuously denied the honour. My good nurse was in the family way, and Mr. Cate had frightened her into fits, with a vivid delineation of the agonies of a new-born infant, under the torture of eternal fire, because it had died unelected. However, Brandon began a little to weary of waiting and long prayer, and perhaps of the now too frequent visits of Mr. Cate. He commenced to have his fits of alternate intemperate recklessness, and religious despondency. One Sunday morning, well do I recollect it, he called me up early, before seven, and I supposed, as usual, that

we were going to early meeting. We walked towards the large room that was used as a chapel. We had nearly reached it, when the half-open door of an adjacent ale-house let out its vile compound of disgusting odours upon the balmy sabbath air. My conductor hesitated—he moved towards the meeting-house, but his head was turned the other way—he stopped.

“Edderd,” said he, “did you not see Mr. Ford go into the public house?”

“No, father,” said I, “don’t think he’s up.”

“At all bounds, we had better go and see; for I must not allow him to shame a decent house by tippling on a Sunday morning, in a dram-shop.”

We entered. He found there some of his mates. Pint after pint of purl was called for; at length, a gallon of strong ale was placed upon the table, a quart of gin was dashed into it, and the whole warmed with a red-hot poker. I was now instructed to lie. I promised to tell mother that we had gone into a strange chapel; but I made my conditions, that mother should not be any more beaten. It was almost church time when the landlord put us all out by the back way. The fellows sneaked home—whilst Brandon, taking me by the hand, made violent, and nearly successful efforts to appear sober.

After a hasty breakfast we went to meeting. My foster father looked excessively wild. Mr. Cate was raving in the midst of an extempore prayer, when a heavy fall was heard in the chapel. The minister descended from his desk, and came and prayed over the prostrate victim of intoxication, and, perhaps, of epilepsy, and he pronounced that brother Brandon had got his call, and was now indisputably one of the elect. He did not revive so soon as was expected—his groans were looked upon as indications of the workings of the Spirit, and when, at length, he was so far recovered as to be led home by two of the congregation, the conversion of the sawyer was dwelt upon by the preacher, from a text preached upon the chapter that relates to the conversion of Saul, and the cases were cited as parallel. Let the opponents of the Established Church rail at it as they will, scenes of such wickedness and impiety could never have happened within its time-honoured walls.

When we returned to dinner, we found that Brandon had so far recovered, as to become very hungry, very proud, and very pharisaically pious. Mr. Cate dined with us. He was full of holy congratulations on the miraculous event. The sawyer received all this with a humble self-consequence, as the infallible dicta of truth, and, apparently, with the utter oblivion of any such things existing, as purl and red-hot pokers. Was he a deep hypocrite, or only a self-deceiver? Who can know the heart of man? However, “this call” had the effect of making the “called one” a finished sinner, and of filling up the measure of wretchedness to his wife.

All this was preparatory to an event, to me of the utmost importance, which is, perhaps, at this very moment, influencing imperceptibly my mind, and directing my character. This call, in our humble circle, made a great deal of noise. Brandon took care that I should

know what drunkenness meant. I thought he ought to have been drunk on that day, yet he so well disguised his intoxication, that he appeared not to be so. I listened attentively to the sermon that followed. I no longer doubted. I could not believe that a grave man in a pulpit could speak any thing but truth, when he spoke so loudly, and spoke for two hours. My mind was a chaos of confusion. I began to be very miserable. The next, or one or two Sundays after, produced the crisis. My dress was always much superior to what could have been expected in the son of a mere operative. I was, at that time, a fair, and mild-featured child, and altogether remarkable among the set who frequented the meeting-house. Mr. Cate had been very powerful indeed in his descriptions of the infernal regions—of the abiding agonies—the level lake that burneth—the tossing of the waves that glow, and, when he had thrown two or three old women into hysterics, and two or three young ones into fainting fits, amidst the torrent of his oratory, and the groaning, and the “Lord have mercy upon me’s,” of his audience, he made a sudden pause. There was a dead silence for half a minute, then suddenly lifting his voice, he pointed to me, and exclaimed, “Behold that beautiful child—observe the pure blood mantling in his delicate countenance—but what is he after all but a mouthful for the devil? All those torments, all those tortures, that I have told you of, will be his; there, look at him, he will burn, and writhe in pain, and consume for ever, and ever, and ever, and never be destroyed, unless the original sin be washed out from him by the ‘call,’ lest he be made hereafter one of the ‘elect.’”

At this direct address to myself, I neither fainted, shuddered, nor cried—I felt at the time a little stupified; and it was some hours after (the hideous man’s words all the time ringing in my ears) before I fully comprehended my hopeless state of perdition. I looked at the fire as I sat by it, and trembled. I went to bed, but not to sleep. No child ever haunted by a ghost story was more terrified than myself, as I lay panting on my tear-steeped pillow. At length, imagination began its dreadful charms—the room enlarged itself in its gloom to vast space—I began to hear cries from under my bed. Some dark bodies first of all flitted across the gloaming. My bed began to rock. I tried to sing a hymn. I thought that the words came out of my mouth in flames of light fire. I then called to mind the offerings from the altars of Cain and Abel. I watched to see if my hymns, turned into fire, ascended up to heaven. I felt a cold horror when I discovered them scattered from my mouth exactly in the same manner that I had seen the flames in the engraving in our large Bible on the altar of Cain. Then there came a huge block of wood, and stationed itself in the air above me, about six inches from my eyes. I remember no more—I was in a raging fever.

I was ill for some weeks, and a helpless invalid for many more. When I again enjoyed perception of the things around me, I found myself in a new house in Red Cross Street, near St. Luke’s. My foster parents had opened a shop—it had the appearance of a most respectable fruiterer’s. Mr. Brandon had become a small timber merchant—had sawpits in the premises behind the house, and men of his own actually

sawing in them. But the most surprising change of all was, that the reverend Mr. Cate was domesticated with us. Brandon, as a master, worked harder than ever he did as a man. My nurse became anxious and careworn, and never seemed happy—for my part, I was so debilitated, that I then took but little notice of any thing. However, the beautiful lady never called. I used to spend my time thinking upon angels and cherubs, and in learning hymns by heart. I suppose that I, like my foster father, had had my call, but I am sure that after it, I was as much weaker in mind as I was in body. When I became strong enough to be again able to run about, I was again sent to a day school, and all that I remember about the matter was, that every day about eleven o'clock I was told to run home and get a wigful of potatoes, the venerable pedagogue coolly taking off his wig, and exchanging it for a red night cap, until my return with the provender.

Things now wore a dismal aspect at home. At length, one day the broker sent his men into the shop, who threw all the green grocery about like peelings of onions. They carted away Mr. Brandon's deals, and planks, and timber, and, not content with all this, they also took away the best of the household furniture. My nurse called Mr. Cate a devil in a white sheet—her husband did, as he always would do when he was offended, and found himself strong enough to do it, gave the reverend gentleman, most irreverently, a tremendous beating. The sheep sadly gored the shepherd. Afterwards, when he had nearly killed his pastor, he seceded from his flock, and gave him, under his own hand, a solemn abjuration of the Caterian tenets. How Brandon came to launch out into this expensive and ill-advised undertaking, how he afterwards became involved, and how much the preacher had been guilty in deceiving him, I never clearly understood. However, my nurse never for a long time after spoke of the reverend gentleman without applying the corner of her apron to her eyes, or her husband, without a hearty malediction. We removed to our old neighbourhood, but, instead of taking a respectable house, we were forced to burrow in mean lodgings.

Misfortunes never come single. I don't know why they should. They are but scarecrow, lean visaged, miserable associates, and so they come in a body to keep each other in countenance. I had been but a few weeks in our present miserable abode, and had fully recovered my health, though I think that I was a little crazed with the prints, and the subjects of them, over which I daily pored in the large bible, when the greatest misfortune of all came upon the poor Brandons—and that was, to add to their other losses, the loss of my invaluable self.

The misery was unexpected—it was sudden—it was overwhelming. Brandon was towing a chalked line on a heavy log of mahogany, unconscious of the mischief that was working at home. He afterwards told me, and I believe him, that he would have opposed the proceeding by force, if force had been requisite. A plain, private, or hired carriage, drove up to our door, and, after ascertaining that the Brandons lived at the house, a business-like looking elderly gentleman stepped out, paid every demand immediately, and ordered my best clothes on. When I was thus equipped, my nurse was told that she

was perfectly welcome to the remainder of my effects, and that I must get into the carriage. The good woman was thunderstruck. There was a scene. She raved, and I cried, and the four little Brandons, at least three of them, joined in the chorus of lamentation, because the naughty man was going to take brother Edderd away. I had been too well taught by old Ford, not to visit my indignation upon the shins and hands of the carrier away of captives, in well applied kicks, and almost rabid bites. There was a great disturbance. The neighbours thought it very odd that the mother should allow her eldest son to be carried off by force, by a stranger, before her eyes, in the middle of the day; but then it was suggested, that "nothing could be well termed odd that concerned little Ned Brandon, for hadn't he been bit last year by a mad dog, and, when so and so had all died raving, he had never nothing at all happen to him." When the stranger heard this story of the mad dog, (which, by-the-by, was fact, and I have the scars to this day,) he shook me off, pale with consternation, and was, no doubt, extremely happy to find that my little teeth had not penetrated the skin. I believe that he heartily repented him of his office. At length he lost all patience. "Woman," said he, "send these people out of the room." When they had departed, marvelling, he resumed. "I cannot lose my time in altercation. I am commissioned to tell you, that if you keep the boy in one sense, you'll have to keep him in all. You may be sure that I would not trouble myself about such a little ill-bred wretch for a moment, if I did not act with authority, and by orders. Give up the child directly," (I was now sobbing in her arms,) "take your last look at him, for you will never see him again. Come, hand the young gentleman into the carriage."

"I won't go," I screamed out.

"We shall soon see that, master Percy," said he, dragging me along, resisting. I bawled out, "My name's not master Percy—you're a liar—and when father comes from pit he'll wop you."

This threat seemed to have an effect, the very reverse of what I had intended. Perhaps he thought that he had already enough to contend with, without the addition of the brawny arm of the sawyer. I was forcibly lifted up, placed in the coach, and, as it drove rapidly away, I heard, amidst the rattling of the wheels, the cries of her whom I loved as a mother, exclaiming, "My Edward—my dear Edward!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT ZAHARA OF AFRICA.

"Τὰδε κατυπέρθε τῆς θηρηώδεος, ψαμμὸς τε ἐστὶ καὶ ἀνυδρὸς καὶ ἐρημὸς πάντων."
HEROD. I. II. C. 26.

WHAT shall I speak Thee?—for immortal Fame,
Zahara, hath not lov'd thy desert name!
No poet sang in proud heroic lays,
Thy deeds of glory past—thy golden days!
No trophied monuments, memorial stand—
Nor piles of ruin deck thy sterile sand:

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Still, there are charms on thy unverdur'd plains,
 For Nature holds those desolate domains !
 Nature ! whose beauty, on the moss-clad hill,
 Or barren level,¹ shines resplendent still !
 Who blesses with her smile remotest shores,
 Where rolls th' Ionian wave, or where th' Atlantic roars.

If, ere the course of long-revolving days,
 Eras, and epochs,—that dark chronic maze
 Slow-winding from the flood—had pass'd away,
 Far distant nations own'd thy pow'rful sway,
 While, o'er thy sultry regions, far and wide,
 From Senegal's to dusky Niger's side,
 Proud cities rose, and heav'n-born liberty
 Smil'd o'er an empire, virtuous, just, and free ;—
 If many a Solon, gave his country laws—
 If many a Scipio, in his country's cause
 Pour'd forth his vital blood, with patriot pride,—
 Or, for his country's good, like Curtius, died !
 If Fame's celestial halo round thee shone,
 With rays reflected from thyself alone,
 That radiance, when thy glory seem'd less bright,
 Gleam'd with a weaker charm—a fainter light !
 Or, the fair circle as it wider grew,
 Smil'd with soft splendour, and a milder hue,
 Till ev'ry lovely tint slow waned from sight,
 And wrapt thy glories in eternal night !

We cannot know !—Palmyra's ruins stand
 Where lies a dreary plain of drifting sand ;
 The crumbling domes of palaces decay'd !
 The wreck of grandeur—gorgeously array'd !
 The classic temple of old Syria's gods !
 Antiquity's dull shrine ! where mystery nods !
 And high enchantment reigns ! And silence sighs
 In ev'ry breath that murmurs there ; or dies,
 Whispering creation's awful mysteries !
 And once, the busy throng of men was there ;
 And what is desert *now*, once blossom'd fair !
 And *thou*, Zahara, though Time's ruthless hand
 Hath let no relic of thy greatness stand ;
 (Palmyra² vindicates the bold surmise,
 That thou) wert glorious once, though fall'n thy destinies !

We cannot know ! Nor on on her tablet drear
 Hath ruin mark'd the tale ! But parch'd and sear,
 O'er thy broad base, th' unheeded breezes fly,
 Or on thy burning bosom droop, and die !
 Nor through the hollow void is heard a sound,
 Which mourns of olden days, or times renown'd !

¹ " Nam quæ deserta, et inhospita tesqua

Credis, amœna voca, qui mecum sentit."—HOR. EP. 14. l. 18.

² The country about *Palmyra* was formerly famous for *palm* trees, as indeed its name indicates. It was the capital of *Palmyrene*, in the east of *Syria*. It is now so desolate, that we have difficulty, at first, in believing that that arid desert soil was ever verdured. It is now called "*Tadmor in the Desert*."

We cannot know ! Yet still the chainless mind
As it contemplates thee—all, undefin'd,
Mysterious, desolate—unconscious soars,
On her light pinions to those airy shores,
Where vain conjecture struggles to be free,
And fate has fix'd the bounds of scrutiny !
Now—sees thee mantled in an unknown fame,
Now—smiles at her own phantasy's wild dream,
And doubts if half thy regions e'er were trod,
Or eye hath seen them—but the eye of God !
Desert !—whate'er thou hast been—or thou art—
We know but little ! yet thou dost impart
To me, a deadly paleness of dismay—
As mystery is wont—while, in array,
Thy wonders pass before me ! and I feel
Their 'witching, magic-influence o'er me steal,
Dull as primeval gloom—as chaos rude !
Cheerless, and still, as darkling solitude,
Art thou ! Anon, thy sandy main, on high
Heaves its rough billows, seeming to outvie,
The waste of waters ! Now, thy pillars rise,
And sands on sands rush upwards to the skies,
Rear'd by the sportive south, and crimson'd o'er,
By the fierce rays which scorch thy dewless shore !
E'en desolation, from her frowning height,
The mountain summit,—seems to love the sight !
And sullen Nature wears a pale wan smile,
As half forgetful of herself, the while !
Till bursts the spell ! and, with a headlong dash,
Fall the long pillars ! 'whelming in their crash
Some unwarn'd Arab's prowling, desert-clan !
Or sweeping o'er the Moorish caravan !
And now !—no breath through all the silent reign,
Wakes the deep slumber of the death-like plain !

Huge mass of atoms !—as on thee we gaze,
We wonder *why* thou art !—in dread amaze
We picture thee, a warning to the world ;
An empire blighted—or in ruins hurl'd,
Blasted by powerful influence of the wand
Waved o'er thee, by th' avenging angel's hand.
Thy sun shines on thee—but with fiery rays,
And pestilence broods silent, 'neath his blaze !

Thy skies are cloudless. Or, if cloud there be,
It scorns to pour its treasures forth on thee !
Thy winds hang lifeless, in thy withering air !
Or, if they breathe—they murmur of despair !
And thou art dreadful, lone, majestic, free ;
Emblem, and herald of eternity !

Yet still the avenging angel deign'd to spare
Amid the wild, one lovely spot, and fair,
The prodigy of Afric's burning skies !—
The green oāsis with Arcadia vies.

There stood of old High Ammon's mighty fane,
Where earth's proud conqueror did not disdain
To be accounted god ! With sated pride,
Thence to his earthly throne return'd—and died !

Of him, the Grecian sages too have told,
 Who writh'd beneath thy pow'r—the chief of old :
 Crush'd by the vengeance of thy dire simoom
 His thousands fell ! Thy billows heav'd a tomb.

Fierce are thy sons, Zahara, rough and wild,
 Each like thyself, stern nature's untam'd child.
 Borderers of thy wide desert, from their home
 Eager for spoil, the warlike Arabs roam
 O'er the broad waste. Taught the brave fight to love,
 (By nature prone to contest,) pleas'd they rove
 In search of foes. Hark ! hark ! the signal cry !
 Proclaims th' advancing Moor—the enemy !

Madden'd with desperate hate, with demon rage,
 And savage yells the hostile hordes engage.
 Stays not, the fury of th' opposing bands,
 The mangled corpses strew the yielding sands.
 The thirsty plain sucks down the purple gore,
 The Arab tramples on the prostrate Moor !

“ Bind on the fetters ! ” cries the victor chief :—
 The captive hosts are bound—but no reprieve
 The bloody conqueror gives ! His pleasure known—
 “ These doom'd to die—and these in bonds to groan—
 Till slav'ry sets them free ! ”¹ And now, awhile,
 He and his comrades turn them to the spoil.

What piercing cry is that which cleaves the air ?
 What thrilling sound—so full of deep despair ?
 The mother's wail ! the daughter's loud lament !
 For those they lov'd, who forth to battle went !

The widow's groan ! The shriek of ravish'd maid !
 Her lover slain—and she, now,—worse than dead !
 And none at hand, to soothe the female heart,
 Or wipe away those burning tears that start.

Bleeds not thy breast, proud victor, at the sight ?
 Fades not the lustre of thy eye's delight ?
 Beats not thy pulse ? Congeals not in thy veins,
 Each drop of human blood, that there remains ?
 No ! And e'en now th' exulting murderous foe,
 Pours scorn and insult on their helpless woe !

Cease, mournful muse, nor tell the foul disgrace,
 Which blots the fame of man's imperial race !
 Veil the dark scenes where sullen horror broods,
 And desolation haunts the solitudes !
 Hail that glad, coming day, so oft foretold
 By prophet-bards, in Solyma, of old !
 “ When desert lands shall blossom as the rose !
 When God himself shall dry each tear that flows ! ”
 When paradisaal joys shall be restor'd !
 And the wide world confess thy reign, O Lord !

WM. JOS. IRONS,
 Queen's Coll. Oxon.

¹ Verily, it is a happy moment for the Moor and the negro, when *Christian*
 “ slavery sets them free ” from the bondage of *Arab* victors.

PHYSIOGNOMIES AT PARIS.

BY CALEB CAUSTIC.

LAVATER was erst the solar star of my idolatry, till Spurzheim and Gall appeared in the intellectual arena, when I became not an apostate, but by a sort of juste-milieu *transaction*, as the French Gauls call it, a disciple of the united systems of physiognomy and craniology. It is not my intention at present to initiate my numerous prospective readers into the discoveries I made, and the improvements I mean to make, towards the perfectibility of my favourite science, though the following pages will furnish ample conviction of my perfect ability to do so in due season. Neither do I purpose showing up my own head, nor dissecting the lineaments of my own character, till the final chapter; for which I reserve that twofold gratification as "a last, best work." One thing—no, two things—however, it is necessary I should now let out by way of guarantee to the grave reader, to wit, that I possess in an eminent degree the absence of punning; (*verborum sino ludere! quelle horreur!*) and that for modesty and plain sailing, I only stand next to Monsieur Thiers; at the same time begging that right honourable gentleman a hundred thousand piastres—pardons, I mean—for introducing his taintless name in an article which treats of gambling, and the Bourse. In regard to skulls, though I had not the honour of being "bound 'prentice to a waterman," I have had much to do with such wooden contrivances. Before the catacombs were closed, my visits thither were neither unfrequent nor uninstructional; and even now, when the Chamber of Deputies is open, I am no inconstant studier of the heads of the nation. It may be objected that, after all, it is an *empty* study in general; but to me such an objection is totally inapplicable, considering that I have a particular tact, a gift, in selecting my subjects, which I always take from the top: "the wisest heads are always at the top:" of course including originals and madmen of all descriptions; since what is madness but a flux of wit, and the display of originality or eccentricity, whether capped by a coronet or a *chapeau blanc*, is an inevitable sign of—*something* within? My first lesson, *en gros*, was at the period of the Jesuit Jubilee at Paris, when that unappreciated monarch, Charles X., himself headed the lengthened array of the Loyola procession. I had been reading Dante, and to neutralize its demoniac effects, I had afterwards recourse to some smuggled caricatures of Cruikshank; but as I gazed upon the countless files of gloomy monks, missionary priests, and friars, I owned that, after all, there was nothing like the real thing—the unsophisticated ugliness of nature. In short, I had never before beheld such a set of hirsute, uncouth, unearthly looking faces; and as for the clerical craniums, they were of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, except oval. I have used the term unearthly, from the shuddering recollection I still retain of that hideous line of bigotry's bachelors. Like

the laical Cœlebs in search of a spouse, though far less fastidious than the hero of Hannah More, I sought, but sought in vain, for one redeeming countenance, for one fairly symmetrised caput. I would have compromised for half my search—I would have put up with a decentish head and a fiendish-looking face in the same individual; but I declare solemnly and truly, that, although piqued for the “honour of my sex,” I peered into more than five hundred of their jubilee faces, at the eminent risk of being *piqué* by the bayonets that hedged in their divinities, my search was utterly abortive, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Not a solitary, elevated forehead; not one un-sinister-seeming eye, nose, mouth, or *menton*; not a single vary of native animation appeared as a relieve amidst the “darkness visible” of this moving panorama of missionary and monastic deformity. I analyzed them all; I tried to conjure up occasional signs or glances of something like intellect; but no mental flashes corresponded to my *wishes*—for I did wish to find a balm in Gilead for my mortified spirit, as one of the same affinitised species of man. The soldiers who guarded these precious specimens of existing mortality were generally fine looking men, young Vendéans of the *élite*, or Royal Guards. The females, too, who graced the cortege in flowing robes of white, looked, as the lovely sex always do, like angels fair, and not far between.

But this only heightened the physiognomical repellingness of the ghastly, ghostly contrasting view. There was one, however, not *in* the ranks I have just named, yet appertaining to the “order,” whose haughty bearing, handsome Don Juan like features, and fine figure, caught many a side-long look of admiration from the bright-eyed portion of the crowd. This was the celebrated Monseigneur Hyacinthe Louis de Quelen, then, and still, the Archbishop of Paris. Like Falstaff, he seemed ashamed of his queer-figured flock, as he strode out at a respectable distance in advance of the defiling phalanx. For what Jesuitical reason I know not, but certain it was, that a very *unhandsome* selection had been made for that day’s priestly parade; as the young clergy of France, especially the confessors, are frequently considered too attractive. Be that as it may, I shall not easily forget the strangely-striking features of the Jesuits’ Jubilee.

Singular as it may appear, I acquired from this unprepossessing review a critical *goût* for the hideous in form and feature; and if an ugly club had existed at that period in Paris, I should, assuredly, have been a constant member, having some pretension that way too (*entre nous*.) But what I chiefly delighted in was, not so much original or native deformities, as to study the ravages of the passions on the human frame and form divine. A gaming house, vulgarly called by another name, was my elysium—not from a love of play, but from the luxury of watching the play of physiognomies. Like Van Scalpel, I rioted in witnessing the cuttings-up perpetrated in those dens of moral slaughter. I am not unvocationally cruel, by any means, but the swift mutations of the table, and the consequent mutilations of the purse, furnished me with “food for powder,” by calling up continual myriads of mental spirits, fiendish and foul, from the “vasty deep” of that Proteus abyss—the human heart. What

exquisite variations of passion were offered to my favourite study at every turn of the card, and throw of the die! What a delightful choice of agonies had I to cull from, during the progress of my truly philanthropic pursuit in dissecting the miseries of the few for the advantage of the many!

“ The gamester! care sits on his haggard brow,
And horrid thought; methinks I see him now!
Suspense and frenzy rolling in his eye,
With trembling hand he throws the variant die;
Wife, child, fame, fortune, hang upon the cast;
He loses: keen repentance comes at last,
Too late; its rending pangs he cannot bear;
He dies—a self-destroyer in despair!”

From the gaming-house to the morgue it is but a single step. Alas, poor L—g—y! in the year 1818 he stepped out of a three-pair-o'-stairs window; I saw him lying dead at the Morgue, extended on the damp cold stone, where many a similar victim of the demon-vice had been exhibited before him. In less than five years he had lost a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, crushed the heart of his young and fair wife, and stooped to borrow of his former menials, for the sake of indulging his incurable propensity for play. When he first came to Paris he possessed one of the noblest physiognomies I had ever analysed; but months before his suicide it was impossible to look at his altered traits without disgust, and shuddering, and fear. What a host of victims passed before my professional eyes during the period I walked those hospitals, or rather those maisons of madmen, and incurables! I only recollect a single instance amongst my own countrymen, at least of one who had resolution enough to withdraw himself at the “eleventh hour,” with the remaining fourth of his fortune in his pocket; and he was a gallant officer with a wooden leg. He had entered the notorious Golgotha, a place of skulls, yclept Frascati, with a full and fell determination to recover all, or lose all. His whole pecuniary resources were desperately staked on a single chance; in turning the cards the odds were a hundred to one against him;—till, at length, the very last card of the opposite column produced an equal number, by which he neither lost nor won. To snatch up his money from the fatal table—to rush out of the infamous den—and from thence to the retirement of his own room, was but the affair of a moment. He there took a solemn oath never again even to display his physiognomy in a *maison de jeu*: he has kept his word and his money too. There is still vegetating here the shadow of an Englishman, who once was the pride of the Rue de la Paix, and is now confined in a sort of madhouse near Paris, from the effects of rouge et noir; I understand that his only amusement is still in pricking on paper ideal martingales. “Who’s e’er been at Paris but must needs” have heard of S——. Within the last eighteen years he has paid booty to all the tables to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds sterling, ethical reader; and though they have played booty with him to such a prodigious amount, his propensical physiognomy is seldom absent from the inverted Waterloo of his wealth—Frascati, which insatiable whirlpool still sucks in a “pretty considerable portion” of

his little annuity of fifteen hundred francs, or tenpennies, per annum. It is painful to see that tall venerable form courbed almost double, less by age than by the deteriorating results of PLAY. I might prolong the list to a painful extent. D-i-s, the son of a baronet, the gentleman *par excellence*, an officer of the King of England's palace, with a fortune of forty thousand pounds sterling, became a punter at rouge et noir, to which destructive infatuation, he first lost his own property, then surreptitiously sold the entire pecuniary resources of his aged mother and his sister; afterwards committed forgery on a London banker, and only escaped from prison and an ignominious death, by a successful and expensive stratagem, to further which his injured relations stripped themselves bare of every thing. He is now a common porter in America. Ha-l-n, the once rich and prosperous printer, of U—, who, proscribed as an outlaw-bankrupt, fled to Paris, with his amiable wife and interesting family. H—'s father-in-law, the celebrated engraver, H—, allowed the exiles a sufficient income to live respectably; but such was the frenzy of H-l-n for the gaming-table, that he was miserable, when on festival days the houses were shut up, or the hours of play contracted. After having abused the confidence of the venerable Madame la Baronne de R—, for a good round sum, and raising the wind from petty tradesmen, and all within gripe, he too took French leave, and is still living, or rather starving, in America. The reverend author of Lacon's eccentric and gaming habits are well known; and though he was lucky in regard to winning, yet his impure gains led to ruin and suicide. I shall only refer to his comportment in Paris. Colton arrived in this country from the United States, whither he had secretly fled to "hide his diminished head" from the pursuits of his creditors. His habits were of the most eccentrically irregular order; now he practised as a horse-dealer, then figured as a wine-merchant; then, again, as a picture-dealer, in which last commerce, he shipwrecked nearly all his hoarded gains. Gifted with a wonderful memory—always ready with an apt and ample store of anecdotes—full of classical and poetical talent, his supreme delight was to shine king of low company; avaricious, and distrustful of every body, he was often the dupe of his thirst of making money by loans to needy persons, either on effects or valueless bills, at an immense interest. Feeling himself "fallen from his high esteem" in public opinion, he too frequently had recourse to acts unworthy of his former station in life, and his profession. The gaming-tables were his daily haunts, and fortune seemed miraculously to favour him, as an exception to the general rule. He was introduced to that late extraordinary *original*, the Earl of Bridgewater, who, after a brief period, sent him a *petite* intimation that his absence would be more agreeable than his presence at his lordship's hotel. Colton immediately proceeded to the valetudinarian earl, and by his happy intrepidity of speech, extracted an indemnity from the "old gentleman." The sum thus wrung from the astounded and reverend lord was one hundred pound sterling. The earl at first most reluctantly told his secretary to pay Mr. Colton two thousand francs. "Keep your francs," said Colton, "I will have none of them. I insist upon one hundred pounds in British money. If your lordship

has forgot the *sterling* habits of your native country, I still cherish them, and will not cede a single shilling of my demand." The amount required was handed over to the author of Lacon, by Mr. E. B——, the secretary; the Earl's English solicitor, Mr. S—— standing by in dumb amazement at Colton's hardy *coup-de-maitre*. With this sum, the latter used to boast that he had run into five hundred thousand francs at gaming. The fact is, that he was an immense winner by his desperate play, till he became the terror of all the tables. He used to visit Frascati, carrying a silk handkerchief stuffed with *billets de banque*, and risk the highest stakes with extraordinary luck, and this for many months. Messengers were continually despatched to the head-quarters of the farmer-general of the tables, to report the progress of the bold and badly dressed Englishman. One day, at 154, Colton had played more moderately than usual; he had nearly realized twenty-eight thousand francs at rouge et noir; in passing through the roulette-room, he looked at a printed card, threw down ten thousand francs, exclaiming "here goes for my dinner," which, by-the-by, seldom exceeded the price of twenty-five or thirty sous. He lost; another, and another, and another similar stake, shared the same fate. "This won't do," exclaimed he, with perfect *sang-froid*, "I must not allow these French *fellows* to floor Lacon." Down went a double stake—the *croupier* raked it up. The determined gambler and his two hangers-on, playing for their patron, tripled the stake and lost; till, besides refunding his winnings, Colton had diminished more than half the stock of his *foulard*. Great was the gaiety of the bankers, and a *courrier extraordinaire* was despatched to M. Benezet, the Rothschild of the H——s, with a bulletin of the hitherto invincible Englishman's defeat. In the mean time, Lacon had rallied, and scarce had the joyful messenger announced the victory of the firm, when a second breathless, panting *estafette*, and pale as him who "Priam's curtains drew at dead of night," rushed into the sanctum of the lord of chances, and told him that the tables had suddenly turned, that the diable d'Anglais had not only recovered all his losses, but won eighty-five thousand francs of the bank's funds. Colton, after this exploit, went home, and, as usual, cooked his own dinner. His money was secured in a strong iron-box, which was fixed in the floor of his lodgings in the Palais Royal; for he would not have deposited even five pounds with the bank of France. He generally carried loaded pistols, and always had a brace placed under his pillow at night. When the Duke of N—— was here, at Charles the Tenth's coronation, Colton said to his poor retainer, H——n, since dead, "The duke is on my ground, and must pay me contribution-money." He wrote a plaintive letter to his grace, who sent him an order on D——n, for twenty-five Napoleons. Colton and his factotum went together to the bank in the rue de P——, to receive it. The former had just committed the extravagance of a new furbished-up, second-hand hat, and made himself, uncommonly for him, smart in the rest of his habiliments. Even in his usual shabby costume, he was generally decorated with diamond-rings and brooches of great value. On the present occasion he displayed those glittering and expensive ornaments to profusion;

and, moreover, sported a gold repeater, with chain and seals of a most *striking* and costly kind. The banker D. received him into his private cabinet with the most obsequious official grace, bowed him and his humble friend to seats, and waited to hear his *brilliant*-looking visitor's business. It was soon told. "Can it be possible—s-i-r? You are not *the* Mr. Colton, s-i-r, mentioned in this his grace's order, s-i-r? The arrived petition, s-i-r, can't be yours?" "Let's see," said C.; "yes, that's it, but there's a trifling mistake I find in the duke's note to you; in his grace's letter to me—('where is it H.?' 'At home, sir.')—the sum was stated as twenty-five pounds English; however, you can easily rectify that little error." Mr. D., thunderstruck at the consummate *style* of the "distressed, sick, and suffering clergyman," refused, however, to pay more than the amount written down in the duke's note; and, in spite of his loud remonstrances, Colton was constrained to put up with only twenty-five Louis. At this time, our hero had more than fourteen thousand pounds sterling in his strong box, and pictures, for which he had laid out upwards of ninety thousand francs! The same original addressed a splendid letter, with a copy of sublimely flattering verses, to the Duchess of St. A——, when at Paris, requesting in an off-hand way, the loan of a bagatelle, viz. one hundred pounds sterling. No answer being returned, the irritated parson-poet addressed a second, not a second-best, epistle to her grace, unsaying his preceding sayings, and, as I have been told, threatening the duchess's life—that is, to write her grace's birth, parentage, education, &c. &c. &c., nothing more just, reader. It failed to produce a profitable effect; the nerves of her ladyship were firmer strung, and the strings of her silk purse tighter drawn than those of the superannuated old earl's. Colton prided himself as being a "knowing one," in the fullest sense of the term; still his suspiciousness, and avarice, and vanity, were rocks on which he often split. An artful follower—whom, by-the-by, he treated like a starved dog—flattered him into the folly that he, Lacon, was an excellent connoisseur of paintings, which was as much out of his latitude as dancing to Voltaire. Colton, though a good poet, had not the slightest sensibility nor taste for the fine arts, nor was he able to appreciate them. But his vanity was tickled and desire of gain played upon.

He set up as an amateur, and connoisseur, and purchased a gallery of rubbish, as *chef-d'œuvres*, to the amount of many thousand pounds. His ultimate object was to sell them again to the picture-hunting nobility, and gentry, at an immense profit. The upshot of the speculation was, that at the end of two or three years he was obliged to dispose of them at a loss of ninety per cent., by which they returned (unknown to him) to the very dealers from whom, through young R——, they had come into his possession. Of course, those worthy merchants, and Colton's quondam friend R——, realized, under the rose, a pretty round sum from the great Lacon's gullibility. I must postpone many more, and more piquant anecdotes of the author of Lacon, and come at once to the self-willed catastrophe which closed his mortal career. He had long suffered under a distressing, though not irremediable complaint, for which he had never patience to undergo the indispensable operation. The ma-

lady increased—it became serious—dangerous. He went to Fontainebleau; sent for an English acquaintance, Mr. S., and, without divulging his dire intent, told him he must either die by the crisis of the complaint, or risk dying under the operator's hands. He wrote his will, made Mr. S. acquainted with his wishes, and, after chatting as usual, wished Mr. S. good night and retired to bed. It appears since, that about midnight he applied the fatal pistol to his head.

His remains were interred in the cemetery of Fontainebleau; and his friend, and Mr. S., have since published in Paris a posthumous work of the unfortunate Lacon, entitled "Thoughts in verse." I occasionally saw him two days ere his departure for Fontainebleau. He had his little flag-basket in his hand, and was disputing in bad French the price of a chicken, with a stubborn old *marchande*. He relinquished his fowl dispute with the fair, and, as usual, began to spout his last new production. Amongst them I recollect the following epitaph, which he, probably, never transcribed.

" Heedless of fame, I feared not blame,
Life's wayward path I tried;
Mankind I prized not, yet despised not,
But bravely lived and—died."

He seldom spoke of his sufferings, and notwithstanding his elegiac mood the last time I beheld him, I perceived nothing in his physiognomy or manner indicative of the suicide he had made up his mind to perpetrate.

I shall only cite one more example of the effects of gaming. Two or three years ago, a young, and apparently respectable couple arrived in the French metropolis. It afterwards appeared that they were not hymeneally allied. The lady, an orphan of twenty-one, had been prevailed upon to trust herself, and a small independent property into the hands of her lover E., on a promise of future marriage, which he delayed, from time to time, under some family pretext or other. They lived together in a most affectionate manner, till at length E. took to the gaming-table, and soon squandered all the little fortune of Caroline S.—he even stripped her of her toilet-treasures—till they were both reduced to a state of the direst necessity. Luckily she remembered a small reserve, in England; she forwarded the necessary instructions, and authority to dispose of it. *En attendant*, she waited upon a great banker here, at whose house her money had always been received; she demanded a personal interview; she pressed for an advance of five hundred francs till her last stock arrived. The leviathan was smitten with her charms—he led her imperceptibly into an explanation interesting to him, for he never loses sight of his interest. He took care, however, not to advance her a single sous; but requested she would call upon him the following day, not at the bank, but at his private hotel. Caroline proceeded to the banker's abode, and dazzled by the magnificence of its rooms, and the splendid promises of the purse-proud rich child of mammon, became his prey. A few days after the doors of the despoiler were shut against the poor victim of unmanly meanness, but not a sous for the sacrifice she had made. She wrote; her letters were unanswered. Her last resource failed. Her first love was ingulphed in the vortex

of gaming. Time fled ; the fruit of her imprudence became too visible. One day she owned it. Her lover was a gamester, and had, consequently, discarded all the finer feelings of a gentleman. He called upon the banker, in the demoralized hope of profiting by the circumstance. He failed ; it was his first, and last admittance. He wrote—he watched—he followed the big leviathan even to the Bourse. He persisted in his persecutions ; he contrived to convey a challenge to him, by a proper hand. The banker was obliged to acknowledge the cartel ; but having no intention of risking his *propria persona*, he sent for a worthy veteran gentleman of the Daniel Lambert form, and engaged him to go to the ground, and preach a sermon to the young fire-eater on the sin of duelling. The latter was in the Bois de Boulogne at the appointed hour, but instead of his rich rival, he met an aldermanic-like old gentleman, flanked by half a dozen livery servants of the house of ——. His frenzy rose to madness ; he could not wreak it upon the rotundity of the unarmed ambassador. He hastened to Paris, planted himself at the banker's gate, and swore he would poniard him. The police were called in—E. was expelled the country ; Caroline was placed in a *maison de santé*, (a polite term for a madhouse ;) and the child of the man of Mammon deposited at that humane institution the *hôpital des enfans trouvés*. The triumphant banker's double was sent about his business without fee or reward for his pains. *Ainsi va le monde, à Paris.*

My next physiognomical lecture will expose the Bourse, and lunatic asylums of the Gallic capital, collectively and individually ; till then, gentle reader, farewell.

THE WONDROUS FIVE.

THE father, and founder of the "House of Rothschild," was christened—I mean named—Mayer Anselmo, and Frankfort had the honour of his birth, which auspicious event occurred in Anno Domini 1743. At eleven years of age the future father of the Five had the misfortune to lose both his parents. After serving as an usher's helper at a public school, he instinctively turned his thoughts to business, and commenced a little commerce of the following order. Every body knows that the numismatic *goût* is extremely prevalent with the rich, especially in Germany, and that an intelligent trafficker in medals is sure to make handsome profits. Mayer Anselmo, therefore, gave up his pedlaring profession, and confined himself solely to the collecting and selling of medals. Another advantage accrued to him from his new calling, as it enabled him to become, in a certain manner, acquainted with several distinguished personages, who were of considerable use to him in the end, and by whose patronage he continued to make out a suitable sort of existence. He now began to exercise his ready talent in the sciences of the counter and money-changing. In the capacity of a banker's clerk at Hamburgh, he acquired a creditable reputation by his assiduity and tact ; and, after several years, he left his first master's house, with a good character, and a tolerable capital, the fruits of his careful economy. On his

return to Frankfort, he married a cousin of the tribe of Judah, and boldly set up a banking concern in a small way, the nucleus of the great house which now fills all Europe with its fame. By dint of probity, activity, and native aptitude for money-making, the father of the present firm gained more and more ground in the public confidence; his credit extended, and his clients increased. In 1801 his former illustrious numismatic patron, the Landgrave of Hesse, appointed Mr. Rothschild agent to his court. This was the first princely connexion of the concern, although they have since had dealings with, and in *sovereigns* to a pretty considerable amount, as the New York bard says. It was in this quality that Rothschild rendered very important services to the successor of the above-named prince, especially when, in 1806, the latter, obliged to retire from his hereditary states at the approach of the French army, could only carry off with him a comparatively inconsiderable sum in gold, to which his whole fortune was then reduced. By his presence of mind, address, and ability, Mr. Rothschild contrived to save from the grasp of the foe the greatest part of the Landgrave's property, but not without a few "hair-breadth-'scapes" from the lynx-eyes, and drum-head justice of the Gallic intruders. The property so preserved from the plundering heroes, was conscientiously administered by Rothschild for his patron the prince.

About this period the financial business of the house of Rothschild began to assume importance, in consequence of its first loan, of ten millions of florins, to the court of Denmark. In 1812, Mayer Anselmo Rothschild, the father, was attacked by a mortal illness. Aware of his approaching end, he had his ten children called to his bedside, gave them his dying benediction, and made them promise never to change their religion, and always to remain united amongst themselves on 'Change. These promises have been religiously kept, and amply has the fable of the bundle of sticks been verified by the five brothers. Whenever they are about to undertake an affair of importance, all the united brethren invoke the memory of their father, which is venerated by them in a manner highly honourable to their filial feelings. Their great political operations commenced in 1813, and up to the present time it is computed their house has negotiated, in loans, subsidies, &c. upwards of 160,000 millions sterling, principally for the different monarchs of Europe; their profits have, of course, been immense. Their long and uninterrupted success was owing to their unanimity, and community of interests. Every proposition is decided by mutual deliberation. Each operation, of major or minor importance, is conducted upon a concerted and common plan; and all their individual, and combined energies, are employed to command success. Although, for several years, they have resided at a distance from each other, that circumstance has by no means caused a distance, or discord amongst them; on the contrary, it has proved a great advantage, in contributing towards the prosperity of their immense undertakings, by thus making them *au courant* of the state of the principal money-markets of Europe, through a continual exchange of couriers, which generally precede the government-messengers; in this manner, each of the five brothers, from the point where he is

placed, possesses a great facility for preparing and negotiating different affairs for the central establishment. It is but very recently that the tide of fortune has seemed to run less smooth for the house of Rothschild. The avidity with which they caught at the *Spanish* bonds, their calculating, and ever-grasping ambition to become the financiers in-chief of the queen's government, have caught the wary brothers at last, not in a petty mouse-trap, but in a prodigious money-trap, baited with reals, which, alas! are likely to turn up *unreal* mockeries. Their late losses have been estimated at from 1,200,000*l.* sterling to 2,000,000*l.* But it is not easy to fix the sum, for the following reasons. The Rothschilds' business at the Bourse is done by different agents, in such a way, that each is ignorant of the other's employer, consequently the losses and gains cannot be fairly averaged by the public at large; except upon some great or particular purpose the "Wondrous Five" choose not to appear on the great gambling stage, and publish their transactions in *propria personâ*. If rumour might be relied upon, a private pique had something to do with this first, and last, or rather latest reverse of the late golden purveyors of kings. A certain formerly proscribed count, and now, "by the vicissitudes of fate," a minister of a very critical department of the Spanish state, was refused by Rothschild a loan of 25,000*l.* upon his sequestered property in Spain, when the Peninsula was under the sway of Ferdinand the Beloved. The Count de T—— was then a liberal in Paris. Baron Rothschild was then the sterling sheet anchor of the "blessed Bourbons," and had never been tainted with liberal notions in word or in deed. The quintuple firm, backed by the accredited Don A——, had arranged a most *magnifique* bargain for themselves *bien entendu*; it was on the point of being legally validated, when, most unlucky *contre-temps*, the erst banished count, on a certain fine morning, stepped into the national Spanish counting-house at Madrid, as chief comptroller of finances. His first, best step, was to annul the hopes of the Rothschilds, and, in so doing, there is no occasion to attribute personal malice, as the unlegalized contract was most unfair and disadvantageous to his country.

The *statistique* of the Wondrous Five is as follows:—

Amscha or *Anselmo*, resides at Frankfort-sur-le-Maine. He is the senior, and chief of the family, aged sixty-one years. At his house the general inventory is made out, from the private inventories furnished by the other four banks. It is there, also, that the congresses of the fraternity are generally held.

Solomon, the second brother, born September 9th, 1774, has passed his professional time, the last eighteen years, between Berlin and Vienna, chiefly at the latter.

Nathan, the third brother, is in his fifty-seventh year. He is the London Rothschild.

Charles, the fourth of the five bankers, is forty-six years old. He has been established at Naples since 1821.

Jacob, the youngest in years, was born May 5th, 1792. His consort, the baroness, is the daughter of his second brother, the Baron Solomon. Jacob has carried on his business since Anno Domini 1812, at Paris.

BURNT ALMONDS.*

WE recollect in one of Miss Edgeworth's little books, a story of two little comfit sellers at Naples, one of whom, in gratitude to his numerous customers, distributed, at the sale of his sugar-plums, two or three burnt almonds, *gratis*. It is true, that he afterwards proved to be a rogue, and to have decreased the quantity of sugar-plums, so as more than to indemnify himself for his pretended liberality: but we do not intend to follow his plan further than in the liberality; and, without reducing our monthly allowance of *sugar-plums* to the public, we shall, as often as we can, present them with burnt almonds, *gratis*.

LINES BY A WARD IN CHANCERY.

It's very hard, and so it is,
 To be obliged to be,
 For all the best days of one's life,
 A ward in Chancery.
 To be dry-nursed by great law lords—
 Old Bags, or Brougham so famous:
 And when one wants a man, to be
 Put off with a man-damus.
 The land of liberty, indeed!
 I'm sure it's *versa vice*:
 If that's what they Burn's justice call,
 Why, burn such justice, I say.



BURN'S JUSTICE.

They'll make it hanging next, I think,
 For one in love to be;
 And running off with a young man,
 A sort of fellow-ny.
 There's ev'ry girl's got beaux but me—
 Miss Smith, Miss Snape, Miss Scott—
 Nay, so could I have *beaux* enow,
 But I had rather *knot*.

Lines by a Ward in Chancery.

There's many and many a nice young man
 Would come a-courting me.
 But where's the use? one cannot court
 The Court of Chancery.

One cannot move a great law lord,
 By any art, alack!
 All Cupid's arrows harmless fall
 Against that great wool-sack.

It's really quite ridiculous,
 And, *I think, infra dig.*,
 For a great lord to play the part
 Of Cupid in a wig.

If we *must* have a chancellor,
 Let's have one of our sex.
 Miss Martineau might be the first
 Of these "preventive checks."

But why not let us marry now,
 While we can get a man?
 In these hard times a woman ought
 To marry when she can.

I knew a lady once, who in
 Her teens had lovers plenty.
 Poor girl! she lost them ev'ry one,
 Through the small-pox, at twenty.

Poor dear Miss Ward!—and only think—
Her case my case may be!
 For when I'm pitted with small-pox,
 No one will pity me.

Then oh! Lord Brougham, when you reform
 The law, do liberate us!
 We only want our "rights of man,"
 So pray *emancipate* us!

Oh! gentlemen of the long robe,
 Pray give me now my pelf.
 I want to have some gentlemen
 Of the long robe myself.



GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

THOSE who may be pleased to honour these pages with a perusal, will not be detained with a long history of my birth, parentage, and education. The very title implies that at this period of my memoirs I was ignorant of the two first; and it will be necessary for the due development of my narrative, that I allow you to remain in the same state of bliss; for in the perusal of a novel, as well as in the pilgrimage of life, ignorance of the future may truly be considered as the greatest source of happiness. The little that was known at this time I will however narrate as concisely, and as correctly, as I am able. It was on the night—I really forget the date, and must rise from my chair, look for a key, open a closet, and then open an iron safe to hunt over a pile of papers—it will detain you too long—it will be sufficient to say that it was on *a* night—but whether the night was dark or moonlit, or rainy or foggy, or cloudy or fine, or starlight, I really cannot tell; but it is of no very great consequence. Well, it was on a night about the hour—there again I'm puzzled, it might have been ten, or eleven, or twelve, or between any of these hours; nay, it might have been past midnight, and far advancing to the morning, for what I know to the contrary. The reader must excuse an infant of—there again I am at a nonplus; but we will assume of some days old—if, when wrapped up in flannel and in a covered basket, and, moreover, fast asleep at the time, he does not exactly observe the state of the weather, and the time by the church clock. I never before was aware of the great importance of dates in telling a story; but it is now too late to recover these facts, which have been swept away into oblivion by the broad wing of Time. I must therefore just tell the little I do know, trusting to the reader's good nature, and to blanks. It is as follows:—that at the hour—of the night—the state of the weather being also—I, an infant of a certain age—was suspended by somebody or somebodies—at the knocker of the Foundling Hospital. Having made me fast, the said somebody or somebodies rang a peal upon the bell, which made the old porter start up in so great a hurry, that with the back of his hand he hit his better half a blow on the nose, occasioning a great suffusion of blood from that organ, and a still greater pouring forth of invectives from the organ immediately below it.

All this having been effected by the said peal on the bell, the said somebody or somebodies did incontinently take to their heels, and disappear long before the old porter could pull his legs through his nether garments and obey the rude summons. At last the old man swang open the gate, and the basket swang across his nose; he went in again for a knife and cut me down, for it was cruel to hang a baby

of a few days old; carried me into the lodge, lighted a candle, and opened the basket. Thus did I metaphorically first come to light.

When he opened the basket I opened my eyes, and although I did not observe it, the old woman was standing at the table in very light attire, sponging her nose over a basin.

"Verily, a pretty babe with black eyes!" exclaimed the old man in a tremulous voice.

"Black eyes, indeed," muttered the old woman. "I shall have two to-morrow."

"Beautiful black eyes indeed!" continued the old man.

"Terrible black eyes, for sartain," continued the old woman, as she sponged away.

"Poor thing, it must be cold," murmured the old porter.

"Warrant I catch my death a-cold," muttered the wife.

"But, dear me, here's a paper!" exclaimed the old man.

"Vinegar and brown paper," echoed the old woman.

"Addressed to the governors of the hospital," continued the porter.

"Apply to the dispenser of the hospital," continued his wife.

"And sealed," said he.

"Get it healed," said she.

"The linen is good; it must be the child of no poor people. Who knows?"—soliloquised the old man.

"My poor nose!" exclaimed the old woman.

"I must take it to the nurses, and the letter I will give to-morrow," said the old porter, winding up his portion of this double soliloquy, and tottering away with the basket and your humble servant across the courtyard.

"There it will do now," said the old wife, wiping her face on a towel, and regaining her bed, in which she was soon joined by her husband, and they finished their nap without any further interruption during that night.

The next morning I was reported and examined, and the letter addressed to the governors was opened and read. It was laconic, but still, as most things laconic are, very much to the point.

"This child was born in wedlock—he is to be named Japhet. When circumstances permit, he will be reclaimed."

But there was a postscript by Abraham Newland, Esq., promising to pay the bearer on demand the sum of fifty pounds. In plainer terms, there was a bank note to that amount inclosed in the letter. As in general, the parties who suspend children in baskets, have long before suspended cash payments, or, at all events, forget to suspend them on the baskets, my arrival created no little noise, to which I added my share, until I obtained a share of the breast of a young woman, who, like Charity, suckled two or three babies at one time.

We have preparatory schools all over the kingdom; for young gentlemen, from three to five years of age, under ladies, and from four to seven, under either, or both sexes, as it may happen; but the most preparatory of all preparatory schools, is certainly the Foundling Hospital, which takes in its pupils, if they are sent, from one to three days old, or even hours, if the parents are in such extreme

anxiety about their education. Here it commences with their weaning, when they are instructed in the mystery of devouring pap; next they are taught to walk—and as soon as they can walk—to sit still; to talk—and as soon as they can talk—to hold their tongues; thus are they instructed and passed on from one part of the establishment to another, until they finally are passed out of its gates, to get on in the world, with the advantages of some education, and the still further advantage of having no father or mother to provide for, or relatives to pester them with their necessities. It was so with me: I arrived at the age of fourteen, and notwithstanding the promise contained in the letter, it appeared that circumstances did *not* permit of my being reclaimed. But I had a great advantage over the other inmates of the hospital; the fifty pounds sent with me was not added to the funds of the establishment, but generously employed for my benefit by the governors, who were pleased with my conduct, and thought highly of my abilities. Instead of being bound 'prentice to a cordwainer, or some other mechanic; by the influence of the governors, added to the fifty pounds and interest, as a premium, I was taken by an apothecary, who engaged to bring me up to the profession. And now, that I am out of the Foundling, we must not travel quite so fast.

The practitioner who thus took me by the hand was a Mr. Phineas Cophagus, whose shop was most conveniently situated for business, one side of the shop looking upon Smithfield Market, the other presenting a surface of glass to the principal street leading out of the same market. It was a *corner* house, but not in a *corner*. On each side of the shop were two gin establishments, and next to them were two public-houses and two eating-houses, frequented by graziers, butchers, and drovers. Did the men drink so much as to quarrel in their cups, who was so handy to plaister up the broken heads as Mr. Cophagus? Did a fat grazier eat himself into an apoplexy, how very convenient was the ready lancet of Mr. Cophagus. Did a bull gore a man, Mr. Cophagus appeared with his diachylon and lint. Did an ox frighten a lady, it was in the back parlour of Mr. Cophagus that she was recovered from her syncope. Market days were a sure market to my master; and if an overdriven beast knocked down others, it only helped to set him on his legs. Our windows suffered occasionally; but whether it was broken heads, or broken limbs, or broken windows, they were well paid for. Every one suffered but Mr. Phineas Cophagus, who never suffered a patient to escape him. The shop had the usual allowance of green, yellow, and blue bottles; and in hot weather, from our vicinity, we were visited by no small proportion of blue-bottle flies. We had a white horse in one window, and a brown horse in the other, to announce to the drovers that we supplied horse-medicines. And we had all the patent medicines in the known world, even to the "all-sufficient medicine for mankind" of Mr. Enouy; having which, I wondered, on my first arrival, why we troubled ourselves about any others. The shop was large, and at the back part there was a most capacious iron mortar, with a pestle to correspond. The first floor was tenanted by Mr. Cophagus, who was a bachelor, the second floor was let; the others were appropriated

to the housekeeper, and to those who formed the establishment. In this well-situated tenement, Mr. Cophagus got on swimmingly. I will therefore, for the present, sink the shop, that my master may rise in the estimation of the reader, when I describe his person and his qualifications.

Mr. Phineas Cophagus might have been about forty-five years of age when I first had the honour of an introduction to him in the receiving room of the Foundling Hospital. He was of the middle height, his face was thin, his nose very much hooked, his eyes small and peering, with a good-humoured twinkle in them, his mouth large, and drawn down at one corner. He was stout in his body, and carried a considerable protuberance before him, which he was in the habit of patting with his left hand very complacently; but although stout in his body, his legs were mere spindles, so that, in his appearance, he reminded you of some bird of the crane genus. Indeed, I may say, that his whole figure gave you just such an appearance as an orange might do, had it taken to itself a couple of pieces of tobacco pipes as vehicles of locomotion. He was dressed in a black coat and waistcoat, white cravat and high collar to his shirt, blue cotton net pantaloons and Hessian boots, both fitting so tight, that it appeared as if he was proud of his spindle shanks. His hat was broad-brimmed and low, and he carried a stout black cane with a gold top in his right hand, almost always raising the gold top to his nose when he spoke, just as we see doctors represented at a consultation in the caricature prints. But if his figure was strange, his language and manners were still more so. He spoke, as some birds fly, in jerks, intermixing his words, for he never completed a whole sentence, with *um—um*—and ending it with "*so on*," leaving his hearers to supply the context from the heads of his discourse. Almost always in motion, he generally changed his position as soon as he had finished speaking, walking to any other part of the room, with his cane to his nose, and his head cocked on one side, with a self-sufficient tiptoe gait. When I was ushered into his presence, he was standing with two of the governors. "This is the lad," said one of them, "his name is *Japhet*."

"Japhet," replied Mr. Cophagus; "um, scriptural—Shem, Ham, *um*—and so on. Boy reads?"

"Very well, and writes a very good hand. He is a very good boy, Mr. Cophagus."

"Read—write—spell—good, and *so on*. Bring him up—rudiments—spatula—write labels—*um*—M. D. one of these days—make a man of him—and so on," said this strange personage, walking round and round me with his cane to his nose, and scrutinizing my person with his twinkling eyes. I was dismissed after this examination and approval, and the next day, dressed in a plain suit of clothes, was delivered by the porter at the shop of Mr. Phineas Cophagus, who was not at home when I arrived. A tall, fresh coloured, but hectic looking young man, stood behind the counter, making up prescriptions, and a dirty lad, about thirteen years old, was standing near with his basket to deliver the medicines to the several addresses, as soon as they were ready. The young man behind the counter, whose name

was Brookes, was within eighteen months of serving his time, when his friends intended to establish him on his own account, and this was the reason which induced Mr. Cophagus to take me, that I might learn the business, and supply his place when he left. Mr. Brookes was a very quiet, amiable person, kind to me and the other boy who carried out the medicines, and who had been taken by Mr. Cophagus for his food and raiment. The porter told Mr. Brookes who I was, and left me. "Do you think that you will like to be an apothecary?" said Mr. Brookes to me, with a benevolent smile.

"Yes; I do not see why I should not," replied I.

"Stop a moment," said the lad who was waiting with the basket, looking archly at me, "you hav'n't got through your *rudiments* yet."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Mr. Brookes. "That you are not very fond of the rudiments, as Mr. Cophagus calls them, is very clear. Now walk off as fast as you can with these medicines, sir—14, Spring Street; 16, Cleaver Street, as before; and then to John Street, 55, Mrs. Smith's. Do you understand?"

"To be sure I do—can't I read? I reads all the directions, and all your Latin stuff into the bargain—all your *summen dusses*, *horez*, *diez*, cockly hairy. I mean to set up for myself one of these days."

"I'll knock you down one of these days, Mr. Timothy, if you stay so long as you do, looking at the print shops; that you may depend upon."

"I keep up all my learning that way," replied Timothy, walking off with his load, turning his head round and laughing at me, as he quitted the shop. Mr. Brookes smiled, but said nothing.

As Timothy went out, in came Mr. Cophagus. "Heh! Japhet. I see," said he, putting up his cane, "nothing to do—bad—must work—um—and so on. Mr. Brookes—boy learn rudiments—good—and so on." Hereupon Mr. Cophagus took his cane from his nose, pointed to the large iron mortar, and then walked away into the back parlour. Mr. Brookes understood his master, if I did not. He wiped out the mortar, threw in some drugs, and, showing me how to use the pestle, left me to my work. In half an hour I discovered why it was that Timothy had such an objection to what Mr. Cophagus facetiously termed the *rudiments* of the profession. It was dreadful hard work for a boy; the perspiration ran down me in streams, and I could hardly lift my arms. When Mr. Cophagus passed through the shop and looked at me, as I continued to thump away with the heavy iron pestle, "Good,"—said he, "by and by—M. D.—and so on." I thought it was a very rough road to such preferment, and I stopped to take a little breath. "By the by—Japhet—Christian name—and so on—sirname—heh!"

"Mr. Cophagus wishes to know your other name," said Mr. Brookes, interpreting.

I have omitted to acquaint the reader that surnames as well as Christian names, are always given to the children at the Foundling, and in consequence of the bank note found in my basket, I had been named after the celebrated personage whose signature it bore. "Newland is my other name, sir," replied I.

"Newland—heh!—very good name—every body likes to see that name—and have plenty of them in his pockets too—um—very comfortable—and so on," replied Mr. Cophagus, leaving the shop.

I resumed my thumping occupation, when Timothy returned with his empty basket. He laughed when he saw me at work. "Well, how do you like the rudimans?—and so on—heh!" said he, mimicking Mr. Cophagus.

"Not overmuch," replied I, wiping my face.

"That was my job before you came. I have been more than a year, and never have got out of those rudimans yet, and I suppose I never shall."

Mr. Brookes, perceiving that I was tired, desired me to leave off, an order which I gladly obeyed, and I took my seat in a corner of the shop.

"There," said Timothy, laying down his basket; "no more work for me, *hanty prandium*, is there Mr. Brookes?"

"No, Tim; but *post prandium*, you'll *post* off again."

Dinner being ready, and Mr. Cophagus having returned, he and Mr. Brookes went into the back parlour, leaving Timothy and me in the shop to announce customers. And I shall take this opportunity of introducing Mr. Timothy more particularly, as he will play a very conspicuous part in this narrative. Timothy was short in stature for his age, but very strongly built. He had an oval face, with a very dark complexion, grey eyes flashing from under their long eyelashes, and eyebrows nearly meeting each other. He was marked with the small pox, not so much as to disfigure him, but still it was very perceptible when near to him. His countenance was always lighted up with merriment; there was such a happy, devil-may-care expression in his face, that you liked him the first minute that you were in his company, and I was intimate with him immediately.

"I say, Japhet," said he, "where did you come from?"

"The Foundling," replied I.

"Then you have no friends or relations."

"If I have, I do not know where to find them," replied I, very gravely.

"Pooh! don't be grave upon it. I hav'n't any either. I was brought up by the parish, in the workhouse. I was found at the door of a gentleman's house, who sent me to the overseers—I was about a year old then. They call me a foundling, but I don't care what they call me, so long as they don't call me too late for dinner. Father and mother, whoever they were, when they run away from me, didn't run away with my appetite. I wonder how long master means to play with his knife and fork. As for Mr. Brookes, what he eats wouldn't physic a snipe. What's your other name, Japhet?"

"Newland."

"Newland—now you shall have mine in exchange: Timothy Oldmixon at your service. They christened me after the workhouse pump, which had 'Timothy Oldmixon fecit' on it; and the overseers thought it as good a name to give me as any other; so I was christened after the pump-maker with some of the pump water. As soon as I was big enough, they employed me to pump all the water for the

use of the workhouse. I worked at my *papa*, as I called the pump, all day long. Few sons worked their father more, or disliked him so much; and now, Japhet, you see, from habit, I'm pumping you."

"You'll soon pump dry, then, for I've very little to tell you," replied I; "but, tell me, what sort of a person is our master?"

"He's just what you see him, never alters, hardly ever out of humour, and when he is, he is just as odd as ever. He very often threatens me, but I have never had a blow yet, although Mr. Brookes has complained once or twice."

"But surely Mr. Brookes is not cross?"

"No, he is a very good gentleman; but sometimes I carry on my rigs a little too far, I must say that. For as Mr. Brookes says, people may die for want of the medicines, because I put down my basket to play. It's very true; but I can't give up 'peg in the ring' on that account. But then I only get a box of the ear from Mr. Brookes, and that goes for nothing. Mr. Cophagus shakes his stick, and says, 'Bad boy—big stick—*um*—wont forget—next time—and so on,'"
continued Timothy, laughing; "and it is *so on*, to the end of the chapter."

"By this time Mr. Cophagus and his assistant had finished their dinner, and came into the shop. The former looked at me, put his stick to his nose, "Little boys—always hungry—*um*—like good dinner—roast beef—Yorkshire pudding—and so on," and he pointed with the stick to the back parlour. Timothy and I understood him very well this time: we went into the parlour, when the housekeeper sat down with us and helped us. She was a terribly cross, little, old woman, but as honest as she was cross, which is all that I shall say in her favour. Timothy was no favourite, because he had such a good appetite; and it appeared that I was not very likely to stand well in her good opinion, for I also ate a great deal, and every extra mouthful I took I sank in her estimation, till I was nearly at the zero, where Timothy had long been for the same offence; but Mr. Cophagus would not allow her to stint him, saying, "Little boys must eat—or wont grow—and so on."

I soon found out that we were not only well fed, but in every other point well treated, and I was very comfortable and happy. Mr. Brookes instructed me in the art of labelling and tying up, and in a very short time I was very expert; and as Timothy predicted, the rudiments were once more handed over to him. Mr. Cophagus supplied me with good clothes, but never gave me any pocket money, and Timothy and I often lamented that we had not even a halfpenny to spend.

Before I had been many months in the shop, Mr. Brookes was able to leave when any exigence required his immediate attendance. I made up the pills, but he weighed out the quantities in the prescriptions; if, therefore, any one came in for medicines, I desired them to wait the return of Mr. Brookes, who would be in very soon. One day when Mr. Brookes was out, and I was sitting behind the counter, Timothy sitting on it, and swinging his legs to and fro, both lamenting that we had no pocket money, Timothy said, "Japhet, I've been puzzling my brains how we can get some money, and I've hit it at last; let you and I turn doctors; we won't send all the people away

who come when Mr. Brookes is out, but we'll physic them ourselves."

I jumped at the idea, and he had hardly proposed it, when an old woman came in, and addressing Timothy, said, "That she wanted something for her poor grandchild's sore throat."

"I don't mix up the medicines, ma'am," replied Timothy; "you must apply to that gentleman, Mr. Newland, who is behind the counter—he understands what is good for every body's complaints."

"Bless his handsome face—and so young too! Why, be you a doctor, sir?"

"I should hope so," replied I; "what is it you require—a lotion, or an embrocation?"

"I don't understand those hard words, but I want some doctor's stuff."

"Very well, my good woman; I know what is proper," replied I, assuming an important air. "Here, Timothy, wash out this vial very clean."

"Yes, sir," replied Timothy, very respectfully.

I took one of the measures, and putting in a little green, a little blue, and a little white liquid from the medicine bottles generally used by Mr. Brookes, filled it up with water, poured the mixture into the vial, corked, and labelled it, *haustus statim sumendus*, and handed it over the counter to the old woman.

"Is the poor child to take it, or is it to rub outside?" inquired the old woman.

"The directions are on the label;—but you don't read Latin?"

"Deary me, no! Latin! and do you understand Latin? what a nice clever boy!"

"I should not be a good doctor if I did not," replied I. On second thoughts I considered it advisable and safer, that the application should be external, so I translated the label to her—"Haustus, rub it in—statim, on the throat—sumendus, with the palm of the hand."

"Deary me! and does it mean all that? How much have I to pay, sir?"

"Embrocation is a very dear medicine, my good woman; it ought to be eighteen pence, but as you are a poor woman, I shall only charge you nine-pence."

"I'm sure I thank you kindly, sir," replied the old woman, putting down the money, and wishing me a good morning, as she left the shop.

"Bravo!" cried Timothy, rubbing his hands; "it's halves, Japhet, is it not?"

"Yes," replied I; "but first we must be honest, and not cheat Mr. Cophagus; the vial is sold, you know, for one penny, and I suppose the stuff I have taken is not worth a penny more. Now, if we put aside two-pence for Mr. Cophagus, we don't cheat him, or steal his property; the other seven-pence is of course ours—being the profits of the profession."

"But how shall we account for receiving the two-pence?" said Timothy.

"Selling two vials instead of one; they are never reckoned, you know."

"That will do capitally," cried Timothy; "and now for halves." But this could not be managed until Timothy had run out and changed the sixpence; we then each had our three-pence halfpenny, and for once in our lives could say that we had money in our pockets.

The success of our first attempt encouraged us to proceed; but afraid that I might do some mischief, I asked of Mr. Brookes the nature and qualities of the various medicines, as he was mixing the prescriptions, that I might avoid taking any of those which were poisonous. Mr. Brookes, pleased with my continual inquiries, gave me all the information I could desire, and thus I gained not only a great deal of information, but also a great deal of credit with Mr. Cophagus, to whom Mr. Brookes had made known my diligence and thirst for knowledge.

"Good—very good," said Mr. Cophagus; "fine boy—learns his business—M.D. one of these days—ride in his coach—um, and so on." Nevertheless, at my second attempt, I made an awkward mistake, which very nearly led to detection. An Irish labourer, more than half tipsy, came in one evening, and asked whether we had such a thing as was called "*A poor man's plaister*." By the powers, it will be a poor man's plaister, when it belongs to me; but they tell me that it's a sure and sartain cure for the thumbago, as they call it, which I've at the small of my back, and which is a hinder to my mounting up the ladder; so as it's Saturday night, and I've just got the money, I'll buy the plaister first, and then try what a little whiskey inside will do; the devil's in it if it won't be driven out of me between the two."

We had not that plaister in the shop, but we had blister plaister, and Timothy, handing one to me, I proffered it to him. "And what may you be after asking for this same?" inquired he.

The blister plaisters were sold at a shilling each, when spread on paper, so I asked him eighteen-pence, that we might pocket the extra sixpence.

"By the powers, one would think that you had made a mistake, and handed me the rich man's plaister instead of the poor one. It's less whiskey I'll have to drink, any how; but here's the money, and the top of the morning to ye, seeing as how its jist coming on night."

Timothy and I laughed as we divided the sixpence. It appeared that after taking his allowance of whiskey, the poor fellow fixed the plaister on his back when he went to bed, and the next morning found himself in a condition not to be envied. It was a week before we saw him again, and, much to the horror of Timothy and myself, he walked into the shop when Mr. Brookes was employed behind the counter. Timothy perceived him before he saw us, and pulling me behind the large mortar, we contrived to make our escape into the back parlour, the door of which we held ajar to hear what would take place.

"Murder and turf!" cried the man, "but that was the devil's own plaister that you gave me here for my back, and it left me as raw as a turnip, taking every bit of my skin off me entirely, forebye my lying in bed for a whole week, and losing my day's work."

"I really do not recollect supplying you with a plaister, my good man," replied Mr. Brookes.

"Then by the piper that played before Moses, if you don't recollect it, I've an idea that I shall never forget it. Sure enough, it cured me, but wasn't I quite kilt before I was cured?"

"It must have been some other shop," observed Mr. Brookes. "You have made a mistake."

"Devil a bit of a mistake, except in selling me the plaister. Didn't I get it of a lad in this same shop?"

"Nobody sells things out of this shop without my knowledge."

The Irishman was puzzled—he looked round the shop. "Well, then, if this an't the shop, it was own sister to it."

"Timothy," called Mr. Brookes.

"And sure enough there was a Timothy in the other shop, for I heard the boy call the other by the name; however, it's no matter, if it took off the skin, it also took away the thumbago, so the morning to you, Mr. Pottykarry."

When the Irishman departed, we made our appearance. "Japhet, did you sell a plaister to an Irishman?"

"Yes—don't you recollect, last Saturday? and I gave you the shilling."

"Very true; but what did he ask for?"

"He asked for a plaister, but he was very tipsy. I showed him a blister, and he took it;" and then I looked at Timothy and laughed.

"You must not play such tricks," said Mr. Brookes. "I see what you have been about—it was a joke to you, but not to him."

Mr. Brookes, who imagined we had sold it to the Irishman out of fun, then gave us a very severe lecture, and threatened to acquaint Mr. Cophagus if ever we played such tricks again. Thus the affair blew over, and it made me very careful; and, as every day I knew more about medicines, I was soon able to mix them, so as to be of service to those who applied, and before eighteen months had expired, I was trusted in mixing up all the prescriptions. At the end of that period Mr. Brookes left us, and I took the whole of his department upon myself, giving great satisfaction to Mr. Cophagus.

And now that I have announced my promotion, it will perhaps be as well that I give the reader some idea of my personal appearance, upon which I have hitherto been silent. I was thin, between fifteen and sixteen years old, very tall for my age, and of my figure I had no reason to be ashamed; a large beaming eye, and strongly marked aquiline nose, a high forehead, fair in complexion, but with very dark hair. I was always what may be termed a remarkably clean-looking boy, from the peculiarity of my skin and complexion; my teeth were small, but were transparent, and I had a very deep dimple in my chin. Like all embryo apothecaries, I carried in my appearance, if not the look of wisdom, most certainly that of self-sufficiency, which does equally well with the world in general. My forehead was smooth, and very white, and my dark locks were combed back systematically, and with a regularity that said, as plainly as hair could do, "The owner of this does every thing by prescription, measurement, and rule." With my long fingers I folded up the little packets, with an air as thoughtful and imposing as that of a minister who has just presented a protocol as interminable as unintelligible; and the look of solemn sagacity with which I poured out the contents of one vial into

the other, would have well become the king's physician, when he watched the "lord's anointed" in *articulo mortis*.

As I followed up my saturnine avocations, I generally had an open book on the counter beside me; not a marble-covered, dirty volume, from the Minerva press, or a half-bound, half-guinea's worth of Colburn's fashionable trash, but a good, honest, heavy-looking, wisdom-implying book, horribly stuffed with epithet of drug; a book in which Latin words were redundant, and here and there were to be observed the crabbed characters of Greek. Altogether, with my book and my look, I cut such a truly medical appearance, that even the most guarded would not have hesitated to allow me the sole conduct of a whitlow, from inflammation to suppuration, and from suppuration to cure, or have refused to have confided to me the entire suppression of a gumboil. Such were my personal qualifications at the time, that I was raised to the important office of dispenser of, I may say, life and death.

It will not surprise the reader when I tell him that I was much noticed by those who came to consult, or talk with, Mr. Cophagus. "A very fine looking lad that, Mr. Cophagus," an acquaintance would say. "Where did you get him—who is his father?"

"Father!" Mr. Cophagus would reply, when they had gained the back parlour, but I could overhear him, "father, um—can't tell—love concealment—child born—foundling hospital—put out—and so on."

This was constantly occurring, and the constant occurrence made me often reflect upon my condition, which otherwise I might, from the happy and even tenor of my life, have forgotten. When I retired to my bed I would revolve in my mind all that I had gained from the governors of the hospital relative to myself. The paper found in the basket had been given to me. I was born in wedlock—at least, so said that paper. The sum left with me also proved that my parents could not, at my birth, have been paupers. The very peculiar circumstances attending my case, only made me more anxious to know my parentage. I was now old enough to be aware of the value of birth, and I was also just entering the age of romance, and many were the strange and absurd reveries in which I indulged. At one time, I would cherish the idea that I was of noble, if not princely birth, and frame reasons for concealment. At others—but it is useless to repeat the absurdities and castle buildings which were generated in my brain from mystery. My airy fabrics would at last disappear, and leave me in all the misery of doubt and abandoned hope. Mr. Cophagus, when the question was sometimes put to him, would say, "Good boy—very good boy—don't want a father." But he was wrong, I did want a father; and every day the want became more pressing, and I found myself continually repeating the question, "*Who is my father?*"

The departure of Mr. Brookes of course rendered me more able to follow up with Timothy my little professional attempts to procure pocket-money; but independent of these pillagings by the aid of pills, and making drafts upon our master's legitimate profits, by the assistance of draughts from his shop, accident shortly enabled me to raise the ways and means in a more rapid manner. But of this directly. In the mean time I was fast gaining knowledge; every evening

I read surgical and medical books, put into my hands by Mr. Cophagus, who explained whenever I applied to him, and I soon obtained a very fair smattering of my profession. He also taught me how to bleed, by making me, in the first instance, puncture very scientifically all the larger veins of a cabbage-leaf, until well satisfied with the delicacy of my hand, and the precision of my eye, he wound up my instructions by permitting me to breathe a vein in his own arm.

"Well," said Timothy, when he first saw me practising, "I have often heard it said, that there's no getting blood out of a turnip; but it seems there is more chance in a cabbage. I tell you what, Japhet, you may try your hand upon me as much as you please, for two-pence a go."

I consented to this arrangement, and by dint of practising on Timothy over and over again, I became quite perfect. I should here observe, that my anxiety relative to my birth increased every day, and in one of the books lent me by Mr. Cophagus, there was a dissertation upon the human frame, sympathies, antipathies, and also on those features and peculiarities most likely to descend from one generation to another. It was there asserted, that the *nose* was the facial feature most likely to be transmitted from father to son. As I before have mentioned, my nose was peculiarly aquiline; and after I had read this book, it was surprising with what eagerness I examined the faces of those whom I met; and if I saw a nose upon any man's face, at all resembling my own, I immediately would wonder and surmise whether that person could be my father. The constant dwelling upon the subject at last created a species of monomania, and a hundred times a day I would mutter to myself, "*Who is my father?*" indeed, the very bells, when they rung a peal, seemed, as in the case of Whittington, to chime the question, and at last I talked so much on the subject to Timothy, who was my *Fidus Achates*, and bosom friend, that I really believe, partial as he was to me, he wished my father at the devil.

Our shop was well appointed with all that glare and glitter with which we decorate the "*house of call*" of disease and death. Being situated in such a thoroughfare, passengers would stop to look in, and ragged-vested, and in other garments still more ragged, little boys would stand to stare at the variety of colours, and the 'pottecary gentleman, your humble servant, who presided over so many labelled-in-gold phalanxes which decorated the sides of the shop. Among those who always stopped and gazed as she passed bye, which was generally three or four times a day, was a well-dressed female, about forty years of age, straight as an arrow, with an elasticity of step, and a decision in her manner of walking which was almost masculine, although her form, notwithstanding that it was tall and thin, was extremely feminine and graceful. Sometimes she would fix her eyes upon me, and there was a wildness in her looks, which certainly gave a painful impression, and at the same time so fascinated me, that when I met her gaze, the paper which contained the powder remained unfolded, and the arm which was pouring out the liquid suspended. She was often remarked by Timothy, as well as me; and we further remarked, that her step was not equal throughout the day. In her

latter peregrinations, towards the evening, her gait was more vigorous, but unequal, at the same time that her gaze was more stedfast. She usually passed the shop for the last time each day, about five o'clock in the afternoon. One evening, after we had watched her pass, as we supposed, to return no more till the ensuing morning, for this peeping in, on her part, had become an expected occurrence, and afforded much amusement to Timothy, who designated her as the "mad woman," to our great surprise, and to the alarm of Timothy, who sprung over the counter, and took a position by my side, she walked into the shop. Her eye appeared wild, as usual, but I could not make out that it was insanity; I rather ascribed it to religious fanaticism. I recovered my self-possession, and desired Timothy to hand the lady a chair, begging to know in what way I could be useful. Timothy walked round by the end of the counter, pushed a chair near to her, and then made a hasty retreat to his former position. She declined the chair with a motion of her hand, in which there was much dignity, as well as grace, and placing upon the counter her hands, which were small and beautifully white, she bent forward towards me, and said, in a sweet, low voice, which actually startled me by its depth of melody, "I am very ill."

My astonishment increased every moment. Why, I know not, because the exceptions are certainly as many as the general rule, we always form an estimate of the voice before we hear it, from the outward appearance of the speaker; and when I looked up in her face, which was now exposed to the glare of the argand lamp, and witnessed the cadaverous, pale, chalky expression on it, and the crow feet near the eyes, and wrinkles on her forehead, I should have sooner expected to have heard a burst of heavenly symphony from a thunder-cloud, than such music as issued from her parted lips.

"Good heavens, madam!" said I eagerly and respectfully, "allow me to send for Mr. Cophagus."

"By no means," replied she. "I come to you. I am aware," continued she, in an under tone, "that you dispense medicines, give advice, and receive money yourself."

I felt very much agitated, and the blush of detection mounted up to my forehead. Timothy, who heard what she said, showed his uneasiness in a variety of grotesque ways. He drew up his legs alternately, as if he were dancing on hot plates; he slapped his pockets, grinned, clenched his fists, ground his teeth, and bit his lips till he made the blood come. At last he sidled up to me, "She has been peeping and screwing those eyes of her's into this shop for something. It's all up with both of us, unless you can buy her off."

"I have, madam," said I, at last, "ventured to prescribe in some trivial cases, and, as you say, receive money when my master is not here; but I am entrusted with the till."

"I know—I know—you need not fear me. You are too modest. What I would request is, that you would prescribe for me, as I have no great opinion of your master's talents."

"If you wish it, madam," said I, bowing respectfully.

"You have camphor julep ready made up, have you not?"

"Yes, madam," replied I.

"Then do me the favour to send the boy with a bottle to my house directly." I handed down the bottle, she paid for it, and putting it into Timothy's hands, desired him to take it to the direction which she gave him. Timothy put on his hat, cocked his eye at me, and left us alone.

"What is your name?" said she, in the same melodious voice.

"Japhet Newland, madam," replied I.

"Japhet—it is a good, a scriptural name," said the lady, musing in half soliloquy, "Newland—that sounds of mammon."

"This mystery is unravelled," thought I, and I was right in my conjectures. "She is some fanatical methodist;" but I looked at her again, and her dress disclaimed the idea, for in it there was much taste displayed.

"Who gave you that name?" said she, after a pause.

The question was simple enough, but it stirred up a host of annoying recollections; but not wishing to make a confidant of her, I gently replied, as I used to do in the Foundling Hospital on Sunday morning—"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, ma'am."

"My dear sir, I am very ill," said she, after a pause, "will you feel my pulse?"

I touched a wrist, and looked at a hand that was worthy of being admired. What a pity, thought I, that she should be old, ugly, and half crazy!

"Do you not think that this pulse of mine exhibits considerable nervous excitement? I reckoned it this morning, it was at a hundred and twenty."

"It certainly beats quick," replied I, "but, perhaps, the camphor julep may prove beneficial."

"I thank you for your advice, Mr. Newland," said she, laying down a guinea, "and if I am not better, I will call again, or send for you. Good night."

She walked out of the shop, leaving me in no small astonishment. What could she mean? I was lost in reverie, when Timothy returned. The guinea remained on the counter.

"I met her going home," said he. "Bless me—a guinea—why, Japhet!" I recounted all that had passed. "Well, then, it has turned out well for us instead of ill, as I expected."

The *us* reminded me that we shared profits on these occasions, and I offered Timothy his half; but Tim, with all his *espièglerie* was not selfish, and he stoutly refused to take his share. He dubbed me an M.D., and said I had beat Mr. Cophagus already, for he had never taken a physician's fee.

"I cannot understand it, Timothy," said I, after a few minutes' thought.

"I can," replied Timothy. "She has looked in at the window until she has fallen in love with your handsome face; that's it, depend upon it." As I could find no other cause, and Tim's opinion was backed by my own vanity, I imagined that such must be the case. "Yes, 'tis so," continued Timothy, "as the saying is, there's money bid for you."

"I wish that it had not been by so ill-favoured a person, at all events, Tim," replied I; "I cannot return her affection."

"Never mind that, so long as you don't return the money."

The next evening she made her appearance, bought as before a bottle of camphor julep—sent Timothy home with it, and asking my advice, paid me another guinea.

"Really, madam," said I, putting it back towards her, "I am not entitled to it."

"Yes, you are," replied she. "I know you have no friends, and I also know that you deserve them. You must purchase books, you must study, or you never will be a great man." She then sat down, entered into conversation, and I was struck with the fire and vigour of the remarks, which were uttered in such a melodious tone.

Her visits, during a month, were constant, and every time did she press upon me a fee. Although not in love with her person, I certainly felt very grateful, and moreover was charmed with the superiority of her mind. We were now on the most friendly and confiding terms. One evening, she said to me, "Japhet, we have now been friends some time. Can I trust you?"

"With your life, if it were necessary," replied I.

"I believe it," said she. "Then can you leave the shop and come to me to-morrow evening?"

"Yes, if you will send your maid for me, saying that you are not well."

"I will, at eight o'clock. Farewell, then, till to-morrow."

The next evening I left Timothy in charge, and repaired to her house; it was very respectable in outward appearance, as well as its furniture. I was not, however, shown up into the first floor, but into the room below.

"Miss Judd will come directly, sir," said a tall, meagre, puritanical looking maid, shutting the door upon me. In a few minutes, during which my pulse beat quick, for I could not but expect some disclosure; whether it was to be one of love or murder, I hardly knew which. Miss Aramathea Judd, for such was her christian name, made her appearance, and sitting down on the sofa, requested me to take a seat by her.

"Mr. Newland," said she, "I wish to—and I think I can entrust you with a secret most important to me. Why I am obliged to do it, you will perfectly comprehend when you have heard my story. Tell me, are you attached to me?"

This was a home question to a forward lad of sixteen. I took her by the hand, and when I looked down on it, I felt as if I was. I looked up into her face, and felt that I was not. And as I now was close to her, I perceived that she must have some aromatic drug in her mouth, as it smelt strongly—this gave me the supposition that the breath which drew such melodious tones, was not equally sweet, and I felt a certain increased degree of disgust.

"I am very grateful, Miss Judd," replied I, "I hope I shall prove that I am attached when you confide in me."

"Swear then, by all that's sacred, you will not reveal what I do confide."

"By all that's sacred I will not," replied I, kissing her hand with more fervour than I expected from myself.

"Do me then the favour to excuse me one minute." She left the room, and in a very short time, there returned, in the same dress, in every other point the same person, but with a young and lively face of not more, apparently, than twenty-two or twenty-three years old. I started as if I had seen an apparition. "Yes," said she, smiling, "you now see Aramathea Judd without disguise; and you are the first who has seen that face for more than two years. Before I proceed further, again I say, may I trust you—swear!"

"I do swear," replied I, and took her hand for the book, which this time I kissed with pleasure, over and over again. Like a young jack-ass as I was, I still retained her hand, throwing as much persuasion as I possibly could in my eyes. In fact, I did enough to have softened the hearts of three bonnet-makers. I began to feel most dreadfully in love, and thought of marriage, and making my fortune, and I don't know what; but all this was put an end to by one simple short sentence, delivered in a very decided but soft voice, "Japhet, don't be silly."

I was crushed, and all my hopes crushed with me. I dropped her hand, and sat like a fool.

"And now hear me. I am, as you must have already found out, an impostor; that is, I am what is called a religious adventuress—a new term, I grant, and perhaps only applicable to a very few. My aunt was considered by a certain sect to be a great prophetess, and had the gift of the unknown tongues, which I hardly need tell you, is all nonsense; nevertheless, there are hundreds who believed in her, and do so now. Brought up with my aunt, I soon found out what fools and dupes may be made of mankind by taking advantage of their credulity. She had her religious inspirations, her trances, and her convulsions, and I was always behind the scenes: she confided in me, and I may say that I was her only confidant. You cannot, therefore, wonder at my practising that deceit to which I have been brought up from almost my infancy. In person I am the exact counterpart of what my aunt was at my age, equally so in figure, although my figure is now disguised to resemble that of a woman of her age." I looked when she said this, and perceived that by carrying the bones of her stays up very high, she had contrived to give an appearance of flatness to a breast, which seemed to swell with indignation at such treatment. "I often had dressed myself in my aunt's clothes, put on her cap and front, and then the resemblance was very striking. My aunt fell sick and died, but she promised the disciples that she would reappear to them, and they believed her. I did not. She was buried, and by many her return was anxiously expected. It occurred to me about a week afterwards that I might contrive to deceive them. I dressed in my aunt's clothes, I painted and disguised my face as you have seen, and the deception was complete, even to myself, as I surveyed myself in the glass. I boldly set off in the evening to the tabernacle, which I knew they still frequented—came into the midst of them, speaking in the unknown tongue, and they fell down and worshipped me as a prophetess risen from the dead; deceived, in-

deed, by my appearance, but still more deceived by their own credulity. For two years I have been omnipotent with them; but there is one difficulty which shakes the faith of the new converts, and new converts I must have, Japhet, as the old ones die, or I should not be able to fee my physician. It is this, by habit I can almost throw myself into a stupor or a convulsion, but to do that effectually, to be able to carry on the deception for so long a time, and to undergo the severe fatigue attending such violent exertion it is necessary that I have recourse to stimulants—do you understand?"

"I do," replied I; "I have more than once thought you under the influence of them towards the evening. I'm afraid that you take more than is good for your health."

"Not more than I require for what I have to undergo to keep up the faith of my disciples; but there are many who waver, some who doubt, and I find that my movements are watched. I cannot trust the woman in this house. I think she is a spy set upon me, but I cannot remove her, as this house, and all which it contains, are not mine but belong to the disciples in general. There is another woman, not far off, who is my rival; she calls me an impostor, and says that her's is the true unknown tongue, and mine is not. This will be rather difficult for her to prove," continued she, with a mocking smile, "as neither are or can be understood. Beset as I am, I require your assistance, for you must be aware that it is rather discreditable to a prophetess, who has risen from the dead, to be seen all day at the gin-shop, yet without stimulants now I could not exist."

"And how can I assist you?"

"By sending me, as medicine, that which I dare no longer procure in any other way, and keeping the secret which I have imparted."

"I will do both with pleasure; but yet," said I, "is it not a pity, a thousand pities, that one so young—and if you will allow me to add, so lovely, should give herself up to ardent spirits? Why," continued I, taking her small white hand, "why should you carry on the deception; why sacrifice your health, and I may say your happiness——" What more I might have said I know not, probably it might have been an offer of marriage, but she cut me short.

"Why does every body sacrifice their health, their happiness, their all, but for ambition and the love of power? It is true, as long as this little beauty lasts, I might be courted as a woman, but never should I be worshipped as—I may say—a god. No, no—there is something too delightful in that adoration, something too pleasant in witnessing a crowd of fools stare, and three times my age, falling down and kissing the hem of my garment. This is, indeed, adoration! the delight arising from it is so great, that all other passions are crushed by it—it absorbs all other feelings, and has closed my heart even against love, Japhet. I could not, I would not debase myself, sink so low in my own estimation, as to allow so paltry a passion to have dominion over me; and, indeed, now that I am so wedded to stimulants, even if I were no longer a prophetess, it never could."

"But is not intoxication one of the most debasing of all habits?"

"I grant you, in itself, but with me and in my situation it is dif-

ferent. I fall to rise again, and higher. I cannot be what I am without I simulate—I cannot simulate without stimulants, therefore it is but a means to a great and glorious ambition.”

I had more conversation with her before I left, but nothing appeared to move her resolution, and I left her lamenting, in the first place, that she had abjured love, because, notwithstanding the orris root, which she kept in her mouth to take away the smell of the spirits, I found myself very much taken with such beauty of person, combined with so much vigour of mind; and in the second, that one so young should carry on a system of deceit and self-destruction. When I rose to go away she put five guineas in my hand, to enable me to purchase what she required. “Add to this one small favour,” said I, “Aramathea—allow me a kiss.”

“A kiss,” replied she, with scorn; “no, Japhet, look upon me, for it is the last time you will behold my youth; look upon me as a sepulchre, fair without but unsavory and rottenness within. Let me do a greater kindness, let me awaken your dormant energies, and plant that ambition in your soul, which may lead to all that is great and good—a better path and more worthy of a man than the one which I have partly chosen, and partly destiny has decided for me. Look upon me as your friend; although, perhaps, you truly say, no friend unto myself. Farewell—remember that to-morrow you will send the medicine which I require.”

I left her, and returned home: it was late. I went to bed, and having disclosed as much to Timothy as I could safely venture to do, I fell fast asleep, but her figure and her voice haunted me in my dreams. At one time she appeared before me in her painted enamelled face, and then the mask fell off, and I fell at her feet to worship her extreme beauty; then her beauty would vanish, and she would appear an image of loathsomeness and deformity, and I felt suffocated with the atmosphere impregnated with the smell of liquor. I would wake and compose myself again, glad to be rid of the horrid dream, but again would she appear, with a hydra’s tail, like Sin in Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, wind herself round me, her beautiful face gradually changing into that of a skeleton. I cried out with terror, and awoke to sleep no more, and effectually cured by my dream of the penchant which I felt towards Miss Aramathea Judd.

The next day I sent Timothy to purchase some highly rectified white brandy, which I coloured with a blue tincture, and added to it a small proportion of the essence of cinnamon, to disguise the smell; a dozen large vials, carefully tied up and sealed, were despatched to her abode. She now seldom called unless it was early in the morning; I made repeated visits to her house to receive money, but no longer to make love. One day I requested permission to be present at their meeting, and to this she gave immediate consent; indeed we were on the most intimate terms, and when she perceived that I no longer attempted to play the fool, I was permitted to remain for hours with her in conversation. She had, as she told me she intended, re-enamelled and painted her face, but knowing what beauty was concealed underneath, I no longer felt any disgust.

Timothy was very much pleased at his share of this arrangement,

as he seldom brought her the medicine without pocketing half-a-crown. For two months all went on well, but Timothy had such curiosity to attend one of these meetings, that he himself asked Miss Judd's permission—it was granted; he went there with me, witnessed the scene of folly, duplicity, and credulity, and without my having any idea of what he intended, he formed a project in his own head by which to expose it; his love of fun overcoming all motives arising from interest and prudence.

We had some difficulty to obtain permission for both of us to go out, but Mr. Cophagus consented, as we had not had a holiday for the whole period we had been in his service. He staid at home, and we went to drink tea with Miss Judd, by appointment, as we asserted. But Timothy was determined to go a second time to the meeting, that he might put his projects into execution. I again applied to Mr. Cophagus, little thinking that I was taking a step which would put an end to all the presentation guineas which I received, in return for my supplying Miss Judd with the means of deceiving her disciples.

"Out again," said Mr. Cophagus, "when—um—why—no, no."

I replied that we had free admissions presented to us for one of the minor theatres, and that we had never been to a theatre in our lives.

"Theatre—music—all for nothing—good—what's the play?"

"Mock Doctor, sir, and another."

"Mock Doctor—cut up profession—um—bad—very funny, and so on. Go." And so we went.

Timothy had not taken his basket of medicine on that day, as I thought, and he put it on his arm; but the rogue had delivered it before, still he carried his basket. The disciples were all collected when we arrived, and on our entering the drawing-room, on the first floor, we found Miss Judd in her low pulpit, not a little the worse for liquor, but, nevertheless, all the better able to act her part. I took my place, as I generally did when I went there, behind the pulpit, where I perceived that a store of vials full of my medicine were deposited, in case she should require them, a circumstance which did not escape the mischief-loving Timothy. Miss Judd had just commenced her shrieks—"Ullima! Ullima! protocol parbihi chron ton—Ullima! Ullima!—there is a little light." Two old fools, with spectacles, were taking down the words which escaped from her lips on large books, already filled with her former inspirations, of which they supposed that one day they were to receive the key. Another dose from one of my bottles, which stood beside on the pulpit, and she again commenced her violent gestures and strange jargon—crying out, "There is more light—Ullima! Ullima! Yes, there sure is light—is light;" and then overcome with her violence and frantic gesticulations, she fell down, as they supposed, in a trance, in which she asserted she was permitted to view the mansions of the blessed. I received her into my arms, and laid her on the floor of the room, and now half a dozen old women, who considered that they also had been favoured with the tongues, commenced a simultaneous howl, enough to frighten away the evil spirit. At last

they threw themselves down on the floor in apparent convulsions. Timothy ran to them, and pouring down their throats vial after vial, the contents of which they sucked in greedily, soon made them more outrageous, while the other disciples seated on each side of the room, on two long forms, cried out, "A visitation, a visitation! Hosannah to on high—Hosannah to the prophetess!" This blasphemy continued about half-an-hour, when Aramathea rose, as if recovered from her trance, but the liquor had had its effect; her gait was trembling, and she required my support to gain the pulpit. She had just obtained her position, and, holding on by both hands, was about to address the meeting, when Timothy, who had purchased about two score of sparrows, and had them concealed in his basket, opened the lid and let them all fly; they immediately flew to the lights, which they extinguished, and all was in darkness. To the howling of the drunken old women was now added the cries of alarm. Timothy jumped on the table, and with a piece of phosphorus, which he had in a small vial of water all ready, marked out on his own clothes and person, rib after rib, bone after bone, until he appeared by degrees, to their astonished eyes, to form himself into a fiery skeleton. Then came shrieks of horror and dismay; the uproar was astounding. "Beelzebul Alreddin!—Ulima! Ulima!—Avaunt Ashteroth!—Avaunt Ulima! my Ulima!—Prophetess, where are you?" Up they all rose at last, for fear had hitherto held them to their seats—up they all rose like two coveys of birds, to escape from the evil one, who they imagined had entered into their tabernacle; but Timothy had walked behind the forms, and having procured about two dozen small gimlets, had silently and unperceived, fixed every man and woman by their clothes to the long forms on which they had been seated, so that when they all got up the forms adhered to and connected them all together, and the fall of one or two brought down all the rest, sprawling, kicking, and shrieking on the floor, in their horror and dismay. It was a pandemonium—and Timothy on the table flaming in phosphorus, looked like Satan when he called the fallen angels from the fiery gulf. For myself, aware of what would take place, I drew the now almost insensible form of Aramathea away from the pulpit, and contrived to gain the door and carry her down stairs. Timothy, after adding one or two yells to increase the clamour and dismay, sprang from the table and followed me. Just as we had closed the parlour-door, the police burst in and ascended the stairs, and we took that opportunity to escape, carrying the insensible Aramathea between us. Notwithstanding some opposition, on the part of the crowd collected outside, we contrived to get clear of it, and at last gained the house of Mr. Cophagus.

"Ha!" cried he, opening the door, "what's all this?—young woman—run over—much hurt, and so on?"

"Not very much hurt, sir, I believe," replied I, "but very much frightened," as we carried her into the back parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

Mr. Cophagus proceeded to examine her; he felt her pulse—he opened her eyelids—he smelt her breath. "Ah!" said he, "can't prescribe—bad woman—quite drunk—gin—um—compounds, and so

on." He then went to the door, called a watchman, ordered Miss Judd to be taken to the watchhouse, where she was locked up with all her disciples, who had preceded her. We dared not make any objections. The next day I was informed by report of the exposure which had taken place, and never after that heard any more of Miss Aramathea Judd.

I blamed Timothy very much for his unguarded behaviour, but he defended himself, by observing that it was his duty to unmask hypocrisy so nefarious, and that there could be no good derived from money bestowed, as it had been on us, for such a pernicious confederacy. I could not deny the truth of his observations, and when I reflected, I blushed at the sums I had received and squandered away ; we continued to live in the greatest harmony, and I found favour more and more in the sight of Mr. Cophagus.

(To be continued.)

THE LAY OF A YOUNGER SON.

BY JOHN FRANCIS, ESQ.

I HATE to be a younger son,
It's really quite a bore,
Without a rood of land to bless,
Or hope of getting more ;
To wander in the Park by day,
As I have often done,
And, sighing say, " Alas, alas !
I am a Younger Son !"

Though I'm a poet, and can write
Love verses by the score ;
I never win a heart by that
As others did of yore ;
And, though I sing as few can sing,
And dance, I think, like none,
Yet still the seal is on me set—
I am a Younger Son !

Mammas look very, very shy,
Papás look very black ;
While elder daughters with a sneer
Turn on my suit their back ;

The Lay of a Younger Son

In vain, in vain I joke with them,
 In vain, in vain I pun,
 The laugh is all against myself—
 I am a Younger Son !

Young ladies always are engag'd
 When I request their hands,
 And now I quite abominate
 The sound of Weippert's band ;
 My only pleasure is alone,
 Or with my dog and gun ;
 They neither of them know that I
 Am but a Younger Son !

I am a sear and withered leaf,
 Upon life's rapid tide—
 Louisa will not flirt with me,
 Harriet won't take a ride ;
 And Jane won't take a moonlight stroll,
 Or Anne enjoy my fun ;
 And Caroline is cross, because
 I am a Younger Son !

I see them flirt, and dance, and ride,
 Alas ! I may not mingle ;
 I see them smile to show their teeth
 With others, rich and single ;
 I saw Kate dancing with Sir James,
 Who weighs at least twelve stone,
 But then he's worth his weight in gold—
 I'm a poor Younger Son !

Heiresses look extremely cold
 When I with smiles draw near,
 And guardians with their sober look,
 Say, "What have you a year ?"
 I scarcely have a moment's peace,
 For creditors will dun ;
 Oh ! wherefore, wherefore was I born
 To be a Younger Son ?

I very, very seldom go
 To revel, masque, or rout ;
 Am very, very seldom asked
 To dine or breakfast out ;
 I have no cash to spend in play,
 No studs have I to run ;
 I am uncar'd for and alone,
 A landless Younger Son !

THE OLD SAILOR'S TOUGH YARNS.

Tough Yarns. A Series of Naval Tales and Sketches to please all Hands, from the Swabs on the Shoulders down to the Swabs in the Head. By the OLD SAILOR, Author of "Greenwich Hospital," &c. Embellished by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.

HERE, most placable reader, is a title for thee, pregnant with fun, and deeply prophetic of humour, drollery, and all those joyous emotions that so opportunely come to oil the springs of the overworn heart, and prevent the cankering rust from wearing them away, and utterly destroying their healthful elasticity. The title is no vain-glorious boast. It is even modest, as it regards the merits of the work which it prefaces. We have lately had a few excellent naval works, among which these *tough yarns* may take a conspicuous station; but we want more of them. They have a surprising, though quiet effect upon the national character, and we feel convinced that, if the honest-hearted and brave sons of the navy have originated them, these works, in their turn, have done no little towards creating and extending that heroic spirit that has made, and will make, the honest Jack tar as much the admiration, as he is the wonder, of all the world, England excepted, where his character is so familiar, that we leave the wonder out of reckoning, or rather read it thus, admiration and love. But Jack, notwithstanding his stamina, grows old. He becomes not only weather beaten, but wind seared—he does a reverence to time, that he would not to a two-and-forty pounder, coming on point blank—he stoops to it; even his iron muscles shrink up, his frame, like his throat, grows dry, and adust—but his heart, nothing can touch that—it will be the same while it has strength to give one throb—and in death, as in life, it will ever be found to be in the right place. But let us get a better view of some of these "ancient mariners." It is the hand of our intelligent author that shall point them out to us.

"Ay, there they stand! the veterans of the ocean, bidding defiance to care and sorrow, full of mirth and jollity, although they are moored in *tiers*. They are critics too, *deep* critics; but they cannot fancy the steam vessel with a chimney for a mast, and fifty yards of smoke for a pendant. These are the men that Smollett pictured—the Jack Rattlins and the Tom Pipes of former years. Ay, those were *rattling* days and *piping* times! There is no place upon earth, except Greenwich, in which we can now meet with them, or find the weather-roll or lee-lurch to perfection. They are all thorough bred, and a thorough-bred seaman is one of the drollest compounds in existence; a mixture of all that is ludicrous and grave—of undaunted courage and silly fear. I do not mean the every-day sailor, but the bold, daring, intrepid man-of-war's man; he who in the heat of action primed his wit and his gun together, without a fear of either missing fire."

Now this is a rich, a glowing, and a living picture, and even the puns, that appear like specks upon its surface, seem more like beauty-spots upon the face of a fine woman, than blemishes. In this we have Jack, as an abstract idea; his mentality, (if there be such a word,) and

not his corporeal fame; but that is supplied—and how excellently!—by the inimitable George Cruikshank. Do but study for some five minutes, the etching, intitled “Greenwich Pensioners.” Is there not concentrated an epic of battle and wild adventure in every battered countenance. We may almost hear the yarn, that he, who rejoices in the triangular hat, is spinning. But we must go on with the description, and take a few more of his moral bearings.

“Place confidence in what he says, and he will use no deception; doubt his word, and he will indulge you with some of the purest rhodomontade that ingenious fancy can invent. He will swear that he had a messmate who knew the man in the moon, and on one occasion went hand-over-hand up a rainbow to pay him a visit. He himself was once powder-monkey in the Volcano bomb, and he will tell you a story of his falling asleep in the mortar at the bombardment of Toulon, and his *body* being discharged from its mouth instead of a *carcass*. With all the precision of an engineer, he will describe his evolutions in the air when they fired him off, and the manner in which he was saved from being dashed to pieces in his fall. All this he repeats without a smile upon his countenance, and he expects you to believe it: but you may soon balance the account, for tell him what absurdity you will, he receives it with the utmost credulity, and is convinced of its truth. His courage is undoubted, for he will stand on the deck undismayed amidst the blood and slaughter of battle; yet, on shore, he is seized with indescribable apprehensions at the sight of a coffin. The wailings of distress find a ready passport to his heart; but to disguise the real motives which prompt immediate aid, he swears that the object of his charity does not deserve a copper, yet gives a pound with only this provision—that the individual relieved does not bother him about gratitude. You may know him from a thousand; for though in his dress conspicuously neat, and his standing and running rigging in exact order, yet they are arranged with a certain careless ease, as if he had but just come down from reefing top-sails. The truck at the mast-head does not sit better than his tarpaulin hat, neither does the shoe upon the pea of the anchor fit tighter than his long-quartered pumps. Grog is his ambrosia, his *nectar*; and he takes it cold without sugar, that he may have the full smack of the rum.”

This is true; he is most excellent at a credence. He never thinks that he can believe too much; he would make an excellent Roman Catholic, for his faith boggles at nothing. But when he indemnifies himself by inventing the wonders that he would have believed, had another related them,—he hardly thinks that he is lying; indeed, he is often unconscious of it. It is in this case that his credulity cheats his probity. He has the best right in the world to believe any thing; for, has he not, with his “own blessed eyes,” seen the Spectre Ship, and the Flying Dutchman? and he will repel with indignation the insinuation that he had been cook on the day the apparition appeared to him, just at seven bells in the first watch. Thus, when he tells you a lie, it is with the honest conviction that he is relating a fact, only that he knows that he had not the good luck to be witness to the miracle, which knowledge, of course, he takes care to keep to himself. Well do we remember an otherwise intelligent gunner, who was in the habit of telling three or four of the most impossible lies that the father of them could himself have imagined, and which he himself implicitly believed; of course, they were continually doubted by those whom he used to honour with the narration: this much annoyed him; and, in order to set the matter at rest, he would swear that he had been an eye witness to what could, by no stretch of the imagination, be conceived to have happened. It was rather a dangerous matter that, the hearing of his stories, as he prided himself upon being,

though only a warrant officer, a gentleman. You had your choice of either assenting to his miracles, or any one of those pistols of his, which he kept in such excellent order. We rather conjecture that Napoleon must have borrowed one of the noblest traits of his character from this same keeper of naval artillery, and letting off thunderers, of ours. When the crowned, and the crowning emperor was in company with his brother potentates, he would most magnanimously relate anecdotes, commencing with, "when I was a subaltern," &c. &c. So it was in like manner with our gunner, who used to prologue his prodigies with, "When I was before the mast." It is a pity when he advanced *backwards*, he did not leave his wonders behind him.

And, having acquitted the real tar of the charge of lying through *malice prepense*, let us see, when he has actual facts to deal with, how he will acquit himself. Now this, that follows, a description of the commencement of the action of Trafalgar, is, for graphic force, equal to any thing of Livy's.

" 'Ay, and a glorious day it was, too, for Old England,' replied the tar. 'Never shall I forget the enthusiasm which animated every breast, as we bore down to engage; it was indeed a noble sight, and so your honour would have said, if you had but have seen the winged giants of the deep as they marched majestically before the breeze, all ready to hurl their thunders at the foe. But the best scenes were at the quarters, where the bold captains of each gun stood cool and undaunted, waiting for the word: but for the matter o' that every soul, fore and aft, seemed to be actuated by one and the same spirit. 'Look there, Ben,' said Sam Windsail, pointing out of the port-hole at the Royal Sovereign, just entering into action. 'look there, my Briton; see how she moves along, like a Phœnix in the midst of fire—there's a sight would do any body's heart good. I'd bet my grog, (and that's the *lick-sir* of life,) I say I'd bet my grog agen a marine's button, that old Colly's having a desperate bowse at his breeches; he's clapping on a taut hand, I'll be bound for him.' Just then the Sovereign hauled up a little, and opened her fire. 'Didn't I say so,' continued Sam; 'look at that! my eyes but he makes 'em sheer agen! Well behaved, my sons of thunder! The old gemman knows the French are fond of dancing, so he's giving them a few *balls* and *routs*! Ay, ay, we shall be at it presently, never fear; our old chap ar'n't the boy to be long idle, but then, d'ye mind, he never does things by *halves*; so he loves close *quarters*, and as he is rather *near* with his cartridges, why he doesn't like to throw a shot away. Homsomever, he'll go it directly, like a doctor's written orders—this powder and these pills to be taken immediately—eh, Ben? Next comes funny-section, or flay-bottomy, as the surgeons call it:—my eyes, there goes old Colly's breeches agen, he'll make a breach in the enemy's line directly; ay, he's a right arnest sally-mander.' By this time, your honour, we'd got within gun-shot, and the enemy opened a tremendous fire upon the leading ships of our division, which played up old Scratch upon the fokstle, poop, and main-deck; for as we bore down nearly stem on, and there was but a light breeze, they raked us fore and aft.'"

We must, however, remark, that Jack's Pegasus is something of a sea monster—a poetical compound of the Triton and the American craken. But in the quotation above, he has got, for a short time, across the back of a steed that does not belong to him. "The winged giants of the deep, &c., marching." Ah, this is too scholastic, it has the aroma of the birch about it, and none of that sea-salt flavour, so relishing. Jack knows better than to clap wings on his giants, in order to make idlers of them. March, indeed! and with wings too. March! why the word belongs to the marines. Just here our talented author is coming Homer over us. He naps. But he is soon awakened, in all the manliness of his strength. He grows warm with the action

the author sinks as fast as the enemy's ships, and nothing but the British seaman appears.

" ' Well, d'ye see, close upon our quarter came the Trimmer-rare, 98, and as we hauled up a little, we brought our larboard broadside to bear upon the great Spanish four-decker;—there, that's she in the picture showing her galleries, just by the Victory's stern:—so we brought our broadside to bear, and oh, if you had but have seen the eager looks of the men as they pointed their guns, determined to make every shot tell,—and a famous mark she was, too, looming out of the water like Beachy-head in a fog. ' Stand by,' says Sam Windsail, looking along the sight with the match in his hand; ' stand by, my boy; so, so—elevate her breech a bit—that will do. Now, then, for the Santizzy-mama-Trinny-daddy, and I lay my life I knock daylight through his ribs. Fire!' and the barking irons gave mouth with all their thunder. A few minutes afterward, and slap we poured another raking broadside into the Spaniard, and then fell aboard a French seventy-four.

" ' Well, there, d'ye see, we lay, rubbing together with the muzzles of the lower deckers touching one another. When our guns were run in for loading, the ports were instantly occupied by the small-arm men, and several attempts were made to board the enemy. At this time one of the Frenchmen kept thrusting at us with a boarding-pike, and pricked Tim Doyle in the face. ' Och, the devil's cure to you,' bawled Tim; ' what do you mane by poking at me in that way? A joke's a joke, but poking a stick in a fellow's eye is no joke, any how; be aisey then, darlint, and mind your civility.' As soon as we had fired, in came the pike agen, and Tim got another taste of it. ' Och bother,' said Tim, ' if that's your tratement of a neighbour, the devil wouldn't live next door to yes! But faith, I'll make you come out o' that, and may be you'll be after just paying me a visit.' So he catches hold of a boat-hook that was triced up in a-midships, and watching his opportunity, he hooked Johnny Crapeau by the collar, and lugged him out of one port-hole in at the other, without allowing him time to bid his shipmates good-by. ' Is it me you'd be poking at, ye blackguard?' said Tim, giving him a thump with his fist. ' Is it Tim ye wanted to spit like a cock-sparrow or a tom-tit? Arrah, swate bad luck to yes,—sit down and make yer life aisey; by the powers there'll be a pair o'ye presently.' But Tim was disappointed, for they let down the lowerdeck ports for fear we should board them through the port-holes.

" ' Soon after, both ships dropped aboard the Trimmer-rare; and then we ploughed up the Frenchman's decks with our shot, whilst she lay grinding and groaning in betwixt us. It was just now that young Rivers was struck, and his leg knocked away; but his spirit remained unsubdued, and as they took him down to the cock-pit, he cheered with all his might, and shortly after the hero himself was conveyed below. At first, the news of his being wounded seemed to stagnate all hands, and each stood looking at the other in fearful anxiety; but in a few minutes, resolution again returned, the shots were rammed home with redoubled strength, though at times the men would struggle with their feelings, and give vent to their grief and indignation. At every opportunity inquiries were made, and when the news of his death reached our quarters,—' He's gone!' said Sam, ' his anchor's a-weigh, and the blessed spirits are towing him to immortality.' "

Let the enthusiastic reader, gentle he can no longer be, amidst all this noise, uproar, and thunder crash of battle; let then the reader mark the several and particular beauties of this description, at once Homeric and droll—Epic Poetry, with a grin on her countenance, and a quid of pigtail in her cheek. In the first place, the Temeraire, despising the imputation conveyed in her name, no longer rash, but a trimmer-rare—that is, about to give her opponent a rare trimming. There is something abstruse, and symbolical, even in the phraseology. More is meant, depend upon it, than meets the eye. But when we come to the Santizzy-mama-Trinny-daddy, we find the huge four-decker, laden with a whole family of fun, mother and father included. The blind bard of the Trojan war had, for every battle that he sang, an episode; but did he ever give the world anything better than the digression, which does not digress, of the heroic Tom Doyle and his

boat hook? That is the way that a battle ought to be fought, and just the way too, in which we like to have it told.

But we must now give our respected author the very gentlest rap over the knuckles that Charity herself could administer. He is too apt to let the ink put aside the tar, and permit the author to peep out from the pea jacket. Speaking of Lady Hamilton, Jack begins in the regular marble-covered novel style, a style that he never understood, and would abhor if he could.

" ' A woman, your honour,—one full of smiles and sweetness ; but she could gaze with indifference on a deed of blood, and exult over the victim her perfidy betrayed. It is a long story, sir, but I must tell it you that you may not think Nelson was cruel or unjust. His generous heart was deceived, and brought a stain upon the British flag, which he afterwards washed out with his blood. Obedience is the test of a seaman's duty—to reverence his king, and to fight for his country. This I have done, and therefore speak without fear, though I know nothing of parliament and politics.

" ' Well, your honour, it was at the time when there was a mutiny among the people at Naples, and Prince Caraccioli was compelled to join one of the parties against the court ; but afterwards a sort of amnesty, or *damnification*, I think they call it, was passed by way of pardon to the rebels, many of whom surrendered, but they were all made prisoners and numbers of them were executed.

" ' Well, one day I was standing at the gangway getting the barge's sails ready, when a shore-boat came alongside full of people, who were making a terrible noise. At last they brought a venerable old man up the side ; he was dressed as a peasant, and his arms were pinioned so tight behind that he seemed to be suffering considerable pain. As soon as they had all reached the deck, the rabble gathered round him, some cursing, others buffeting, and one wretch, unmindful of his grey hairs, spat upon him. This was too much to see and not to speak about ; the man was their prisoner, and they had him secure—the very nature of his situation should have been sufficient protection ; so I gave the unmannerly fellow a tap with this little fist,' holding up a hand like a sledge-hammer, ' and sent him flying into the boat again without the aid of a rope.' ' Well done, Ben ! ' exclaimed a young midshipman, who is now a post-captain ; ' well done, my boy, I owe you a glass of grog for that ; it was the best summerset I ever saw in my life.' ' Thank you for your glass o'grog, sir,' said I, ' you see I've made a tumbler already ; ' and indeed, your honour, he spun head over heels astonishingly clever. I was brought up to the quarter-deck for it, to be sure, because they said I had used the *why-hit-armis* ; but I soon convinced them I had only used my fist, and the young officer who saw the transaction stood my friend, and so I got off.' "

All this is very well, excepting the commencement, but we do not exactly see the propriety of raking up the story at all. It is a dark affair, and it is much better for the glory of England, so intimately mixed up with the deeds of Nelson, to consign it to the completest oblivion, save when history may sternly demand the truth. In a book of this nature, which is avowedly written to celebrate the fame, and uphold our naval enthusiasm, all mention of the "untoward" subject should have been avoided. We shall therefore allude to it no more, but pass on to pleasanter scenes and more alluring topics.

The whole story, (ah, that it were but a story !) of the mutiny on board the *Hermione*, and the gallant achievement of her recapture from the Spaniards, is a curious mixture of humour, horror, and pathos. It will force upon every patriotic mind, matter for the deepest reflection. Not only must mutiny be put down with "the strong hand," but every pre-disposition to it quenched immediately, even if it be done with blood. We should instil into the noble bosoms of our seamen, that it is more heroic to endure tyranny, than to avenge

it by murder, mutiny, or even insubordination. Though they may deem that they have private injuries to resent, they must be taught to reflect, that they have a country that they love; and parents or connexions, indeed, whose welfare is mixed up with theirs; and the indulgence of resentment may compromise all those relations that ought to be, and are, so dear to them. Though we feel it our duty to lift up thus a warning voice to the unlettered seaman, ought we not also to speak in tones of thunder to him, who, by a moral perversity, should be induced to dishonour the sacred trust imposed upon him, by exercising his command tyrannically? The gentleman, the delicately nurtured, the carefully instructed, bad, intrinsically bad must he be, if he tortures the best feelings, or sports with the happiness, of hundreds whom he ought to command as a warrior, and love as a parent. But at present, as the navy is now constituted, it is almost impossible that there should, and we believe that there does not, exist such a character among its members. For justice, humanity, and a religious respect for all manly feelings, through the various grades of the service, from the swab-washer to the swab-wearer, the present race of captains may challenge the world. It is true, that the private character of the commander influences much less than it formerly did, owing to the many regulations, and perhaps, overmuch interference of the Admiralty, the discipline and comforts of a ship's company; yet still, very much depends upon him; and that dependence is the best pledge of the happiness of the crew.

Speaking of the ultra-interference of along-shore parliamentary orators, who have urged on the powers to regulate the navy, and make the seaman a character that his very life and habits never intended him to be, we cannot help hazarding the assertion, that the British tar of forty years ago, approached as near to perfection, for every thing that was useful and efficient, as it is possible for floating humanity to attain. We are fully corroborated in our opinion by the *Old Sailor*.

" 'The navy, your honour, is the pillars of the state; but if the props are unsound, the whole heady-phiz must tumble to the dust; and oh, to see the flag under which I've fought and bled—that flag, whose influence caused such signal exertions in the fleet 'when Nelson gained the day,'—humbled before the white rag of a Frenchman, or pecked at by the double-headed eagle!—nay, what is worse, degraded in the sight of the stripes and stars! My fervent prayer is, that before the day arrives, these old bones may be hove-down for a full due, and buried in the hollow wave. 'Twould break my heart.

" 'Howsomever, all this comes of trying to make *Jack a gentleman*, a title he once despised; but what with the quibble-hums of lawyers, and the comflogistications of parsons, his head gets filled with proclamations, and his brains whirl round like the dog-vane in a calm. I beg your honour's pardon, though, for troubling you with so many of my remarks upon the subject; but it must be evident to every body that tars have arrived at a bad pitch, and though I'm no croaker, (I don't mean him as was at the Admiralty,) yet my spirit is stirred up and must have vent. I sees they have tried to put a stop to smuggling, by taking off the duties. That is as it should be; but there's another thing I wish, and that is, to get a petition to parley-ment for all the old hard-a-weathers at Greenwich to have their 'bacca duty free. Why, sir, it would be an act of piety; and the worthy old quidnuncs, when they take their chaw, or blow a cloud, would bless 'em for it.'"

This quotation introduces a tale that we know to be fact, yet it is a fact that could not happen *now*. The captain would have forfeited

his commission, besides being ruined afterwards in the Exchequer Court, by such, we had almost said, noble conduct. We are not going to quote the occurrence, as it would not be fair to give, at second hand, all the *bonnes-bouches* of our author.

The anecdote of the mountain-master is rich with humour, and Cruikshank has done it ample justice. There we see that mass of gallant flesh "larding the lean earth," and, pistol in each hand, driving before him, in all the panoply of military pride arrayed, three dragoon officers, prisoners to his single "two arms." The plumed casque, the terror-inspiring moustache, the swordless scabbard, and "all the glorious pomp and circumstance of war" are shindying before Mr. Soundings with a most awkward, and an enforced humility. All this is a well authenticated fact. Sir Sydney Smith, with a party of his officers, were surprised on shore, and charged by a regiment of French dragoons. The master, owing to his immense corpulence, was overthrown, and lay for dead in the ridge of a field. The other officers, not having so many stone to carry, gained their boats, when a simultaneous discharge of grape from the ship, and the launch drove back the horse, and as they retreated over the very field where Mr. Soundings lay, recovering his breath, three of the soldiers, in trying to clear the ridge, that had now become the master's fortalice, being unhorsed, he sprang up, and captured them, and actually bagged, that is, boated his prisoners fairly. But perfectly to enjoy all this, the reader must see how the author relates, and the artist engraves it. Had it not been so long, we should most certainly have extracted it. This nautical Sir John Falstaff will, we feel assured, excite almost as many grins on the lower deck, as has his noble prototype in the upper galleries. We cannot refuse to ourselves, nor to our readers, the pleasure of giving the following anecdote of that gallant fellow, Captain Troubridge, the father of the present Sir Thomas.

" 'I was aboard the *ould Culloden*, 74, along with Troubridge up the Mediterranean; and one day a boat comes along-side and up mounts a Neapolitan officer, his rigging dress'd out in gold lace and stars, so that he looked like a man-cake of gilt gingerbread. So he goes aft into the cabin, and tells the captain the Neapolitan troops were going to attack the French in a small fortified town on the coast, and Captain Troubridge being commodore, he had made bould to ax him for one of the sloop-of-war brigs to cannonade 'em by sea whilst the sodgers stormed 'em by land; and he talked so big of the bravery of his men, that it was enough to make a fellow believe that they cared no more for a bagonet than they did for a sail-needle, and no more for a two-and-thirty pound shot than they did for a ball of spun-yarn, and it puzzled me to think how the captain could hoist it all in; for he bowed very politely, and told the officer 'he made no doubt that they would eat all they killed;' and the officer bowed again almost to the deck, and he kept bending and bending like a ship heeling over to sudden gusts from the land. Howsomever, the skipper grants him the eighteen-gun brig, and then they began to overhaul a goodish deal about the plan of attack; and the Neapolitan observed that if the captain would let 'em have a frigate instead of the brig, it would be much better and must ensure success. So the captain, very good-humouredly, countermands the order for the brig, and makes the signal for the captain of one of the frigates; and then they conversed together again, and the count—they called him a count, but Lord love you! he wouldn't count for nothing among British sodgers:—I say, the count danced about the cabin as if he was charging the French garrison, and cutting 'em up into four-pound pieces. Well, ashore he goes, and the frigate's signal was made to unmoor and prepare for sea; when aboard comes the count again to say the commander-in-chief requested a line-of-battle ship might be sent instead of the frigate, as it would place the victory

beyond a doubt; and after some backing and filling about the matter, Troubridge consented, and the brig was ordered to get under way and direct one of the seventy-fours outside to proceed to the place appointed. So away goes the count, though it was plain to see the skipper warn't over and above pleased with the shuffling; but still he hoped the French would be beat, and ill as he could spare the seventy-four, the sloop was soon walking away under her canvas and had got to some distance; when along-side comes the count again and goes into the cabin; but he hadn't been long there before he comes again holus-bolus through the door-way, and the skipper in his wake with a face like scarlet, kicking the count under his counter, and starting him endways like seven bells half-struck. The count scratched his indecencies and run along the quarter-deck, with ould Troubridge belabouring him, and hollaing out, 'D—— his eyes, first a brig, then a frigate, and next a line-of-battle ship; and now he won't fight arter all!' So the count jumped into his boat, the brig was recalled, and the French kept possession till the army retreated, and then they capitulated.'"

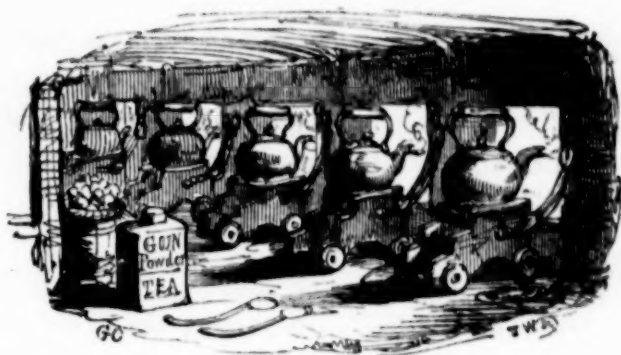
It is certain that we are no longer in the "good old times." We have much improved in our manners, and English naval captains no longer kick cowardly Neapolitan counts. In the present day, instead of a hearty kicking, there would be an active protocolling, and it may be an improvement; but still, we have a latent affection for those toes of the gallant Troubridge; we shall, therefore, maintain that the gallant captain's foot *expedited* the business admirably.

The author now comes to a question on which we disagree with him. He is averse to the substitution of tea and other luxuries, for the former usual allowance of spirits, or wine, to the seamen. We detest the cant of temperance societies; but the measure in question we cannot look upon as one of its offsprings. The former allowance was too much. But the author argues that the seaman lived long upon it, throve well upon it, and, what was better than all, fought well upon it. Instances of drunkenness occurred, on account of the man who officiated as cook for the day taking to himself a portion of each of his messmate's grog. To be cook, and to be drunk, were sometimes synonymous. But the same thing can take place upon the reduced, as well as upon the former quantity. Besides, the scarcity of a thing always adds to the zest of it. If Jack would before sacrifice his all to obtain more grog, when he got a half-pint of rum to make it with, what will he now do when he has only a gill? Just sufficient to sharpen his appetite and inflame his throat. Cocoa-wash, tea-pot-rincings, and all such watery beverages, *may* be good for a maintopman's physical constitution, but there is no moral value in these watery decoctions. The drinker of them may flinch from the whizz of a forty-two pounder, without creating much surprise. But the British tar with his full allowance, and no more, of two water grog, or even half-and-half upon trying occasions, to suppose him guilty of any thing that implies nervousness, would be as bad as to assert that he never assisted Collingwood or Nelson to conquer, or enabled his country single-handed to beat all the world. Our author is of this opinion. We disagree with him, but we like his humour.

" 'Why, to be sure I do,' replied the other; 'we were messmates for three years, and a worthy soul Bill was, too. He could spin a yarn that would last the whole look-out; and then, like some of your magazines, he continued it in the next. He was brave, too; but I fear we shall never muster many such as he again.'

“ ‘Cause why ?” said my old chaperon. ‘ they don’t steer the right course to gain the point : who’d live burning under the line with only half allowance of grog ? or in the regard of the matter o’that, what heart could go boldly into action that was swamped in *tea-water* ? The parsons may say what they please, but they ar’n’t more fond of the kettle nor other folks, unless they takes it warm with a couple o’ lumps o’ sugar. But most of our tars are now in foreign sarvices, and teaching their art to our enemies.’ ”

Cruikshank, too, has admirably supported the author’s opinion. Look at his line of molly-coddle tea-kettles, mounted upon the main-deck upon the gun-carriages, his cannisters of sugar and gunpowder (tea), and the spooney spoons, instead of the truculent rammers, equally good at driving home wad and shot, or a Frenchman overboard : look at all this, and confess that it contains exquisite ridicule.



We do not suppose for a moment, that the author means to justify, or even attempt to extenuate, intemperance, whilst he advocates cheerfulness, that twin-sister of health, and mother of valour. But we like a joke, whenever it carries a point, though we cannot agree with the inventors of it, and we like George’s funny illustration.

The *old sailor*, in his tough yarns, has a very curious felicity in making his seamen murder the king’s English. Indeed, they do it so happily, that we are sure, could the words speak, for themselves, any other syllable than which it pleases their high mightinesses, their constituent vowels and consonants, to vouchsafe to them, they would make use of the privilege to ask to be so happily murdered over again. Take this for an example.

“ ‘ That’s a bonnie lad there,’ said the captain’s lady, leaning on the arm of the marine officer, and pointing to Bill ; ‘ a bonnie lad, in gude truth, Mr. M——.’ ‘ Yes, ma’am,’ replied the officer, ‘ a fine muddle for a Polly.’ But, Lord love you ! as for being muddled, why he was as sober as a judge, and warn’t no more like a Polly than this pewter pot’s like a wooden platter.’ ”

We need not point out the nice sympathy between the mistake and the reality, for a young chap who was handsome enough to stand for the model of an Apollo, might well be supposed to muddle the wits of many a Polly. But we are exhausting our space, and even “Tough Yarns” must have an end. It might be thought that we should slightly castigate some of the very outrageous puns that are so plentifully scattered over this most amusing work, but the honest

and fearless effrontery with which they are made, entirely disarms our criticism. There is about them an intrepidity of absurdity, an asking of your confidence, with so much roguish good-humour, that it would be a sort of social treason to find fault with them. Yet faults many cold-blooded reasoners will think them. The only serious objection that we can find to the "Old Sailor" is, when he attempts the fine writer. This he does not do often, and, therefore, he can seldom incur blame. But take this as a specimen of his sinning.

"At this critical juncture, Tom received information that his parent was rapidly hastening to the mansions of immortality,—'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' He had recently arrived in England full of joyous anticipation; but he found the *silver cord* of existence was loosened, and the *golden bowl* dashed from his lips:—he reached his home just time enough to receive the last farewell benediction of his dying mother."

Excepting at those rare times when our "Old Sailor," gets upon his literary stilts, he writes elegantly, forcibly, and most naturally. His humour is at once easy and strong, and has a gusto about it that may be well compared to rich brandy mellowed by age. One more extract we must make for its own sake.

" 'There was Mrs. R——, the captain's wife of the L—— frigate; though for the matter o' that, *she* was captain, although only rated as mate. Ah, that was an Irish ship; captain Irish—officers Irish—men Irish; the ship's name ought to have been Pat. She dearly loved her lads—her boys, as she called them—particularly Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the first lieutenant, though the midshipmen knew pretty well how to get the weather-gage of her, especially when their case was in a pitiable condition, 'showing a beggarly account of empty bottles.' She was a lady, every inch of her, and used to come round the mess-deck morning, noon, and night, to see that all hands were comfortable and happy. If any body wanted liberty, it was only spinning a yarn to the petticoat captain, and they had it directly. Well, d'ye see, we had orders to sail; and so, to the great grief of all hands, Mrs. R—— was obliged to leave us, with a heavy heart and sorrowful countenance. 'But never mind, boys!' says she, 'may be you'll come back some day; and then, oh!—good bye to you, my boys, and stand by your captain to the last, like Erin's own sons. Remember, Irishmen must never lose their laurel!' And so we gave her three cheers as she went over the side.

" 'Well, after several months' absence on a long cruise, we once more reached Spithead, and in a day or two a pretty little yacht came working in from St. Helen's to the anchorage. The officers got their glasses, and word was soon passed that our friend, Mrs. R—— was on board of her. All hands crowded on deck,—not an officer or man remained below. The captain took his station on the quarter-deck abaft, the officers, especially the midshipmen, were more in advance, while at the gangway stood the old master-at-arms, Michael Malone.

" 'Mich was a perfect original—neither sailor nor sodger—but a strict disciplinarian, as all the boys in the ship could testify. He was, in fact, the very squint-essence of an Irishman. On nine hairs of his head was stuck a little trencher-like hat, with a roof not much bigger than half-a-crown. Behind projected a tail-piece that would have puzzled Hogarth. It was about nine inches long, and stretched out from the neck in an horror-zontal direction, like a tiller shipped the wrong way. His jacket was of a sandy-grey russet, embellished with ornamental designs of all colours and shapes. Huge pockets, well filled with rolls of paper, were prominent features, his trowsers (barring the breaches) well patched with corduroy, and his legs were sometimes cased in leather, that had formerly been a pair of military boots; but now, by continual cobbling, had lost their prime-itive shape and looked like a couple of fire-buckets. His countenance was open; for he had a marvellous mouth, that stretched as wide as a turnpike-gate; and his nose hung dangling down, as if to see that nothing passed through without paying toll. But for his eyes, he

had a pair of odd ones, that gave you the most agreeable squint in the world, and made him see two ways at once. Many a poor boy has got thrashed for quizzing him, thinking he was looking another way.

" ' Well, there old Mich stood, adjusting his cravat with the utmost gravity, when Mrs. R—— came over the side. Of course every body expected she would have walked aft to the captain; but her delight was so great, that she no sooner got upon the deck than she caught old Mich (being nearest) round the neck, and began kissing him like fury. Mich, equally pleased, returned her embrace with interest, to the great amusement of every soul, fore-and-aft. ' Oh, my boys—my boys !' says she, as soon as Mich let her get breath; ' joy to the hour that I see you again ! Arrah ! R—— dear, sure, and I'm so happy !'—So catching the captain in her arms, she gave full evidence of the fact.

" ' The officers wiped their mouths and smacked their lips, expecting it would go round, and were anticipating the salute of her sweet kiss, for she was really a beautiful woman; but they were disappointed; for the first moment of exquisite feeling having subsided, she became sensible of what had passed. Howsoever, the captain laughed heartily, and old Mich looked as if he was ready for a second edition. Mrs. R—— called him and apologized for her conduct, blushing all the time most glowingly. ' Och !' says she, ' my joy was so great that I couldn't help it !'

" ' Be aisey, my lady, be aisey,' says Mich: ' I'd do the same for your ladyship any day, and every day. Sure, didn't I have the best of it, then? Faith, and I did, any how; for I gave you two for one. Oh, don't mention it, my lady.'

" ' Well, and all hands had an extra allowance of grog, and Mich declared that 'twas the happiest day of his life; for her ladyship's two lips were like full-blown roses, moistened with dews; and but for his ugly nose, that came in the way, he would have had half a dozen more.' "

We must now draw to a conclusion, and as we feel that we have made a purely impartial critique, we trust that the reader will think that he has occasion, like ourselves, to congratulate the lovers of wit, and the admirers of our British tars, and the literary commonwealth, with the possession of a volume, that will tend, as did the inimitable songs of Dibdin, to foster that indomitable spirit among our seamen, that has borne England triumphant through a sea of dangers, over which no other nation could have triumphed but England, nor England without her unconquerable navy. These yarns will be read by those whose valour and drollery they commemorate; and they will feel a just pride that their humble and honest manners are not beneath the attention and applause of people who write books, and of those that read them too, a distinction that will swell Jack's bosom with a feeling wonderfully exhilarating, for he thinks, judging from his own experience, that to write a book, must be almost as hard as to reef top-sails in a minute and a-half, though not quite so glorious, and by far less dangerous. The " Old Sailor" will have Jack's gratitude, and he may be assured, that, in giving his work to the public he has done his country a good—and a public good, is, with the right thinking, always a glory.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.¹

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

BEHOLD me then, "hot with the fray, and weeping from the fright," confined in a locomotive prison with my sullen captor. I blubbered in one corner of the coach, and he surveyed me with stern indifference from another. I had now fairly commenced my journey through life, but this beginning was any thing but auspicious. At length, the carriage stopped at a place I have since ascertained to be near Hatton Garden, on Holborn Hill. We alighted, and walked into a house, between two motionless pages, excessively well dressed. At first, they startled me, but I soon discovered they were immense waxen dolls. It was a ready made clothes' warehouse into which we had entered. We went up stairs, and I was soon equipped with three excellent suits. My grief had now settled down into a sullen resentment, agreeably relieved, at due intervals, by breath-catching sobs. The violence of the storm had passed, but its gloom still remained. Seeing the little gladness that the possession of clothes, the finest I had yet had, communicated to me, my director could not avoid giving himself the pleasureable relief of saying "Sulky little brute." A trunk being sent for, and my wardrobe placed in it, we then drove to three or four other shops, not forgetting a hatter's, and in a very short space of time, I had a very tolerable fit-out. During all this time not a word did my silent companion address to me.

At length the coach no longer rattled over the stones. It now proceeded on more smoothly, and here and there the cheerful green foliage relieved the long lines of houses. After about a half-hour's ride, we stopped at a large and very old-fashioned house, built in strict conformity with the Elizabethan style of architecture, over the portals of which, upon a deep blue board, in very, very bright gold letters, flashed forth that word so awful to little boys, so big with associations of long tasks and wide-spreading birch, the Greek-derived polysyllable, ACADEMY. Ignorant as I was, I understood it all in a moment. I was struck cold as the dew-damp grave-stone. I almost grew sick with terror. I was kidnapped, entrapped, betrayed. I had before hated school, my horror now was intense of "Academy." I looked piteously into the face of my persecutor, but there I found no sympathy. "I want to go home," I roared out, and then burst into a fresh torrent of tears.

Home! what solace is there in its very sound! Oh, how that blessed asylum for the wounded spirit encloses within its sacred circle all that is comforting, and sweet, and holy! 'Tis there that the soul coils itself up and nestles like the dove in its own downiness, conscious that every thing around breathes of peace, security, and love. Home! henceforward, I was to have none, until, through many, many

¹ Continued from p. 209.

years of toil and misery, I should create one for myself. Henceforth, the word must bring to me only the bitterness of regret—henceforth I was to associate with hundreds, who had that temple in which to consecrate their household affections—but was, myself, doomed to be unowned, unloved, and homeless.

“I want to go home,” I blubbered forth with the pertinacity of anguish, as I was constrained into the parlour of the truculent, rod-bearing, ferula-wielding Mr. Root. I must have been a strange figure. I was taken from my nurse’s in a hurry, and, though my clothes were quite new, my face entitled me to rank among the much vituperated unwashed. When a little boy has very dirty hands, with which he rubs his dirty, tearful face, it must be confessed that grief does not, in his person, appear under a very lovely form. The first impression that I made on him, who was to hold almost every thing that could constitute my happiness, in his power, was the very reverse of favourable. My continued iteration of “I want to go home,” was any thing but pleasing to the pedagogue. The sentence itself is not music to a man keeping a boarding-school. With the intuitive perception of childhood, through my tears, my heart acknowledged an enemy. What my conductor said to him, did not tend to soften his feelings towards me. I did not understand the details of his communication, but I knew that I was as a captive, bound hand and foot, and delivered over to a foreign bondage. The interview between the contracting parties was short, and when over, my conductor departed without deigning to bestow the smallest notice upon the most important personage of this history. I was then rather twitched by the hand, than led, by Mr. Root, into the middle of his capacious school-room, and in the midst of more than two hundred and fifty boys: my name was merely mentioned to one of the junior ushers, and the master left me. Well might I then apply that blundering, Examiner-be-praised line of Keat’s to myself, for like Ruth,

“I stood all tears among the alien corn.”

A few boys came and stared at me, but I attracted the kindness of none. There can be no doubt but that I was somewhat vulgar in my manners, and my carriage was certainly quite unlike that of my companions. Some of them even jeered me, but I regarded them not. A real grief is armour-proof against ridicule. In a short time, it being six o’clock, the supper was served out, consisting of a round of bread, all the moisture of which had been allowed to evaporate, and an oblong, diaphanous, yellow substance, one inch and a half by three, that I afterwards learned might be known, among the initiated, as single Gloucester. There was also a pewter mug for each, three-parts filled with small beer. It certainly gave me, it was so small, a very desponding idea of the extent to which littleness might be carried; and it would have been too vapid for the toleration of any palate, had it not been so sour. As I sate regardless before this repast, in abstracted grief, I underwent the first of the thousand practical jokes, that were hereafter to familiarize me with manual jocularly. My right-hand neighbour, jerking me by the elbow, exclaimed, “Hollo,

you sir, there's Jenkins, on the other side of you, cribbing your bread." I turned towards the supposed culprit, and discovered that my informant had fibbed, but the informer told me to look round and see where my cheese was. I did; it was between the mandibles of my kind neighbour on my right, and when I turned again to the left for an explanation, the rogue there had stripped my round of bread of all the crust. I cared not then for this double robbery, but having put the liquid before me incautiously to my lips, sorrowful as I was, I cared for that. Joe Brandon never served me so. I drank that evening as little as I ate.

Heroes, statesmen, philosophers must bend to circumstances, and so must little boys at boarding-school. I went to bed with the rest, and, like the rest, had my bedfellow. Miserable and weary was that night to my infant heart. When I found I could do so unobserved, I buried my face in the pillow, and wept with a perfect passion of wretchedness. Never shall I forget that bitter night of tears. It is singular that I did not weep long for myself. The mournful images that arose before me, and demanded each, as it came, its tribute of grief, ceased soon to be connected with my own individual suffering. My own abandonment and isolation no longer affected me. But I fancied my nurse was ill—that my foster-brother was lost in the streets, and wandering, hungry, and in rags—my fancy even imaged to me Brandon having met with some accident, and pitifully calling in vain for his little Edderd to run and fetch mother. It was these fond imaginings that gave me the intense agony that kept me wakeful till the morning dawned—and the first streak of light that appeared through the windows, heralded me to peace and sleep.

I had a hard, a cruel life at that school. When I lived with my nurse, the boys in the street used to beat me because I was too much of the gentleman, and now the young gentlemen thrashed me, for not coming up to their standard of gentility. I saw a tyrant in every urchin that was stronger than myself, and a derider in those that were weaker. The next morning after my arrival, a fellow a little bigger than myself came up, and standing before me gave me very deliberately as hard a slap in the face as his strength would permit. Half crying with the pain, and yet not wishing to be thought quarrelsome, I asked, with good-natured humility, whether that was done in jest or in earnest. The little insolent replied, in his school-boy wit, "betwixt and between." I couldn't stand that; my passion and my fist rose together, and hitting my oppressor midway between the eyes, "There's my betwixt and between," said I. His nose began to bleed, and when I went down into the school-room, the "new boy" had his hands well warmed with the ruler for fighting.

Alas! the first year of my academic life was one of unqualified wretchedness. For the two or three initiatory months, uncouth in speech, and vulgar in mien, with no gilded toy, rich plum-cake, or mint-new shilling to conciliate, I was despised and ridiculed; and when it was ascertained, by my own confession, that I was the son of a day-labourer, I was shunned by the aristocratic progeny of butchers, linen-drapers, and hatters. It took at least a half dozen floggings to cure me of the belief that Joseph Brandon and his wife were

my parents. It was the shortest road to conviction, and Mr. Roo prided himself upon short *cuts* in imparting knowledge. I assure my friends that they were severe ones.

Mr. Root, the pedagogue of this immense school, which was situated in the vicinity of Islington, was a very stout and very handsome man, of about thirty. He had formerly been a subordinate where he now commanded, and his good looks had gained him the hand of the widow of his predecessor. He was very florid, with a cold, dark eye, but his face was the most physical that I ever beheld. From the white low forehead, to the well-formed chin, there was nothing on which the gazer could rest that spoke of intellectuality. There was "speculation in his eye," but it was the calculation of farthings. There was a pure ruddiness in his cheek, but it was the glow of matter, and not that of mind. His mouth was well formed, yet pursed up with an expression of mingled vanity and severity. He was very robust, and his arm exceedingly powerful. With all these personal advantages, he had a shrill girlish voice, that made him, in the execution of his cruelties, actually hideous. I believe, and I make the assertion in all honesty, that he received a sensual enjoyment by the act of inflicting punishment. He attended to no department of the school, but the flagellative. He walked in about twelve o'clock, had all on the list placed on a form, his man-servant was called in, the lads horsed, and he in general found ample amusement till one. He used to make it his boast that he never allowed any of his ushers to punish. The hypocrite! the epicure! he reserved all that luxury for himself. Add to all this, that he was very ignorant out of the Tutor's Assistant, and that he wrote a most abominably good hand, (that usual sign of a poor and trifle-occupied mind,) and now you have a very fair picture of Mr. Root. I have said that he was a most cruel tyrant: yet Nero ought not to be blackened; and I must say this for my master's humanity, that I had been two days at school before I was flogged; and then it was for the enormity of not knowing my own name. "Percy," said the pedagogue. No reply. "Master Percy," in a shriller tone. Answer there was none. "Master Edward Percy." Many started, but "Edderd Brandon" thought it concerned not him. But it did indeed. I believe that I had been told my new name, but I had forgotten it in my grief, and now in grief and in pain I was again taught it. When, for the first time, in reality I tasted that acrid and bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge, old Isaac's mock brushings were remembered with heartfelt regret.

At that time, the road to learning was strewed neither with flowers nor palm leaves, but with the instigating birch. The schoolmaster had not yet gone abroad, but he flogged most diligently at home, and verily, I partook amply of that diligence. I was flogged full, and I was flogged fasting; when I deserved it and when I did not; I was flogged for speaking too loud, and for not speaking loud enough, and for holding my tongue. Moreover, one morning I rode the horse without the saddle, because my face was dirty, and the next, because I pestered the maid-servant to wash it clean. I was flogged because my shoes were dirty, and again flogged, because I attempted to wipe

them clean with my pocket-handkerchief. I was flogged for playing, and for staying in the school-room and not going out to play. The bigger boys used to beat me, and I was then flogged for fighting. It is hard to say for what I was not flogged. Things the most contradictory, all tended to one end, and that was my own. At length, he flogged me into serious ill-health, and then he staid his hand, and I found relief on a bed of sickness. Even now, I look back to those days of persecution with horror. Those were the times of large schools, rods steeped in brine, (*actual fact*,) intestine insurrections, the bumping of obnoxious ushers, and the "barring out" of tyrannical masters. A school of this description was a complete place of torment for the orphan, the unfriended, and the deserted. Lads then staid at school till they were eighteen, and even twenty, and fagging flourished in all its atrocious oppression.

Let no one deem these details to be puerile. As the reader proceeds he will find those facts afford him a psychological study. He will see how a perverse mind was formed, or a noble one ruined. How all the evil passions were implanted, and by what means their growth was encouraged. He will trace by what causes a poetical temperament was driven almost to insanity; he has already seen how the demon of sudden anger got an unrelinquishing hold of a corner of my heart; and he will now see by whom, and in what manner, the seeds of worse vices were sown in a bosom, that was perhaps made to entertain only the noblest feelings, or soften to the most tender sentiments. This is not vanity. I know what a wreck I am. Allow me the poor consolation of contemplating what I might have been. There is piety in the thought. There is in it a silent homage to the goodness of the Creator, in acknowledging that he gave me purity and high capabilities of virtue, and there is hope also, for perhaps, at some future time, if not here, hereafter, that soul may again adore him, in all the infant purity in which he bestowed it, ere I was, in a manner, compelled into sin. I am, after years of suffering, no more than a shell, once beautiful, but now corroded and shattered, that is cast upon the sands. At times I think, that not all the former bright tints are defaced, and, that if the breath of kindness be breathed into it gently, it is still able to discourse, in return, some few notes of "most excellent music."

This may be real vanity. But why should I appear masked before the public? I am vain. I have been assured of it by hundreds, who have more vanity than myself. Verily *they* ought to know.

Let me now describe the child of eight years and a half old, that was forced to undergo this terrible ordeal. We will suppose that, by the aid of the dancing-master and the drill-sergeant, I have been cured of my vulgar gait, and that my cockney accent has disappeared. Children of the age above mentioned soon assimilate their tone and conversation with those around them. I was tall for my years, with a very light and active frame, with a countenance, the complexion of which was of the most unstained fairness. My hair light, glossy, and naturally, but not universally, curling. To make it appear in ringlets all over my head, would have been the effect of art, yet, without art it was wavy, and, at the temples, forehead, and the back of the head,

always in full circlelets. My face presented a perfect oval, and my features were classically regular. I had a good natural colour, the intensity of which ebbed and flowed with every passing emotion. I was one of those dangerous subjects whom anger always makes pale. My eyes were decidedly blue, every thing else that may be said to the contrary notwithstanding. The whole expression of my countenance was very feminine, but not soft. It was always the seat of some sentiment, or passion, and in its womanly refinement gave my whole appearance a constitutional delicacy and effeminacy, that I certainly did not possess. I was certainly a very beautiful child, and a child that seemed formed to kindle and return a mother's love, yet the maternal caress never blessed me; but I was abandoned to the tender mercies of a number of he-beings, by many of whom my vivacity was checked, my spirit humbled, and my flesh cruelly lacerated. Mothers! do you know how few are the years of happiness allotted to the longest, and most fortunate life? Do not embitter, then, so large a portion of it as playful infancy, by abandoning your offspring to the hireling and the stranger. If your children must away from you, let them know that they have still a home; not merely a retreat composed of walls and a roof, and of man-servants, and maid-servants; all these make not a home. The child's real home is in his mother's arms.

I dwell thus particularly on my school-boy life, in order, in the first place, to prepare the reader for the singular events that follow; and, in the second, and which forms by far the most important consideration, (as I trust I am believed, and if *truth* deserves credence, believed I am,) to caution parents from trusting to the specious representations of any schoolmaster, to induce them to examine carefully and patiently into every detail of the establishment, or they may become a party to a series of cruelties, that may break the spirit, and perhaps shorten the life of their children. Unfortunately, the most promising minds are those that soonest yield to the effect of harsh discipline. The phlegmatic, the dull, and the common-place vegetate easily through this state of probation. The blight that will destroy the rose, passes ever harmlessly over the tough and earth-embracing weed.

I staid at Mr. Root's school for very nearly four years, and I shall divide that memorable period into three distinct epochs—the desponding, the devotional, and the mendacious. After I had been flogged into uncertain health, I was confined, for at least six weeks, to my room, and, when I was convalescent, it was hinted by the surgeon, in not unintelligible terms, to Mr. Root, that if I did not experience the gentlest treatment, I might lose my life; which would have been very immaterial to Mr. Root, had it not been a mathematical certainty that he would lose a good scholar at the same time. By-the-by, the meaning that a schoolmaster attaches to the words “good scholar,” is one for which he is paid well. Thus I was emphatically a good scholar; no doubt his very best. I was taught every thing—at least his bill said so. He provided every thing for me, and I staid with him during the holidays. He, therefore, ceased to confer upon me his cruel attentions; and abandoned me to a

neglect hardly less cruel. The boys were strictly enjoined to leave me alone, and they obeyed. I found a solitude in the midst of society. A loneliness came over my young spirit. I was a-weary, and I drooped like the tired bird, that alights on the ship, "far, far at sea." As that poor bird folds its wings, and sinks into peaceful oblivion, I could have folded my arms, and have laid down to die with pleasure. My heart exhausted itself with an intense longing for a companion to love. It wasted away all its substance in flinging out fibres to catch hold of that, with which it might beat in unison. As turn the tendrils of the vine hither and thither to clasp something to adorn, and to repay support by beauty, so I wore out my young energies in a fruitless search for sympathy. I had nothing to love me, though I would have loved many, if I had dared. There were many sweet faces among my school-fellows, to which I turned with a longing look, and a tearful eye. How menial I have been to procure a notice, a look of kindness! I had nothing to give wherewith to bribe affection but services and labour, and those were either refused, or perhaps accepted with scorn. I was the only pariah among two hundred and fifty. There was a mystery and an obloquy attached to me, and the master had, by his interdiction, completely put me without the pale of society. I now said my lessons to the ushers with indifference—if I acquitted myself ill, I was unpunished—if well, unnoticed. My spirits began to give way fast, and I was beginning to feel the pernicious patronage of the servants. They would call me off the play-ground, on which I moped, send me on some message, or employ me in some light service. All this was winked at by the master, and, as for the mistress, she never let me know that it occurred to her that I was in existence. It was evident that Mr. Root had no objection to all this, for, in consideration of the money paid to him for my education, he was graciously pleased to permit me to fill the office of his kitchen-boy. But, before I became utterly degraded into the servant of the menials, a fortunate occurrence happened, that put an end to my culinary servitude. To the utter surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Root, who expected nothing of the kind, a lady came to see me. What passed between the parties before I was ushered into the parlour appropriated to visitors, I know not, it was some time before I was brought in, as preparatory ablutions were made, and my clothes changed. When I entered, I found that it was "the lady." I remember that she was very superbly dressed, and I thought, too, the most beautiful apparition that I had ever beheld. The scene that took place was a little singular, and I shall relate it at full.

As I have rigidly adhered to truth, I have been compelled to state what I have to say in a form almost entirely narrative; and have not imitated those great historians, who put long speeches into the mouths of their kings and generals, very much suited to the occasions undoubtedly, and deficient only in one point—that is, accuracy. I have told only of facts and impressions, and not given speeches that it would have been impossible for me to have remembered. Yet, in this interview there was something so striking to my young imagination, that my memory preserved many sentences, and all the substance, of what

took place. There was wine and cake upon the table, and the lady looked a little fluttered. Mr. Root was trying with a forty Chesterfieldian power to look amiable. Mrs. Root was very fidgetty. As I appeared at the door timorously, the lady said to me without rising, but extending her delicate white hand, "Come here to me, Edward; do you not know me?"

I could get no farther than the middle of the room, where I stood still, and burst out into a passion of tears. Those sweet tones of tenderness, the first I had heard for nine months, thrilled like fire through my whole frame. It was a feeling so intense, that, had it not been agony, it would have been bliss.

"Good God!" said she, deeply agitated; "my poor boy, why do you cry?"

"Because, because you are so kind," said I, rushing forward to her extended arms, and, falling on my knees at her feet, I buried my face in her lap, and felt all happiness amidst my sobbings. She bent over me, and her tears trickled upon my neck. This did not last long. She placed me upon my feet, and drawing me to her side, kissed my cheeks, and my eyes, and my forehead. Her countenance soon became serene, and turning to my master, she said quietly, "This, sir, is very singular."

"Yes, ma'am, Master Percy is very singular. All clever boys are. He knows already his five declensions, and the four conjugations, active and passive. Come, Master Percy, decline for the lady the adjective *felix*—come, begin, nominative *hic et hæc et hoc felix*."

"I don't know any thing about it," said I doggedly.

"I told you he was a *singular* child," resumed the pedagogue, with a most awkward attempt at a smile.

"The singularity to which I allude," said the lady, "is his finding kindness so singular."

"Kind! bless you, my dear madam," said they both together; "you can't conceive how much we love the little dear."

"It was but yesterday," said Mrs. Root, "that I was telling the lady of Mr. Alderman Jenkins—we have the five Jenkinsons, ma'am—that Master Percy was the sweetest, genteelest, and beautifullest boy in the whole school."

"It was but yesterday," said Mr. Root, "that I was saying to Doctor Duncan, (our respected rector, madam,) that Master Percy had evinced such an uncommon talent, that we might, by-and-by, expect the greatest things from him. Not yet ten months with me, madam. Already in Phædrus—the rule of three—and his French master gives the best account of him. He certainly has not begun to speak it yet, though he has made a vast progress in the French language. But it is Monsieur le Gros' system to make his pupils thoroughly master of the language, before they attempt to converse in it. And his dancing, my dear madam—O, it would do your heart good to see him dance. Such grace, such elasticity, and such happiness in his manner."

A pause—and then they exclaimed together with a long-drawn, sentimental sigh, "And we both love him so."

"I am glad to hear so good an account of him," said the lady "I

hope, Edward, that you love Mr. and Mrs. Root, for they seem very kind to you."

"No, I don't."

Mr. and Mrs. Root lifted their hands imploringly to heaven.

"Not love me!" they both exclaimed together, with a tone of heartfelt surprise and wounded sensibility, that would have gone far to have made the fortune of a sentimental actor.

"Come here, sir, directly," said Mr. Root. "Look me full in the face, sir. You are a singular boy, yet I *did* think you loved me. Don't be frightened, Edward, I would not give you *pain* on any account; and you know I never did. Now tell me, my dear boy," gradually softening from the terrible to the tender, "tell me, my dear boy, why you fancy you do not love me. You see, madam, that I encourage sincerity—and like at all times the truth to be spoken out. Why don't you love me, Edward dear?" pinching my ear with a spiteful violence, that was meant for gracious playfulness in the eyes of the lady, and an intelligible hint for myself. I was silent.

"Come, Edward, speak your mind freely. No one will do you any harm for it, I am sure. Why don't you love Mr. Root?" said the lady.

I was ashamed to speak of my floggings, and I looked upon his late abandonment and neglect as kindness. I knew not what to say, yet I knew I hated him most cordially. I stammered, and at last I brought out this unfortunate sentence, "Because he has got such an ugly, nasty voice."

Mr. and Mrs. Root burst out into long, and, for a time, apparently uncontrollable laughter. When it had somewhat subsided, the school-master exclaimed, "There, madam, didn't I tell you he was a singular lad? Come here, you little wag, I must give you a kiss for your drollery." And the monster hauled me to him, and when his face was close to mine, I saw a wolfish glare in his eyes, that made me fear that he was going to bite my nose off. The lady did not at all participate in the joviality, and, as it is difficult to keep up mirth entirely upon one's own resources, we were beginning to be a gloomy party. What I had unconsciously said respecting my master's voice, was wormwood to him. He had long been the butt of all his acquaintance respecting it, and what followed was the making of that unbearable which was before too bitter. Many questions were put by the visitor, and the answers appeared to grow more and more unsatisfactory as they were elicited. The lady was beginning to look unhappy, when a sudden brightness came over her lovely countenance, and with the most polished and kindly tone, she asked to see Mr. Root's children. Mr. Root looked silly, and Mrs. Root distressed. The vapid and worn-out joke that their family was so large that it boasted of the number of two hundred and fifty, fell spiritless to the ground, and disappointment, and even a slight shade of despondence, came over the lady's features.

"Where were you, Edward, when I came," said she, "I waited for you long."

"I was being washed, and putting on my second best."

"But why washed at this time of day—and why put on your second best?"

"Because I had dirtied my hands, and my other clothes, carrying up the tea kettle to Mr. Matthews's room."

Mr. and Mrs. Root again held up their hands in astonishment.

"And who is Mr. Matthews?" continued the lady.

"Second Latin master, and ill a-bed in the garret."

"From whence did you take the tea-kettle?"

"From the kitchen."

"And who gave it you?"

"Molly, one of the maids."

At this disclosure Mr. Roots fell into the greatest of all possible rages, and, as we like the figure of speech called a climax, we must say that Mrs. Root fell into a much greater. They would turn the hussey out of the house that instant; they would do that, they would do this, and they would do the other. At length, the lady, with calm severity, requested them to do nothing at all.

"There has been," said she, "some mistake here. There is nothing very wrong, or disgraceful in Edward attending to the wants of his sick master, though he does lie in the garret. I would rather see in his disposition a sympathy for suffering encouraged. God knows, there is in this world too much of the one, and too little of the other. Yet I certainly think that there could have been a less degrading method pointed out to him of showing attention. But we will let this pass, as I know it will never happen again. You see, Mr. and Mrs. Root, that this poor child is rather delicate in appearance; he is much grown, certainly; much more than I expected, or wished—but he seems both shy and dejected. I was in hopes that you had been yourselves blessed with a family. A mother can trust to a mother. Though you are not parents, you have known a parent's love. I have no doubt that you are fond of children,—['Very,']—from the profession which you have chosen. I am the godmother of this boy. Alas! I am afraid no nearer relation will ever appear to claim him. He has no mother, Mrs. Root, without you will be to him as one; and, I conjure you, sir, to let the fatherless find in the preceptor, a father. Let him only meet for a year or two with kindness, and I will cheerfully trust to Providence for the rest. Though I detest the quackery of getting up a scene, I wish to be as impressive as I can, as, I am sorry to say, more than a year will unavoidably pass before I can see this poor youth again. Let me, at that time, I conjure you, see him in health and cheerfulness. Will you permit me now to say farewell, as I wish to say a few words of adieu to my godson, and should I cry over him for his mother's sake, you know that a lady does not like to be seen with red eyes."

The delicacy of this sickly attempt at pleasantry, was quite lost upon the scholastic pair. They understood her literally. And Mrs. Root began, "My eye water——" However, leave was taken, and I was left with the lady. She took me on her lap, and a hearty hug we had together. She then rang for Molly. She spoke to the girl kindly, asked no questions of her that might lead her to betray her employers, but giving her half a guinea, not to lose sight of me in the multitude, and, to prove her gratitude, never to suffer me again to enter into the kitchen. She promised to double the gratuity when she again saw

me, if she attended to her request. The girl, evidently affected, as much by her manner as by her gift, curtsied, and withdrew. While she stayed at the school she complied with my godmother's request most punctually.

When we were alone, she examined me carefully under my clothes to ascertain if I were perfectly clean. It would have, perhaps, been for me a happy circumstance, if Mr. Root had flogged me this day, or even a fortnight previously. The marks that he left were not very ephemeral. I don't know whether a flogging a month old would not equally well have served my purpose. He certainly wrote a strong, bold hand, in red ink, not easily obliterated. However, as he had not noticed me during my illness, I had no marks to show. When she had readjusted my dress, she hugged me to her side, and we looked for a long while in each other's eyes in silence.

"Edward," said she, at length, forgetting that the fault was mutual, "do you know that it is very rude to look so hard into people's faces: why do you do it, my boy?"

"Because you are so very, very, very pretty, and your voice is so soft; and, because I do love you so."

"But you must not love me too much, my sweet child; because I can't be with you to return your love."

"O dear, I'm so sorry; because, because, if you don't love me, nobody will. Master don't love me—nor the ushers—nor the boys; and they keep calling me the ——"

"Hush, Edward! hush, my poor boy," said she, colouring to her very forehead. "Never tell me what they call you. Little boys who call names, are wicked boys, and very false boys too. Hear me, Edward! You are nearly nine years old. You must be a man, and not love any one too much—not even me—for it makes people very unhappy to love too much. Do you understand me, Edward? You must be kind to all, and all will be kind to you; but it is best not to love any thing violently—excepting, Edward, Him who will love you when all hate you—who will care for you when all desert you—your God!"

"I don't know too much about that," was my answer. "Mr. Root tells us once every week to trust in God, and that God will protect the innocent, and all that; and then he flogs me for nothing at all, though I trust all I can; and I'm sure that I'm innocent."

My good godmother was a little shocked at this, and endeavoured to convince me that such expressions were impious, by assuring me that every thing was suffered for the best, and that if Mr. Root flogged me unjustly and wickedly, that I should be rewarded, and my master punished for it hereafter, which assurance did not much mend my moral feelings, as I silently resolved to put myself in the way of a few extra unjust chastisements, in order that my master might receive the full benefit of them in a future state. Moral duties should be inculcated in the earliest youth, but the mysteries of religion should be left to a riper age. After many endearments, and much good advice, that I thought most beautiful, from the timidity of tone in which it was given, I requested the lady, with all my powers of

entreaty, and, amidst a shower of kisses, to take me home to my mother.

"Alas, my dear boy," was the reply, "Mrs. Brandon is not your mother."

"Well, I couldn't believe that before;—never mind—I love her just as well; but who is my mother? if you were not so pretty, and so fine, I would ask you to be my mother; all the other boys have got a mother, and a father too."

The lady caught me to her bosom, and kissing me amidst her tears said, "Edward, I will be your mother, though you must only look upon me as your godmamma."

"O, I'm so glad of that; and what shall I call you?"

"Mamma, my dear Edward."

"Well, mamma, won't you take me home? I don't mean now, but at the holidays, when all the others go to their mammas? I'll be so good. Won't you, mamma?"

"Come here, Edward. I was wrong. You must not call me mamma, I can't bear it. I was never a mother to you, my poor boy. I cannot have you home. By-and-by, perhaps. Do not think about me too much, and do not think that you are not loved. Oh, you are loved very much indeed; but now you must make your schoolfellows like you. I have told Mr. Root to allow you sixpence a-week, and there are eight shillings for you, and a box of playthings in the hall, and a large cake in the box; lend the playthings and share the cake. Now, my dear boy, I must leave you. Do not think that I am your mother, but your very good friend. Now, may God bless you, and watch over you. Keep up your spirits, and remember, that you are cared for, and loved—O, how fondly loved!"

With a fervent blessing, and an equally fervent embrace, she parted from me; and, when I looked round and found that she had gone from the room, I actually experienced the sensation as if the light of the sun had been suddenly withdrawn, and that I walked forth in twilight. Exceeding beautiful was that tall, fair lady, and she must have been a spirit of light in the house where she moved, even a ray of gladness, and an incarnate blessing must have been in the loveliness of her presence.

When I went up, melancholy, to my bed, and crept sorrowfully under the clothes, I felt a protection round me in that haunted chamber, in the very fact of having again seen her. This house, that had been now converted into a large school, had formerly been one of the suburban palaces of Queen Elizabeth; it was very large and rambling; some of the rooms had been modernized, and some remained as they had been for centuries. The room in which I slept was one of the smallest, and contained only two beds, one of which was occupied by the housekeeper, a very respectable old lady, and the other by myself. Sometimes I had a bedfellow, and sometimes not. This room had probably been a vestibule, or the antichamber to some larger apartment, and it now formed an abutment to the edifice, all on one side of it being ancient, and the other modern. It was lighted by one narrow, high, gothic window, the panes of which were very small, lozenged, and many of them still stained. The roof was groined and concave,

and still gay with tarnished gold. The mouldings and traceries sprang up from the four corners, and all terminated in the centre, in which grinned a Medusa's head, with her circling snakes in high preservation, and of great and ghastly beauty. There were other grotesque visages, sprinkled here and there over that elaborate roof; but look at that Medusa from what point you might, the painted wooden eyes were cast with a stolid sternness upon you. When I had a bedfellow it was always some cast-away like myself—some poor wretch who could not go home and complain that he was put to sleep in "the haunted chamber." The boys told strange tales of that room, and they all believed that the floor was stained with blood. I often examined it, both by day and candle-light; it was very old, and of oak, dark, and much discoloured. But even my excited fancy could discover nothing like blood-spots upon it. After all, when I was alone in that bed-chamber, for the housekeeper seldom entered before midnight, and the flickering and feeble oil lamp, that always burned upon her table, threw its uncertain rays upwards, and made the central face quiver as it were into life, I would shrink, horror-stricken, under the bed clothes, and silently pray for the morning. It was certainly a fearful room for a visionary child like myself, with whom the existence of ghosts made an article of faith, and who had been once before frightened, even unto the death, by supernatural terrors.

But of all this I never complained. I have not merit enough to boast that I am proud, for pride has always something ennobling about it; but I was vain, and vanity enabled me to put on the appearance of courage. When questioned by the few schoolfellows who would speak to me, I acknowledged no ghosts, and would own to no fear. All this, in the sequel, was remembered to my honour. Besides, I had found a singular antidote against the look of the evil eye in the ceiling. What I am going to relate may be startling, and for a child nine years old, appear incredible; but it is the bare, unembellished truth. The moment that I shall feel tempted to draw, in these memoirs, on my invention instead of my memory, that moment, distrusting myself, I shall lay down my pen. I feel conscious that I could relate something infinitely more striking and amusing, had I recourse to fiction; but the moral force of the actual and stern verity would be lost to my readers.

This was my antidote alluded to. In the church where we went, there was a strongly painted altar-piece. The Virgin Mother bent with ineffable sweetness over the sleeping Jesus. The pew in which I sat was distant enough to give the full force of illusion to the power of the artist, and the glory round the Madonna much assisted my imagination. I certainly attended to that face, and to that beneficent attitude, more than to the service. When the terrors of my desolate situation used to begin to creep over me in my lonely bed, I could, without much effort of imagination, bring that sweet motherly face before me, and view it visibly in the gloom of the room, and thus defy the dead glance of the visage above me. I used to whisper to myself these words—"Lady, with the glory, come and sit by me." And I could then close my eyes, and fancy, nay, almost feel assured of her presence, and sleep in peace.

But in the night that I had seen my godmother, when I crept under my clothes disconsolately, I no longer whispered for the lady with the glory ; it was for my sweet mamma. And she too came and blessed my falling slumbers. Surely that beautiful creature must have been my mother, for long did she come and play the seraph's part over her child, and watched by his pillow, till he sank in the repose of innocence.

Lately, at the age of forty, I visited that church. I looked earnestly at the altar-piece. I was astonished, hurt, disgusted. It was a coarse daub. The freshness of the painting had been long changed by the dark tarnish of years, and the blighting of a damp atmosphere. There were some remains of beauty in the expression, and elegance in attitude ; but, as a piece of art, it was but a second-rate performance. Age dispels many illusions, and suffers for it. Truly, youth and enthusiasm are the best painters.

(To be continued.)

EVENING ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY N. MITCHELL.

THE warrior lies upon the plain,
Parching with thirst and faint with pain,
Hushed is the war of battle there,
Save when the gales from distance bear
 A fearful murmur still ;
Like dash of waves on some far strand,
Or thunder dying deep and grand,
 Along the autumnal hill.

The sun hath set, for thousand eyes
Now sealed in death, no more to rise ;
Evening o'er mount and valley throws
Her golden curtain of repose ;
And breathes her fragrance, weeps her balm,
So purely sweet, so softly calm,
As if she recked nor death, nor woe,
Nor all the ills that reign below ;
Let crime prevail, let passions burn,
Let man to desert Edens turn,
Still shall her favours never cease,
Still will she whisper love and peace.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, AND THE WESTERN VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS, &c.

AMONGST the ancients certain ages were deemed climacteric, and it can scarcely be doubted that there have been periods marked by extraordinary and peculiar events. In the present age the general extension of the governments, and the practical application of steam to the purposes of commerce and internal navigation, tends to the acquisition of local information. But of all the periods that have been marked by geographical history, none are so extraordinary as that which produced the western voyages of Columbus, the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, to India, by Vasco de Gama, and the arrival on the coast of Brazil by Pinçon. In endeavouring to trace the causes that led to these effects, it becomes necessary to refer to preceding events.

Upon the destruction of the Roman empire, and from amidst the darkness of the middle ages, arose the commerce of the Italian republics, amongst which Venice, Genoa, and Florence, obtained precedence; the two former carrying on a lucrative and highly important traffic with the east, by means of their fleets up the Mediterranean sea, and by caravans across the central regions of Asia. To the itineraries of their merchants, kept whilst on these trafficking expeditions, we are, at this day, indebted for our best information relative to the elevated plains of Thibet, and, indeed, for the general routes of the caravans; and of all the accounts thus given, that of Marco Polo, a Venetian merchant, who in 1271 set out with his father and uncle, also merchants, with letters from the Pope to the Grand Khan, though at the time considered fabulous, has justly attracted most notice, and been productive of the most important events.

Crossing the desert of Cobi, Marco Polo and his relations reached the court of the Grand Kahn, with whom he remained for several years in high favour, and ultimately became governor of a city in one of the provinces of China. They returned by sea to Persia, and thence through Constantinople to Venice in 1295; but in the mean time Marco Polo had visited the island of Japan, or, as he called it, Zepangu, and which he described as possessed of immense wealth.

It was the erroneous position assigned by Marco Polo to this island, and which error was subsequently increased to upwards of a hundred degrees of longitude, that led Columbus to suppose it might be reached by a western course across the Atlantic; but other causes were required to produce discoveries in the west, and for some time the information afforded by Marco Polo was productive of little else than curiosity.

During the latter ages of the eastern empire, the independent Italian republics obtained an influence at Constantinople, that was little less than domineering, and the rival states of Venice and Genoa in turn usurped the right of dictating terms to their original emperors.

This influence, however, was not altogether injurious, inasmuch as they applied it to purposes of commerce. It was by this route, or indeed from thence, their caravans proceeded, and thus a communication was kept up between Europe and the East. But when the eastern empire, or rather Constantinople, for the provinces that had formed the empire had previously been captured, fell in 1453 into the hands of the Turks, this line of communication was closed, whilst the Italian republics were crippled by internal revolutions and foreign conquests.

Meanwhile the states of western Europe had gradually advanced in civilization and power. From the mountainous regions of Aragon and Castile, the Spaniards had, step by step, repulsed their former invaders into the more fertile province of Grenada, until, in 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella joining their forces, overwhelmed the Moorish capital, and re-established, with the exception of Portugal, the Roman province of Hispania.

The Portuguese had also formed an acquaintance with their Moorish neighbours; having freed their own country, they in 1415 attacked and took Ceuta, on the African coast, and Don Henry, a younger son of the reigning King of Portugal, being appointed governor, obtained such information of the populous countries to the southward, that he sent various expeditions to explore the coast, the ultimate result of which was, the discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope to India. This discovery did not take place during Prince Henry's life; but previous to his death, his officers had arrived within a few degrees of the equator, on the African coast, and had discovered the island of Porto Santo, and rediscovered Masham's island of Madeira.

Such was the state of western Europe when Christopher Columbus, (who is said to have been descended from a Genoese admiral,) arrived on the scene of action. Having reached Lisbon, he married the daughter of Perestrello, a distinguished captain, or, as they were then called, pilots, in the service of Prince Henry, and through him became acquainted with the Portuguese discoveries. Some curious facts, as to pieces of drift wood, and part of a carved canoe having been found on the western side of Madeira, coming in connexion with the accounts of Marco Polo, and the increased errors of the charts then published, impressed him with the belief that India, and more especially Zepangu, might be reached by a direct course across the Atlantic, more readily than by the tedious voyage round the coast of Africa, which had not as yet been effected, although little doubt existed that a passage would be found.

Columbus' belief was founded in error, and it must be evident that had the islands and continent of America not intervened, and he had persisted in his attempts to reach Japan, destruction must have been the consequence; yet his idea was as bold and magnificent as his subsequent proceedings were gallant and determined: worthy of the spirit and enterprize that characterized the age in which he lived, and of those "sea kings," in whose northern school he had in part been trained.

Having persuaded himself of the practicability of his project, with patriotic feeling he first offered his services to Genoa. But the spirit

of Genoa was broken, and her local position, had her resources not been crippled, was not favourable to such an expedition. His next offer was to his wife's government; but Prince Henry was dead, and African, rather than Western, voyages were the fashion. The applications of Bartholomew Columbus, on the part of his brother, at the court of Henry the Seventh of England, are well known, and it was one of those blessings ordained by Providence, which are at the time considered losses, that his offers were not accepted, for assuredly the mines of Mexico and Peru would have annihilated the rising constitution of England, as they have hitherto subverted that of Spain. The offers of Christopher Columbus himself, after repeated delays and disappointments, were ultimately accepted by Isabella in her own right as Queen of Castile, and under her auspices he sailed.

It may not be amiss here to refer to the reasons upon which the applications of Columbus were rejected by the Spanish council first appointed to examine them, and some of which, subsequent geographical knowledge has proved not to be unfounded, although others deserved the ridicule they have altogether met with. Some of the council, founding their reasons upon cosmography, declared that the world was so far extended, that three years would not be sufficient to go to the extremity of the east, where Columbus flattered himself he would arrive; and they all asserted "that the earth occupied the smaller portion of the globe, and that the rest was water;" which, had Columbus been correct, would not have been the case, the Pacific Ocean being included in his conception of the eastern continent. That Columbus did indeed believe the countries he arrived at to be the eastern boundary of India, not merely before, but subsequent to his expedition, cannot be doubted, for when on his first voyage he reached Hispaniola—now St. Domingo—and was shown by the natives the gold mines of Cibao, he immediately supposed it to be Zepangu; whilst, when on his fourth voyage, meeting with some natives of Gucatan, in a canoe laden with such articles as they could raise or manufacture for their rude commerce, and being told by them of a country to the southward, which they named "Caravero," he supposed himself to be in the neighbourhood of China. Moreover, on his return to Spain, after his first voyage, the title of "Viceroy and Governor of the islands discovered in the *Indies*,"—a term at that time applied only to the eastern countries of the old world—was conferred upon him by Ferdinand and Isabella, and it was from this mistake that the "West India Islands" obtained the name they now hold.

These circumstances may be sufficient to show that the object of the western voyages of Columbus was to reach the eastern shores of ancient India and Marco Polo's island of Zepangu, and not to discover the new continent of America, from a previous conception of its existence; but another question, scarcely less important, now arises, was Columbus the discoverer of America? And here again disappointment awaits his admirers, for the northern part of America had been discovered five centuries before by an Iclander, "who was carried to the south by a violent storm, when in search of his father, who was in Greenland." The Icelandic Chronicles give a detailed

account of his colony, and the inhabitants and their traffic are minutely described. The country was called "Vinland," from the quantity of small grapes produced there, and it is supposed to have been on the coast of Labrador or Newfoundland. Intercourse with this colony subsequently ceased, and the imperfect state of communication throughout Europe, added to ignorance of the art of printing, prevented its becoming *at the time* generally known.

Other traditions relate, that Madoc, a Welsh prince, who, in the year 1170, left his country in consequence of the disturbances then existing in his family, led a colony to America, whose descendants are since supposed to have been traced amongst the Mexicans, but this tradition is not authenticated. There is, however, no doubt, that those "Sea kings," or Northmen, whose descents on the coast of Britain, and of the neighbouring continent, are well known, reached the northern coasts of America; and had Columbus proceeded on any principle of discovering a new continent, it must have been from them that his information was derived. Such, however, was not the case; the extent of America was at that time unknown, and although its northern regions had previously been visited, and even colonized, it was the accidental arrival of Columbus that laid open its southern territories.

Thus then the flourishing condition, and extensive commerce of the Italian republics produced the mercantile expeditions of Marco Polo and his countrymen, or contemporaries, and by them the seeds were sown, which the subsequent civilization of Western Europe, and the occupation of Constantinople by the Turks, was matured in the discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope to India, and in the establishment of a communication with the new continent of America.

Little did the victorious Mahomet, (II.) when he advanced his banners to Belgrade, threatening destruction to Europe, and the subversion of the Christian religion, suppose that with these he was laying the foundation of those resources, before which the fabric of his own empire would, in a few ages, moulder into atoms! Charlemagne, when, in the plenitude of his power, he had extended his dominion from the Rhine to nearly the same regions, could pause to see a Norman bark sailing the Mediterranean, and "wept over the miseries such people would bring upon his empire!" But Mahomet did not dream that an unimportant individual of the distressed district of Genoa should lay the foundation of a power incomparably superior to his own.

There were, however, two other collateral causes, without the previous discovery of which, the western voyages of Columbus could not have been undertaken; one, the invention of the mariner's compass, which has sometimes been supposed the production of Columbus' era, but which was known several ages earlier, although perhaps not generally applied by European sailors until the fourteenth century, when the Genoese and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, extended their commerce towards England and Flanders, their trade being in alum and wool. The other, the astrolabe, a rude instrument for measuring altitudes of the heavenly bodies,

invented a short time previous to Columbus' expedition, and by gradual improvements from which the modern quadrant, sextant, and circle have been perfected. M.

COLUMBUS, ON FIRST VIEWING THE NEW WORLD.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

ITS glorious and its fertile shores are opening to my view,
And clearly beautiful appears its sky of twilight blue ;
And O ! what wild notes of delight yon winged warblers give,
My wakening spirit deems that here the blessed well might live !

And dimly in the distance, just mingling with the skies,
The giant mountains' shadowy peaks in solemn grandeur rise ;
And aromatic flowers and fruits pour their fresh odours forth
In incense, wafted on the winds, as an offering from the earth !

And proudly rides my trusting bark upon the surging brine,
As if she were instinct with all that fills this heart of mine ;
As if she too had found, at last, that haven of desire,
The thoughts of which, through weary years, had bid my hopes aspire.

Those hopes—those longing hopes—which fed this warring heart for years,
Unchecked by persecution's chain and unrestrained by fears,
Now bound unfettered in their pride, unpinioned in their strength,
Their star of bitterness hath set, their triumph comes at length.

For never mortal heart hath framed, nor eye hath visioned forth
A phantasy so purely bright, of such transcendent worth,
Which filled my soaring soul with joy, whene'er my fate unfurled
Its banner, as this hope which now hath found another world !

Scorn,—sorrow,—disappointment's pangs are but as things that were,
And proudly joy is throned here, where late sate pallid care,—
My heart exults that *I*, at length, have found this wondrous clime,
(Yet ever in my dreams I saw) unseen by long past time !

But not to me, O Lord, be praise ! thine was the secret power
Which fed me, in my solitude, with hopes of this proud hour :
Thine was the help, be thine the praise—thrice blessed be thy name !
I ask thy sunshine in my heart, much more than wealth or fame.

On, lagging breeze !—up, dreaming mind ! awaken from your sleep,
And waft my pinnacle to yon shore :—these straining eyes might weep
To see how slow I progress on,—yet no ! *your* path is strong,
It is *my* bursting heart outspeeds the fleet gale's rushing song !

Liverpool.

SICILIAN FACTS.¹—No. XXIII.

BRITISH SOLDIERS LOST IN THE SNOW, IN 1811.

DURING the winter of 1811, a very melancholy accident occurred on the Antenna Marc. The detachment stationed at the summit was commonly, if the weather permitted, relieved every month from one of the regiments in garrison at Messina; and usually took up provisions sufficient for the consumption of ten or twelve days, sending to the town, as occasion required, for a fresh supply. In December 1811, a party, consisting of a sergeant, corporal, and eight rank and file, of the 31st regiment, was ordered up: they took their rations with them for the ordinary time, but the weather proving excessively severe, the snow fell even in the streets of Messina, and consequently lay very thick on the mountain. The provisions being nearly exhausted, it became requisite to obtain more; and four men were accordingly dispatched by the sergeant for that purpose. They reached the city, procured the articles required, and set out on their return to their post. Fatigued by their burden, and encouraged by their success in the descent, it is supposed that they attempted to find the way back by the shorter paths; this can only be surmised, for not one survived to tell the tale. Their comrades on the summit, in the mean time, anxiously awaited their arrival. Evening came on, the snow had fallen all day, and they began to be apprehensive as to the safety of their companions. That night and the following day the wind was in another quarter, and the snow was in a great measure dissolved; still their friends returned not.

The sergeant was now seriously alarmed, and with the remainder of the detachment, half famished, determined to proceed to Messina. On his arrival it was evident that some accident had befallen the other party, as they were men of too good character to be suspected of desertion. The sergeant returned with provisions, and peasants, who knew the country, were sent out in search of the missing. Three days afterwards the bodies were found in different places. One was discovered in a sitting posture on a stone, his arms folded, and his head hanging on his breast. Two others were found buried in the snows of ravines into which they had fallen. The fourth had nearly reached the summit, and was lying only a few yards from the road by which they had descended. Probably overcome with fatigue, he had been unable to resist the inclination of reposing himself; his rest proved eternal. This body was in a dreadful condition; the birds of prey, which frequent the tops of these mountains, had not only plucked out his eyes, and so lacerated his face, as to render every feature undistinguishable; but had torn off the clothes from his breast and stomach, and gorged on the very entrails.

¹ Continued from p. 156.

No. XXIV.

A SERGEANT OF THE GERMAN LEGION DEVoured
BY A WOLF.

A DETACHMENT of the British army, composed of some soldiers of the 6th battalion of the German Legion, was quartered in a remote hamlet, some miles from Augusta, in order to put a stop to the depredations of a band of miscreants, who infested the neighbourhood. One evening, the sergeant of the guard, which was stationed on the skirts of a wood, hearing the report of a musket, discharged by one of his sentinels, proceeded to the spot to inquire the cause; the man told him that a huge animal had attempted to attack him, and was running at him, when finding that it was not deterred by his shouts, he had shot at it, and so succeeded in driving it off. The sergeant disbelieving, or disregarding his story, reprimanded him severely for having alarmed the guard on so light an occasion, and went on to visit the other sentinels. Upwards of an hour elapsed, the time for changing the sentinels arrived, but the sergeant had not yet returned to the guard-room. The corporal, supposing that something had occurred to detain him, or that he had lost his way, led out the relief, consisting of three rank and file; having replaced two of the men, he was on his road to the post of the third, which was considerably farther off, when he was surprised at hearing a strange growling noise, and at seeing something move at a small distance from the path. Discerning what seemed military accoutrements, he conjectured that this was the sergeant, who, having been suddenly taken unwell, was crawling on his hands and feet; but what was the astonishment and horror of himself and companions, on advancing nearer, to see, by the indistinct light, an enormous animal ravenously tearing to pieces and devouring a human body, which they now knew must be that of their unfortunate comrade. The corporal, without loss of time, directing his party to bring their pieces to the charge, in order to receive the infuriated animal on the points of their bayonets in case it should spring at them, advanced with loud shouts. The wolf, for such it was, either satiated with its repast, or scared by the cries of the men and the gleam of the arms, instantly abandoned his prey, and escaped into the forest, untouched by the fire which the terrified soldiers opened upon it.

On going up to the ill-fated sergeant, they found him already beyond all human aid. The famished beast had entirely devoured his face and both hands, stripped off the flesh from his head, so as to leave the scull uncovered, and had made a vast wound in the lower part of the abdomen, into which, inserting his sharp muzzle, he had torn out the unfortunate man's intestines, the unfinished remains of which lay on the ground near. As he had not been heard to cry out, it seems that the animal had assaulted him unawares, and perhaps seized him at once by the throat, which was also shockingly lacerated. Between the teeth of the unhappy victim, which were so firmly closed as not to be opened without considerable effort, was

found a tuft of the hair, with a piece of the skin, of the savage monster which had destroyed him, probably torn off by him in a paroxysm of pain or rage, or in the convulsive struggles of his dying agonies.

No. XXV.

MOUNT SCUDARI.

Huts of the Peasantry—Remarkable Cavern on Mount Scudari—Fundacos, and their accommodation.

UNTIREN with climbing mountains, we set out next morning for Scudari: it is nearly of the same height as the Antenna Marc, from which it is about twelve miles distant: our road lay, for the most part, along the beach over the sand. The heat was intense, and as I had neglected to provide myself with a straw hat, I suffered extremely from the burning rays of the sun; I found relief only by dipping my pocket handkerchief in the sea, and applying it wet to my head, repeating the operation as I felt occasion. I felt no inconvenience from this practice; indeed, had I not run the risk of a cold, I should scarcely have escaped without a fever, or perhaps a *coup de soleil*. We passed through several mud-built villages when we left the beach. The young people of both sexes were in the vineyards and gardens at labour; the old women were sitting in groups, all busy at the same occupation—cotton spinning, and talking in a tone and jargon equally discordant. I looked into several of their hovels; they rarely consisted of more than one room: the cabins of Ireland itself do not surpass them in nastiness: the bare earth is the only floor, and this was generally an inch deep in a thick slime like that of the streets of London on a rainy day, caused by the overflowing of their messes at dinner, the dregs of wine, the spitting of the family, and I know not what other filth. In the centre of the sty was usually an earthen pan of charcoal for the preparation of their food, round which were strewed fish bones, the putrid remains of fruit and vegetables, and all the aggregation of dirt incident on a non-removal of perhaps for months.

In a corner or recess is placed the bed, generally kept neater than the surrounding objects, and over it a crucifix, an image of the Virgin, or some favourite saint. Under the bed, when they take the trouble of sweeping, is gathered the precious collection above-mentioned; there it remains, until the space being completely choked up, they are perforce obliged to remove it. Men, women, children, goats, cats, dogs, pigeons, and sometimes asses, inhabit, or rather are crammed promiscuously into, these wretched dens. It must, however, be remarked, that on the sea side the villages are better built, the houses cleaner, and the inhabitants more comfortable.

We procured a guide at Alè, a considerable village, celebrated for

its mineral baths, which are accounted beneficial in many complaints, particularly in cutaneous eruptions. They are taken in the simplest way possible, a hole being dug in the sand of size sufficient to admit the patients in a sitting posture, and deep enough to insure an adequate supply of the water, which soon flows in and fills the bath. We left our horses at a mill somewhat higher up, this mountain being more difficult of access than the Antenna Marc; we arrived on the summit almost exhausted with fatigue. I shall not easily forget the crooked paths, the turnings to the right and the left, the movements oblique and retrograde, which we were necessitated to make. The top is flat, or table land, and appears about two miles in circuit. We found masses of masonry of enormous size on various parts of the level, and clearly ascertained the site of an entrance, or gate, the remains of an ancient town: traces of the walls were also visible. It was certainly no inconsiderable place, though three thousand seven hundred feet above the surface of the sea. What a commanding situation! Scudari is now barely accessible; the guide who was with us was the only person in the village who possessed any knowledge of the path, and he told us that he had been only twice on the summit—once in his youth, when engaged in the chase of a wild goat, and again about twelve years before, when he served as guide to some travellers whose country he did not recollect. The mountain is indeed very rarely ascended, and only for the purpose of observing a cavern or hole of unfathomable depth, near the centre of the plain, from which issue blasts of wind, and sometimes is heard the roaring of the sea, with which it has probably a communication. The latter did not occur during our observation; but a current of cold air proceeded from the aperture, which, though not violent, was sufficiently strong to elevate considerably slips of paper and other light objects. As there was scarcely any wind at the time, I do not doubt the existence of both the above phenomena in a remarkable degree in rougher weather.

The productions of Scudari do not differ essentially from those of the Antenna Marc; it abounds in odoriferous herbs: basil, lavender, thyme, spikenard, marjoram, and others, perfume the air all around. The scarlet oak, the lentiscus, and the palmette, or dwarf palm, cover the declivities. The view from Scudari is fine and extensive, though inferior in both respects to that from the Antenna Marc. It was dark before we got back to Messina, as we stopped at a fundaco, a wayside inn, or rather baiting place, to which a hedge ale-house in England is a palace, both in regard to cleanliness and accommodation. Some fish, and a very tolerable omelet, were soon got ready. We were four in company, being joined by two Sicilians, who arrived at the same time; but our worthy host could only muster three plates of common brown earthenware, and one knife for the whole party, which, had we not been provided with portable apparatus, we must have used in turn. I advise travellers in this country to content themselves with making their meals on the above articles. Fish, indeed, is only to be found near the sea, but fresh eggs are always to be had. If you exceed this bill of fare, and by miracle there should chance to be butcher's meat in the neighbourhood at the time, it is

either that of rancid old goat, or pork fed upon fish, or something still nastier.

If you are plagued with a delicate stomach, and wish for the wing or the breast of a fowl, out will sally your host, who has more occupations than Buskin in the play, not in feint but in earnest—he is at once master, waiter, cook, hostler, boots, and chamberlain to boot. If you ask for a bed, he shows you to a sack stuffed with straw; or if you have to congratulate yourself on finding a mattress, it is still harder and more uncomfortable than the straw; to say nothing of the bugs, fleas, and other insects, who break their long fast once a month, perhaps on some unhappy traveller. The Sicilians say these creatures are good for the health, by drawing off the superfluous blood, and save them the expense of a surgeon, or rather barber, on these occasions.

No. XXVI.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS AND FETES.

The Vara—The Gallery—Procession of Easter Morning—Festival of Saint Agatha—Her Martyrdom—Festival of Santa Lucia—Finger of Santa Lucia.

No people seem so devoted to festivals and processions as the Sicilians; yet I fancy if their eagerness to make money gave them time, and their climate permitted, our own countrymen would not fall short of them in this respect; witness the Lord Mayor's show, and other trifling exhibitions, attended by thousands, who risk their safety in the hope of obtaining a sight of what, in this country, would not attract a spectator; yet, after an event of this kind, what a melancholy list of wounds, bruises, fractures, nay, sometimes of deaths; to say nothing of the watches, purses, and other valuable articles, which change their owners on these occasions. Here, on the contrary, all is order—a pickpocket is unknown. In England we have no purpose in view adequate to the expense. In Sicily such sights are made to answer the great ends of religion. A worship which, like the Roman Catholic, speaks much to the senses, requires objects which frequently and strongly fix the attention. Scarcely a day elapses without a procession from one of the many religious institutions of a large city, more or less richly conducted, according to the funds of the order managing it.

The monks, servitors, and brotherhoods, who form the procession, are always habited in their peculiar dress; they walk two and two, each carrying an enormous wax-light. The poor people of the town consider the wax which drops from them as their perquisite, and one generally assists each religious, by holding the upper part of the torch so as to keep it steady, and at the same time to catch the wax

which runs off into a small box carried for that purpose. It must be confessed that this mixture of ragged mendicants in the body of the procession greatly disfigures it, and detracts much from the effect it would otherwise produce.

The procession of the Vara is an extraordinary, though not a pleasing, exhibition. A large platform or scaffolding is erected to the height of sixty feet, representing the sun, moon, stars, and earth. On the summit is placed a priest, who personates the eternal Father, carrying on the palm of his hand a female child from eight to ten years of age, to represent the blessed virgin, who gives her benediction to the people as she proceeds. On the points of the rays of the suns and stars, which revolve, and on other points of the machine, are suspended unfortunate infants, arrayed as angels. On a stage below are a company of priests and a band of music, who sing and play suitable religious pieces. Novel as is the scene, and gorgeously as the car is decorated, one cannot behold it tottering along with its living and suffering load, without emotions of compassion and disgust. The children, when taken down, are generally insensible, and deaths often happen in consequence; yet their avaricious and superstitious parents, for a small sum given by the church, and the spiritual advantages supposed to be obtained, eagerly present their innocent offspring to this species of martyrdom. But the greatest sufferer in general is the representative of the Virgin. When carried into the church I was really fearful that the pious rabble would have torn her to pieces. They rushed on her with such fury on all sides, that an escort of twelve stout friars was insufficient to protect her. Before she reached the altar, although her head was bandaged tightly for the occasion, handfulls of her hair were torn up by the roots, and her dress nearly stripped from her back. Happy was the favoured mortal who could obtain a hair or a rag to preserve as an invaluable relic.

Among other processions, that of Easter morning is highly curious: the image of the holy Virgin and the Redeemer are carried in different directions about the town, as if in search of each other, and at length meet opposite the cathedral; when the former thrice runs back as if in surprise and doubt; at length, recognizing her son, they enter the church together. A flight of small birds is then let loose to carry the joyful tidings to heaven, whilst the discharge of a thousand patteraroes makes it known upon earth.

In remembrance of the galley which brought the celebrated letter of the Virgin to Messina, a fountain of one hundred and fifty feet in length was built in the square of St. Giovanni, for the purpose of receiving a galley, which they assert to be an exact model of that dispatched by our Lady. It is of the same length as the reservoir on which it is erected, and which serves it instead of props; it is sixteen feet in width, seventeen in height, and is manned by sixty-four slaves in chains, thirty-two on each side, as large as life. The vessel and the figures are splendidly ornamented: the former is richly gilt, and considering its size, must have been a work of considerable expense. The pieces of which it is composed, are kept in the Convent of San Giovanni, and pompously brought out on the day appointed in the calendar, by the whole brotherhood, who accompany them to

the square. Forty or fifty workmen are employed for a week in erecting it, and the same in taking it to pieces. After the festa it remains standing for five or six days to be venerated by the populace, if no unpropitious rains hasten its departure. On an elevated platform in the centre is stationed a band of musicians, who play a number of national airs during the greater part of the night. The whole square is brilliantly illuminated, and ingenious fireworks, in which it must be admitted we fall infinitely short of the Sicilians, are discharged: indeed, as these are indispensable here on all holidays, the artists have employment and practice sufficient to render them perfect masters of their craft. Groups in the mean time assemble in the square, and dance with all the ardour which their native spirit, the loveliness of the season, and the enchantment of the scene, can inspire. The galley itself is illuminated by thousands of various coloured lamps, which have a most splendid effect. Indeed, on witnessing, for the first time, the festa of the galley, the music, the dancing, the brilliancy of the light, the report of the patteraroes discharged every minute by hundreds at a time, the happiness expressed in the countenances of the spectators, almost led me to doubt the reality of what I saw, and it was with difficulty my companions could drag me away at three o'clock in the morning.

St. Agatha is the boast and glory of the Catanese; an enmity subsists between them and the Palermitans on account of a dispute respecting her birthplace, the latter pretending that she was a native of Palermo. On her festival it is no unusual thing for the populace to compel strangers to shout, "*Viva St. Agata, vera Catanese, Catanese vera,*"—"a real Catanese." She suffered martyrdom under Decius, A.D. 252, being condemned as a magician and enchantress, but in reality for being a Christian; her youth, riches, beauty, and noble birth pleaded in vain; she was, by order of Quintianus, who commanded at the time in Catania, first severely scourged, and when her constancy was found superior to this torture, her breasts were torn away by red-hot pincers. "Art thou not ashamed," said the heroic virgin to the tyrant, "thou who hast sucked the breasts of thy mother, to offer me an outrage like the present?" Remaining still firm, she was compelled to walk over burning charcoal, the skin having been previously stripped from her feet. When it was found that her faith and resolution were invincible, she was at length put to death in prison. Her immense estates are said still to remain in possession of the cathedral. On her festival, on the 5th of February, all Catania is in motion. The image of the saint, magnificently arrayed, and covered with a profusion of jewels, many of them of great value, is carried in procession amidst the shouts and acclamations of applauding thousands, the firing of patteraroes and the ringing of bells. The streets are strewn with myrtle, olive, and laurel. The dignitaries of the church in their religious vestments, the nobles of Catania in grand gala, with friars and priests innumerable, accompanied by bands of music, and followed by the male population of the city, form a grand and imposing procession, whilst thousands of fair hands shower down flowers, sweetmeats, and comfits, from the windows and balconies as it moves slowly along. Men, women, and children, seem all

inebriated with joy ; the enthusiasm is universal, and insensibly communicates itself to the breast of the stranger. Who can refrain from feeling inward delight at the happiness of so many of his fellow creatures, all forgetting, amidst the general joy, their particular vexations and disquietudes ? The coronation of the greatest king is not to be compared to it ; there is little on those occasions which is not artificial and unreal ; the splendour is but that of a gilded sepulchre ; but here, all is thrilling rapture and unaffected transport. Of all the pleasanter sensations of the human mind, love and devotion combined are certainly the most powerful and extatic ; and in the Sicilians they are always united for their favourite saint.

The patron saint and protectress of Syracuse is St. Lucia ; her fête is celebrated with great pomp on the 13th of December ; her statue is carried through the streets in procession to the spot where she suffered martyrdom, and where now stands a magnificent church. The Syracusans are not less noisy and enthusiastic than any other Sicilians on similar occasions, nor less liberal of their fireworks and patteraroes, which, joined to the never-ceasing shouts of the populace, send a deafening sound through the narrow streets, which shakes the houses like the tremor of an earthquake. I can very well believe the fact, that during the rage of the battle of Thrasymene,

An earthquake rolled unheededly away ;

and I am convinced, that unless the shock were indeed tremendous, one would not be felt or noticed during the fervour of a Sicilian procession in honour of a favourite saint.

As the image passes through the streets, flowers, and little gilt baskets, are showered down from the windows and balconies by the Syracusan ladies, accompanied with what is still more singular, flights of quails and other small birds, dressed like so many dolls, with hats, caps, gowns, &c., in the most grotesque manner ; these unfortunate little animals are caught by the mob, who seem to have gone mad on the occasion, and instantly torn to pieces. In this manner the procession moves through the town, and reaches the above-mentioned church. The pious Syracusans assert, that when the saint reaches the spot which was the scene of her martyrdom, she changes colour, and becomes of a deadly pale, at the recollection of the dreadful torments she formerly endured there.

It is a matter of regret and despair with the Syracusans, that they do not possess the body of their saint, which was stolen from them by the Venetians, and is now preserved in Venice ; they have, however, one of her fingers, which is kept with the utmost care and veneration, and was procured by the dexterity and courage of a young Syracusan, whose exploit is a theme of constant praise and admiration. He made a voyage to Venice on purpose, and disguising that he was a native of Syracuse, procured, by a large bribe, permission to see the body of the saint, before which as he knelt down under pretence of kissing her hand, he contrived to bite off unperceived one of the fingers, which he brought in safety and triumph to Syracuse, and deposited in the cathedral.

No. XXVII.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF LIEUT. S——, OF
THE ENGINEERS, IN THE HOUSE OF THE MARQUIS
OF C——.

THE late Marquis of C——, an anecdote of whom is in No. IV. of the foregoing *Sicilian Facts*, was notorious for the readiness with which he disposed of people rash enough to give him cause of offence. The water of his cistern having become fetid, it was necessary to draw it off in order to ascertain the cause, when the body of an English sailor was discovered in a state of corruption, which indicated its having been many days there: marks of violence were found on the body, but no one, it seems, dared to suspect or question the marquis, or any of his household, for no inquiry was made into the affair, and the manner in which the poor man came by his death is, to this day, unknown.

Some time after this fact, Lieut. S——, of the Royal Engineers, struck by the appearance of a handsome young woman in a balcony, whose heart, by the condescension with which she met advances, seemed framed of softer materials than of flint or adamant, ignorant that the lady was under the especial protection of the Marquis of C——, passed and repassed rather frequently for several days in succession under her windows. One evening, returning from mess, as he was near the fair one's residence, a man rushed out and struck him violently in the face. S—— was unarmed, but a friend who was with him had his sword; this he asked for, but the other, apprehending consequences still more serious, manifesting some hesitation, Mr. S——, not to lose sight of his assailant, who was running off, followed him without a weapon of any description, and was fast gaining on him, when the man turned short into the porch of a large mansion; this was the palace of the marquis. The fugitive darted up stairs, and successively through a long corridor and a suite of apartments, his enraged pursuer closely behind him; when suddenly the former closing the door of a large apartment in his face, escaped from him. Mr. S——, who now found himself in a strange house and in the dark, had scarcely time to take breath when another door was thrown open, and five or six individuals instantly rushed upon him, none of whom he could afterwards identify; in fact, blind with rage at the outrage, and exhausted by his sharp race with his assailant, he recollected nothing of what further occurred, except that he was positive to having heard one of the assassins say, "*Signor marchese, ritiratevi, lasciate fare a noi,*" "*retire, marquis, leave the matter to us.*" He received nine stiletto wounds in different parts of the body. The miscreants, supposing him dead, carried him out of the house, and left him in the middle of the street, conceiving that it would be supposed that he had engaged in a dispute, and had been dispatched there. The cool air brought him to his senses, and his groans soon after drew the patrol, which was passing, to the spot. His wounds were dangerous but not mortal; fortunately medical assistance was at hand, and after a confinement of many weeks he recovered. The

British general commanding the garrison obliged the Sicilian authorities to institute an inquiry into the business. Nothing was, however, proved against the marquis, against whom an accusation was not preferred; but his camarieve, the person who struck Mr. S—— in the face in the street, was brought to trial, found guilty and condemned to death, but was pardoned at the intercession of Lieut. S——, still lying, at the time, in a dangerous condition.

The marquis visited Mr. S—— repeatedly during his confinement, was profuse in his offers of service and in his expressions of extreme sorrow for the unhappy event which had taken place under his roof.

No. XXVIII.

SICILIAN DUNGEONS. INHUMANITY OF THE MINISTER M——.

WHEN in Syracuse for the first time, I was well acquainted with the patriotic but unfortunate Abela, whose gallant efforts in defence of the liberty of his country, met with such ill-success. The death of this meritorious nobleman still excites the execrations of the Sicilians against the unprincipled M——, and his vindictive and unrelenting master. He was one of the individuals who were thrown into deep and narrow dungeons, or rather wells, for the floors are almost always under water, and who were there confined and fed on scanty and unwholesome food, until they may be said to have rotted away piecemeal. These horrible cells are called in Sicilian *damuse*. When the Chevalier M—— was ushered into office, to succeed, as it proved, the less atrocious Prince of C——, it was hoped that some alleviation of the sufferings of the prisoners would take place. To solicitations made to him on this head, his only reply was, to remove many of the confined into dungeons still more dreadful, to multiply tenfold the rigour and horror of their imprisonment, and even, it has been said, to restrict their daily allowance of food.

THE GAMING HOUSES IN THE FRENCH METROPOLIS.

HENRY IV. and Louis XIV., the two most distinguished monarchs of the Bourbon race, were the first patrons, and promoters of the baneful vice of gaming in France. Their successors have not failed regularly to follow their time-honoured example. In 1775 the celebrated lieutenant of police, Sartines, authorised the *maisons de jeu*, and gave them an administrative consistence, which they had not before. To diminish the odium of these horrible financial, wholesale man-traps, Sartines ordained that their profits should be appropriated to the foundation of hospitals; a very pretty considerable proportion, however, of the virtuous products were always found missing ere they arrived at the destined goal of philanthropy. The same ethical apology is still made use of under the most moral and domestic reign of our citizen majesty. The first favourite game was called *la belle*. Select, or selected portions of the *beau sexe* had permission to preside at the twelve gaming tables of Paris twice a-week. The *bankers* gave these attractive sorceresses six louis at each sitting, and paid all other expenses. A third day in the seven was annexed as a benefit for the police, who, on that periodical occasion, ungallantly pocketed the six golden pieces of each of the presiding goddesses—*gratis per restraint*. The prominent candidates for these posts of horror and profit were found principally amongst battered baronesses, and ruined marchionesses, who petitioned for the distinctive preference of obtaining those *tripots*, at which they enacted by subaltern deputies of the dear sex, to whom they allowed a *fair* share of the wages of iniquity. The directors of those repairs of vice and folly were mostly the valets of grand seigneurs, having for their chief, a certain Gombaudo, the cashier-general. Amongst the privileged Circean Calypsos, deserving of infernal immortality, are handed down to us the names of Madame de Thouvere, la Baronne de Ganciere, and la Marquise de Sainte Donbeuville. The success of the authorised "houses" led to the establishment of rival and clandestine receptacles, which the players baptized by an appellation discordant to English ears polite, but which I may venture to let out in French—*l'enfer*: these private pandemoniums were kept by Madame de Selle, rue Montmartre; la Comptess Champeiron, rue de Clery; Madame de Fonteneille, rue de l'Arsenal, &c. &c. &c. It was at the last-named place that Sartines, incog., narrowly escaped the blow of a poniard, in being recognized by a ruined gambler. Crimes and distress of the direst description daily emanated from the houses of play, till at length, in 1781, after the ruin of many families, suicides, and bankrupts innumerable, they were temporarily prohibited; not from compunction of the powers that were, nor from deference to the deep, if not loud maledictions of the public, but because the brother of a favourite mistress of a favourite at court, after ruining himself, and robbing a friend for one stake more, put an end to his existence, by blowing out his brains, if a gamester can be sup-

posed to have brains, before all the assembled fortune-seekers, at the table de jeu of Madame de la Serre, place des Victoires. The demon of gaming took refuge at the court, where bankers, and well-dressed scoundrels, carried on a very lucrative traffic, not under the rose, but almost under the nose of his most christian majesty. The privileged hotels of the ambassadors, where the police had no controul, became also the sanctum sanctorum of the vampyres of that period. Not long after, the original Golgothas were relicenced, and the game called *biribi* bore off *la belle*, or rather, superseded the game so called, and was the fashionable road to ruin of that day. In 1781, the multiplication of domestic horrors, and public crimes, owing to those demons, caused them to be denounced to parliament, which cited the redoubtable lieutenant of police, Sartines, to its bar. After some sublime and moral exhibitions of gesture and oratory, and indignant outpourings of declamation from those members of the parliament who themselves kept *privileged* receptacles of gaming, it was decided that the high court of peers should be convoked, to have the handling of the minor ruffians, who, in contravention of the laws, carried on clandestine play. The patrician moralists shortly after issued a decree, sanctioned by royalty, that the bankers of unauthorised gaming-houses should be liable to the *carcan*, (pillory,) and the *fout*, (flogging.)

The licensed *enfes* now carried on their golden commerce in full security, but not entirely without competition, in spite of the aforesaid pains and penalties, which were in several cases enforced, and in pillory cases, branding with a hot iron was annexed; a barbarous and demoralizing mode of precluding the criminal ever again from entering into the pale of honest society. *En passant*, I may observe that in several instances, previous to the revolution of July, I have known, and once accidentally seen it practised in the Place du Palais de Justice. Strange to tell, the wretched sufferer, thus made an outcast from hope, humanity, and repentance, was the hired domestic of a director of a public gaming-table. He had robbed his master of some silver spoons, and was punished by the pillory; his master, who from two o'clock in the afternoon, till two o'clock after midnight, superintended an open system of public robbery, played the virtuous role of an indignant prosecutor. The domestic thief was sent to the gallies of Toulon; the avenger of public morals went to preside, and haply still presides, at roulette, in the detestable regions of the Palais Royal.

Amongst the convicted infractors of the laws of gaming, and without a police patent, several persons, of no mean rank in society, were shut up by *lettres de cachet*; one of the said bastilled victims of oppression was named Genlis, a gentleman by birth, and a gaming-house keeper by the vicissitudes of fate. The unlawful contagion, notwithstanding, still spread, and new establishments sprung up in the limits of the Palais Royal, under the titles of *clubs* and *salons*, in consequence of which, a police ordonnance, of March 1785, interdicted play in societies. In 1786, fresh disorders grew out of those hot-beds of immorality, and fresh prohibitory measures were applied.

In 1785 the licensed pandemoniums of Paris produced to the police—in the last six months

Of 1785, the sum of	47,761 francs.
During the entire year of 1786	103,961 „
In 1787	103,385 „
In 1788	86,714 „

During the first revolution they were frequently and rigorously prosecuted; however, they braved the storm.

From 1818, up to the present day, nine legalized *maisons de jeu* have been, and still are, in constant activity. It is true that a sort of juste milieu compromise has been made with morality, by opening the lower dens at a later hour, and closing them earlier than heretofore; but the evil, the sanctioned, authorized, incentive to every crime, exists under the pattern of the best of all ethical governments. The *élite* house is well, too well known to many of your fashionable readers, who have paid dear for their dinners at the grand salon. The second *best* house is more famed for its lucriferous lore than all the rest of the houses together. Ladies of the first class, of a certain order, are there admitted; but such is the strict decorum of the establishment, not the slightest impropriety is permitted within its dazzling precincts. Indeed, the presence of these fair and frail sorceresses often checks the desperate out-burstings of the disappointed gamester, who is ashamed to display his intense throes of suspense and agony, in the presence of the lovely decoyers. The Palais Royal contains four H—s; the first of which is 154, and ranks next to Frascati, after which, in due degrading descension, are the spacious receptacles of Nos. 129—113, and last, and most horrible of all, No. 9; where, in truth, “vice, to be hated, needs but to be seen.” Let the unfledged novice, who is headstrong enough to expose himself to temptation, “just to see the tables,” if he will indulge his dangerous curiosity, first go to No. 9, on a Sunday. If after *that* ordeal he ever again exposes himself to the infecting atmosphere of a maison de jeu; if after the demoniac play of the passions, and unnatural deformity of the varying physiognomies he there witnesses, his curiosity is not stifled, why then he must be a predestined gambler. My advice is, never to cross the threshold of such places, but such advice is seldom taken; I therefore repeat, if you must go to a gaming-house, if you are determined to beard the master-monster in his den, invert the usual practice, and instead of starting at the salon Frascati, or 154, proceed at once to No. 9, and if you are not naturally depraved, you will there begin and finish your career of curiosity. If, on the contrary, you commence with the highest, you will come down to the lowest, and after No. 9, I know of nothing lower in the spectacle of human degradation. This pandering administration to the lurking passions of mankind is organized as follows:—the farmer-general of all the metropolitan houses of play, is Monsieur Benezet, Colonel of the Garde Nationale of Neuilly, within a mile of the capital, where the delightful, wood-embosomed, family château of the King of the French is situated. Mr. Benezet, since the late revolution, has been

decorated with the cross of the Légion d'honneur, for his loyalty to the new order of things! Under his direction, in due gradation, are placed, one inspector-general, twelve inspectors, twenty secret inspectors, six chefs de parties in the grandes maisons, three chefs de parties for the roulette-tables, twelve supplementary supervisors, thirty-eight doctors at trente-et-un, thirty croupiers, eighty dealers at *biribi* and *creps*, ten groom porters at French hazard, and one hundred and forty garçons de salles. Besides the known officials enumerated, there is a horde of attached spies, providers, pickers-up, and hangers-on, paid for doing the "dirty-work" of the houses, both in and out of doors. The name, rank in life, presumed fortune, habitation, and habits of each gaming-house guest, is registered: and, if they become regular customers, a sobriquet, or nickname, is given to each. By this means the constant players are, in a certain degree, proscribed to the police; and let the British, who visit, or reside in Paris, remember that, in case of need, such insertions are by no means "letters of recommendation." The salaried satellites of the maisons de jeu, when they enter upon office, are peremptorily told that "it is their duty to regard every man who plays at the tables as an enemy." This article is already too long; hereafter I may furnish you with some intensely *effrayantes* anecdotes of the gambling-repairs of this most moral of all moral metropolises.

A LOOKER-ON.

OUR OWN OBSERVATION OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

AT about seven o'clock in the evening of the 16th ult., the exciting and ominous cry of "There is a fire!" uttered repeatedly by those hurrying past to the splendid scene, roused us from the quiet of our domestic circle. As we reside in the northern division of the metropolis, we had many streets and much space to traverse before we could approach the burning piles. The rapid walk, the eager run, and, above all, the varied expression of countenance of those who were hastening to the same object as ourselves, would give no faint idea, to those who have been spared such terrible emotions, of a city suddenly beleaguered, or of an approaching army. We saw the look of terror, of wild enjoyment, of wonder, and of admiration, of the different spectators; for, indeed, every face seemed to display the workings of a different passion. Among these varied countenances, we saw many with the sharp hyena look of plunder, and these all bounded by us at full speed. It was evident that their prey was to be found among ruins, and their joy was amidst devastation. As yet no one knew, but every one had a conjecture where the place of burning was. "Where is it?" "It is there!" and "there!" and "there!" were the predominating sounds that struck the ear. So suddenly did that brisk red flame burst from the dark and jagged line of the horizon made by the house-tops, that it seemed rather the instantaneous eruption of a volcano, than the usual progress of an urban conflagration.

When we had arrived at Regent-street, where it makes a straight line from the County Fire-Office to the Park, the view was at once romantic, sublime, and terrific. This splendid street of mercantile palaces, beautifully white on one side, in the bright moonbeams, and on the other grandly yet clearly dark, formed such a fore-ground to the picture, as the happiest talents of the painter never could either have realized or imagined. At the end of this imposing vista, and in the middle distance, stood the statue of the Duke of York proudly upon its proud column, looking calmly upon the voluminous flames. Above the dark foliage of the trees in the Park arose the many and monster-tongued flames, which seemed to be moving and twisting, seeking fresh objects to involve in the ravening jaws of destruction. The column stood, looking down Regent-street, immediately in the centre, and seemed to divide the conflagration into two parts.

We soon descended the steps in Waterloo Place, and found ourselves, with the on-rushing crowd, in the Park. The view here was hardly less grandly beautiful than in Regent-street. The clear and placid moon was sailing quietly through the fleecy clouds in her deep blue sky; but the clouds, as they became vertical to the fire, received a brilliant roseate tint, and simulated in the night the glories of a summer dawn. The scenery in St. James's Park, with its elegant piece of

water, and its graceful clusters of trees, seemed to belong more to the serenity of the sky above, than to the clamour, riot, and devastation, that was proceeding so terrifically in its neighbourhood.

We left the Park at Storey's Gate, and entering George Street, we found one side of it brilliantly illuminated by the vivid flames, every thing appearing about it as distinct as in day, yet in a strange coloured light. The flames were glowing apparently amongst the patch of trees at the end of the street, and reminded us, for a moment, of the fiery bush which veiled the Immortal from the gaze of Moses. But the fire was there in appearance only, its intensity always making it appear more near than it really was. We now turned towards the House of Commons, and reached as far as the space before St. Margaret's Church. How awfully sublime was there the spectacle! That gorgeous building, Westminster Abbey, with its beautifully elaborate chapel, worthy of a great nation, and almost worthy the God to whom it is dedicated, now appeared to be built of columns, pinnacles, and buttresses of fixed fire. It looked out in a light brighter than that of day, yet most intensely red. Not a curve, an ornament, or a medallion of that massive structure, but was forced out into a strong relief, and seemed to be stamped in living flame.

At this time, they were throwing out of the windows of the building, opposite where we stood, masses of papers. Many burst and were scattered abroad. Respectable people, as well as blackguards, picked them up, and in their muddy and trodden state, they seemed to be of little value to any one. Many highly respectable persons, unconscious of an offence, picked them up. Being found upon them, they were taken to the police station as prisoners, passed the night there, and when brought before the magistrate next morning, *the papers say*, that all these gentlemen were remanded, and Mr. White refused them the privilege of bail. If this were so, it was a most scandalous transaction. Many of these documents were showered down upon our own person; and nothing prevented us from taking them, at least into our temporary custody, but the idea that they might belong to the Court of Chancery, of which, and of all that belongs to it, we have a phobia truly horrible. These persons were taken into custody before it could possibly be ascertained with what intent they secured the papers that were flung to them.

Not quite liking these proceedings, and the tumult increasing at the place in which we found ourselves, we prepared to decamp, for the engines came down rattling and thundering over the pavement, regardless of life and limb; then came the dense lines of soldiers with their heavy tramp, and the jarring of their arms, mingled with the loud shouts of the police, and the louder shouts of the populace—whilst ever and anon, was heard the scream of anguish of some poor wretch trod under foot, or crushed by the heavy engines, a sad accompaniment to the authoritative cry of, "Make room for my Lord A." "The Right Hon. Mr. B. this way," &c. Nor were there wanting the jeer, and the laugh of triumph, and the shout of exultation, as the massive burning fragments fell, hurling forth volumes of sparks to the sky.

The state of the public mind, if it be permitted to call a vast majority of the spectators, the public, was any thing but satisfactory to

the man of taste, the philanthropist, or the patriot. They saw nothing in all the sublimity before them but a huge bon-fire; they appeared to rejoice in the idea that it would give much annoyance to the higher classes, and they only wished that the fire might extend more and more, in order to heighten their enjoyment. We shall not follow the example of the daily press, and relate the ribald jest, and the exulting jibes that were heard in every quarter around us. It is, however, a consoling reflection to know, that all this came from apparently the most depraved denizens of the most depraved quarter of a vast metropolis.

Having been driven from our former position, we made our way to Palace Yard, and shortly found ourselves directly in the front of, and not far distant from, that venerable and majestic pile, Westminster Hall. The scene here was extremely grand, and for some time the crowd not very great. The flames rose from behind the building in one mighty mass, which seemed to occupy the whole square of the range, and to be confined only by the walls. They ascended in terrific grandeur high above the pinnacles of the hall, and floated away to the left, over the river. Here the moon, which was dallying with the rose-tinged clouds directly above the Thames, added much to the singularity of the scene. Sometimes a huge sheet of lurid flame, and fire-charged smoke, would intervene between her and the earth; and then, as if angry at the profanation, she would look through it, her disk changed to a deep blood-red colour; then suddenly there would appear an opening between the volumes, and she would then look smilingly out, in all the purity of her chaste light, and afford a strong contrast of peace above, to the wild riot, confusion, and destruction below. Indeed, the tumult was many-tongued. The crash of the falling timbers, the whirl of the flames, the rushing of the water through a hundred pipes, all were at once blended, and yet distinctly heard, whilst, from time to time, the moaning winds came with a solemn sound over the blazing roofs, and round the heavy buttresses, and among the massive walls, as if they were hymning a dirge to expiring greatness and departing glories. In all these not human sounds there was something deeply awful, and seemed as distinct from the vulgar clatter and clamour of the mob, as do the solemn notes of the cathedral organ from the squeakings of the itinerant hurdy-gurdy.

The front of Westminster Hall was the grandest feature, where all was painfully grand. It stood up in mourning blackness, as a barrier, beautiful, high, and vast, that kept back the flames from rushing upon the multitude. Through its fine gothic window, in all its maze of tracery, we saw the ignited rafters at the upper end, the window itself appearing in one blaze of light, with every compartment marked out by the densest darkness. The large door below the window was opened, but you saw nothing within, but what appeared to be an unfathomable mistiness of fire. It was as if one looked into a vast furnace, undistinguishable, and filled only with the most consuming heat. Upon the low roofs on the left of the Hall, little black things were seen moving busily along, appearing so small and insignificant in that gigantic struggle between the dread angel of fire and the genius of antiquity, that we almost blushed to acknowledge them to be men.

As we were about, urged on by the desperate excitement of the moment, to attempt to make our way into the interior of the Hall, that seemed to invite us in to explore its burning mysteries, a great and powerful rush of the blackguardism of London and Westminster, filled in a moment the whole area of Palace Yard. A gentleman, with a lady on each arm, immediately behind us, was seized with a well-founded alarm. The ladies were nearly fainting. In this emergency he appealed to us to take charge of one of the sufferers, and assist him to remove them both from the crowd, and the danger. Heroism was forced to give way to gallantry. We accepted the office, and ultimately succeeded in extricating ourselves and our charge from the *mêlée*. When they were in safety we waited not for their thanks, but immediately returned; but we found the place pre-occupied. We then attempted to gain Westminster Bridge, but could not pierce the dense crowd. We tried Parliament Street with no better success. Finding ourselves thus defeated in every attempt, we retired, weary, and mortified—to supper.

We know that this is but a very imperfect description; but as we wish to preserve the reputation of being honest, we only state what we actually witnessed. The details of this calamity, as related by others, will be found at the end of the number, in the historical register. In conclusion, we must remark, that we would not have missed this magnificent spectacle on any account, since, for inscrutable purposes, it was ordained to take place; but we never wish to see another like it. The patriotic and spirit-stirring associations connected with the venerable buildings that are no more, can never be destroyed. The monuments have perished that commemorated them; but we trust that spirit that makes us mourn over, and honour them, will never die. We shall soon see structures as noble arise, and England will never want worthy sons to fill them.

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. V.*Cecropias innatus apes amor urget habendi.*

I WAS returning the other day from a sail, which I had been taking with my youngest brother, who is as yet not old enough to go to school, when I was surprised at hearing myself called by name, in a voice that I did not remember to have heard before, and on turning round, observed a man in the road, whose general appearance put me very much in mind of a discarded scout. He was appalled in a dirty brown coat with velvet collar, a white cravat knotted in very fashionable style, a green silk waistcoat, and an old pair of black trowsers, which were cut after the peculiar modern fashion. The only good thing about his dress was his hat, which seemed to be nearly new, with a very dandified twist in it; and although he had boots on, down to which his trowsers were drawn very tight by white leather straps, they were not so well preserved but I could distinguish part of his feet peeping out at the corners. Before I had found time to speak a word, he came up to me with a smirking countenance, and asked me how I did, saying that he had seen me at Sir Anthony Lovelace's one evening when he had a party. He was going on to give me an account of all the particulars, that I might not (as it seemed to me) doubt his veracity, when I cut him short, by asking him how he came to be in such a situation; upon which, putting on one of the most lugubrious faces that I ever beheld, he whined out very dolefully that since he had the honour of seeing me, he had been expelled from college for scarce any reason at all, and was now travelling in search of a situation. Since the fellow appeared to be communicative, which always goes a great way with me, I bade him follow me to our house, and sending him into the kitchen, desired that he might be taken care of; after which, that I might satisfy my curiosity, which is always eager after something new, I had him up into my private study at the top of the house, and asked him all the questions which I could think of concerning his life, which, I made no doubt, must have contained in it some adventures worth recording. At first he was very shy of telling me certain particulars; but, at length, through that peculiar method of questioning for which I am so famous, and which I intend at some future day to write out into a regular system, I got hold of all his story, and here present it to the reader, in very little doubt of its being agreeable to him; since this, if I mistake not, is the first life of a scout ever given to the public. I must premise, that what he gave me in detached parts I have taken the liberty of putting into a whole; which is no more than what other historians have done before me, especially the ancients, those great models of good writing.

"You must know, sir," said he, "that I am one of those who are

¹ Continued from p. 162.

born, to their cost, with an itching after other person's goods. This quality grew with my growth, and at last acquired so perfect a form, that my father, who was a pious man, thinking it wrong not to take advantage of such a gift of Providence, sent me out as under scout to a bed-maker at Exeter. My master had six rooms under his charge, and it being my business every morning to help wash the tea things, I had the whole range of six tea-chests and six sugar-basins to myself, of which you may be sure I made no small profits. My custom was to take a lump of sugar, and half a spoonful of tea or coffee every morning from each room; and my mother, who was very neat herself, had been careful to make three little bags for me, out of some old leather breeches, so that I might do the thing neatly. This system continued to work for some time very well, especially in the rooms of fresh men; but at last an old stager, who suspected some of us, took it into his head to count his pieces of sugar every morning and evening, which would have done for me, but that I saw him at it one day, and ever after that, when I took a piece, made a point of breaking one of the remaining pieces into two. From the time, however, that I discovered the practice of this gentleman, I confess I felt some alarm for myself; and, since in proportion to my fear, my gains became smaller, my father and mother both got very angry with me for my undutiful conduct; and at last finding that to keep me where I was, was no better than letting my talents stagnate, determined to enter me at some other college where my industry might be less shackled.

“Accordingly with a very good character from my old master, who indeed was, I suspect, an honest man, and would never have given me such a character had he guessed that I had been purloining the gentlemen's goods, I went off to University, and being now a handy fellow, besides having some interest on my side, (my father having been a university man,) was elected under-shoeblack there, after much competition, to the great joy of my parents, who had long since found shoe leather come very expensive. At my first entering upon this profession, I found it very difficult to put my talents into practice, but there is nothing like experience; and after a few days I had the felicity of receiving my father's blessings in return for a present of a pair of shoes which had only been worn three times. At this, however, I observed my mother to be rather jealous, for she seemed to think that she ought to have been served first. Accordingly, like a dutiful son, I watched my opportunity, and had the good luck to set before her the next day a pair of pumps bran new, at which mark of affection she was so much rejoiced, that she fell upon my neck, telling me that I was born, like Joseph, to be the comfort of my parents' old age. I was now getting on pretty comfortably in my new business, when one morning my master discovered that I had secreted one of his empty blacking bottles, which excited such indignation in him, that he vowed he would have nothing more to do with me. Once in, however, it was difficult for him to get me out again for so trifling a reason, which knowing very well, I laid by for a few weeks, having found that the under porter, who was ill, was likely to die, and succeeded, to my heart's content, in popping into his place

the day after his funeral; for, you must know, I had always taken care to keep up a good character in reserve.

"The joy of my father and mother was now too great to be expressed, and indeed I sometimes thought that they began to look upon me as something superior to the ordinary run; however, it proved too much for the poor folks, as joy does sometimes; for that same month they both died of beer drinking, gin not then being in fashion. My patrimony, as may be supposed, after this, was not large; but there was enough left in my mother's money-book to buy me a suit of clothes second-hand, previous to my entering upon office, for I always had a taste for doing things in style. I had at first intended to gain a few trifles by letting the gentlemen out and in at improper hours; but finding this impossible, by reason of the strict watch which the head-porter kept, I was compelled to remain content with the exercise of that talent which nature had bestowed upon me so bountifully. It very often happened that the gentlemen would leave their books, umbrellas, and other things, in the porter's lodge. These, for the most part, especially the umbrellas, I was accustomed to make my perquisites, without the knowledge of the head-porter, who always attributed the loss of them to strangers coming in, and promised to be more careful in this particular for the future. In this way I lived for five years, and managed to conceal my doings so well, that at last, with the unanimous consent of our rulers, I was pronounced bed-maker, which, to speak truly, had long been the grand object of my ambition.

"I could not help thinking how happy my poor parents would have been, had they been alive, to see me in my new dignity; but such melancholy thoughts soon gave way before the services that I found to be required of me. I had seven rooms under my care, and was compelled to keep three servants, to whose morals, you may be sure, I paid particular attention. Indeed, to such an extreme did I carry this regard for them, that whenever I discovered a piece of peculation, I not only took care to dismiss the offender at once, but punished him still further, by depriving him of his stolen goods. By these means my respectability grew to such a height in the college at last, that it was whispered I should one day pass through the gradations of head-shoeblack and hall-man to that of head-porter itself; but fate willed otherwise. I had now been a bed-maker eleven years, and was thinking of turning honest, if it were only for a change, when one day I committed the sad error of drinking two bottles of wine belonging to one of the gentlemen, in his own rooms, instead of carrying them home, as was my usual custom. The consequence of this was, that towards evening I was found by the gentleman himself lying on his sofa without motion. At first he pitied me, thinking that I was tired with work, and for that reason refrained from disturbing me; but at last finding that I was a long time in getting up, he thought it best to search into the matter, and to my misfortune made all my tricks as clear as day to his tutor the next morning. I need not say that I was dismissed with a severe rebuke from each fellow in turn, before another day had passed over my head, and made a vow never more to think of being honest, since it was nothing else than

the pleasure which I had felt in such an intention, which had induced me to drink my two bottles, instead of selling them.

"Here, then, ended all my hopes, and feeling that my ambitious views were quite broken up, I resolved to retire from the world for a time, and live meanwhile upon my earnings. But these did not last long, especially since I had been accustomed to a life of luxury; and at last I found myself compelled, in spite of my misanthropy, to look about for fresh service, having first paid a melancholy visit to my parents' graves, over which, with tears running down my cheeks, I deeply deplored my last act of imprudence, and promised amendment for the future. It so chanced that the very evening of the day when I paid this visit, I was standing near Queen's, when a gentleman ran up to me in great haste, and promised me half a sovereign if I would take a bull-dog off his hands, which had been following him, he said, for the last hour. I agreed at once to this, as I might almost say, visible interposition of Providence in my favour, and the gentleman, who was a rich commoner of the college which I have before mentioned, finding that I was a useful fellow, made me, soon after, his private servant, saying that I need not trouble myself about a character, since he would contrive to satisfy his tutor upon that score. I served this gentleman for a year all but three weeks, and may say that I was never so happy in my life. They were, indeed, quite golden days; although, to be sure, now and then my master, who was a very passionate man, and quite a born devil when tipsy, would throw a bottle at my head, swearing all the time, if I did not obey him upon the instant. But what chiefly pleased me, during my stay with him, as being most agreeable to my particular talent, was his carelessness about his things. He would often have twenty bottles at a time for no more than a small party, with ices and other things in proportion, and after his friends had been carried down stairs, would never think of what was left unless it were to smash it all to pieces with the poker. Indeed I have more than once, for mere conscience sake, been compelled to put some of the chimney ornaments into my own pocket, lest they should share a similar fate. There is no happiness, however, which can last for ever, which I soon found, for my worthy master, towards the end of my year, had the ill-luck to be expelled from his college just as I had been from mine. He shook hands with me at parting, and after telling me, (who was half crying all the while, out of gratitude and sorrow together) to write to him for a character when I should want one, got into his tandem, and bade farewell to Oxford with tears on his face, for he was very much beloved by every one in the place excepting the shopkeepers.

"I followed him with my eyes till he disappeared over Magdalen Bridge, and then considering that it was not like a man to grieve for what could not be helped, set about finding a new master. In this way I passed successively through six or seven colleges, remaining at none of them very long, partly because of the premature fate that attended most of my masters, and partly because my unlucky fingers would not let me stay long in a place without being at the work which they were so fond of. The last gentleman that I was with, was Sir Anthony Lovelace, of Christchurch, and I stayed longer with him

than with any one else, because (as I once heard him say to a friend at breakfast) he thought it more gentlemanly to be plundered quietly, than to acknowledge it. The only drawback to my happiness whilst under him was, that he never suffered a tipsy party in his rooms, which made bottles more scarce. However, taking him all in all, he was a gentleman for all that, and fully appreciated me, for he would often send me out on very difficult missions, from which, except in one instance, I always returned successful. I have often brought hot meats into his rooms in the face of the dean, once even through the dean's own house, and the whole business of conveying his themes and impositions backwards and forwards from the haircutters, was committed into my hands. Nay, I have more than once, at a push, written his theme out of my own head. At length, one Tuesday last term, I was caught by the porter, bringing in some fresh strawberry ices for my master's breakfast, contrary to the dean's orders, and the next morning Sir Anthony told me he was compelled to dismiss me, putting at the same time a ten pound note into my hand, that our parting might be less painful.

"I confess, considering this last act, I should not have cared so much for this dismissal, could I have found another place; but upon going round to the different colleges, I learnt that strict orders had been given against admitting me at any one of them. Accordingly, although my vanity was flattered by this mark of attention, I thought it best to search out a place better fitted for my exertions, and taking every thing with me but my character, which I considered I might as well leave behind, I quitted Oxford as the Duke of Wellington entered it."

Having come thus far in his story, which was intermingled all through with various exclamations and shrewd sayings, that I have not thought it worth while to put down, my gentleman made me a profound bow, and saying that he did not know what would have become of him, had he not met with me so opportunely, offered to become my servant of all work, although he should prefer, he said, the situation of butler. Since, however, both these situations were already engaged, not to speak of certain other reasons against taking him, I gave him to understand that I must refuse myself such an honour for the present, and putting half a crown into his hand, wished him a good morning; nor have I seen him since, although I was reminded of him the next day by a complaint of the butler, that a silver spoon was missing. But whether this was his act or not, I will not take upon myself to determine, leaving it to the charitable reader to settle the question as he shall think fit.

S.

ANTONIO, THE STUDENT OF PADUA.

THE last rays of a September sun were falling slantingly upon the gentle waves of the deep-dyed Brenta, as it rolled on its majestic waters between Padua and Venice. About midway between these two cities stands a vast and gloomy edifice: it was once a noble's palace, and is now a monastery. Unlike the many splendid buildings in its neighbourhood, it exhibited proofs that human industry had wrestled with decay and conquered. The solid walls were in many places repaired, and in some reconstructed. The long porticoed terraces were cleared from the rank weeds and the sturdy shrubs that for years had been gradually heaving up their flags. Rich vineyards held up the purple grape as they towered above the ripening corn, and were gradually trained from olive to olive. It was the hour of recreation, and a sinking sun invited man to shade and freshness. From the portals of the monastery moved out a crowd of grave and silent monks, who separated on the threshold as each one followed the path of his pursuits. Father Francis took his way in solitude, and walked onward musing till the brotherhood was far behind him. He stopped upon the summit of a gentle hill, and leaning upon his staff, he gazed around him. On one side, in the direction of his monastery, as far as the vision could reach, swept an unbounded plain—a wilderness of pasture land, in which, save a few sheep browsing in the distance, nothing of life shared his solitude. Before him lay two gorgeous cities, and a mighty river rolled on its deep flood between lines of palaces, which, though falling fast into irredeemable decay, were still grand with marble colonnade, terrace, and statue. Corn fields and rich vineyards, and most verdant pasturage, sloped down on both banks towards the water's edge. A sluggish bark would at intervals creep down the stream, bearing the black-eyed daughters of the country, and the fair-faced stranger, from one city of fallen grandeur to another; and when this was passed, a silence and loneliness, deep and unbroken, resumed its reign over the calm water and the lovely land through which it wanders.

Clothed in a dark-brown frock of the coarsest texture, that was corded loosely about his aged form, with sandalled feet, and bare head, for the cowl was thrown backward, stood this venerable Capuchin. His crown was unshaven, for age had left it but few and scant hairs: his beard was however long, and flowed nearly down to the rosary by his side. His form was much bent, and he leaned heavily upon the rude staff that monastic indulgence allowed to infirmity. His forehead was high and prominent, and his blue eyes pale, like a fine colour that had faded: their glance was upon the rippling wavelets of a little stream that, at no great distance, was pushing on gladly its humble tribute to the Brenta: now they seemed to watch smilingly the beautiful lizard, in its graceful sports, as every fresh start varied the hues of its brilliant skin: and anon he turned them upwards to the glowing west, and to the rays that came horizontally to his feet, and those aged eyes brightened, perchance, as the fancy flashed across his mind of how sweet it would be to walk on that radiant pathway up to paradise. Thus he stood in abstraction, forgetful of the world in which the years of his pilgrimage had already numbered well nigh fourscore and twelve summers, till his reverie was broken by the soft lips of childhood that rested upon his shrivelled hands. At his feet knelt a little boy with a shepherd's staff, whose soft black eyes gazed up and implored a blessing. The old man looked down upon the sweet

child before him, and he could almost have fancied him an infant angel that bore his summons, for his beauty seemed beyond that given to the children of Sin: his cheek was white like innocence, and his dark eyes, soft and full of light, like love in paradise: his garments were coarse and scanty, and his snowy neck was quite bare: a little scapulary rested on his bosom, on which were pictures of the Virgin and Saint Anthony. The fair child had not yet numbered ten springs; but Poverty, that stern parent, sent him out to watch, through the cold dews, the chill twilight, and the scorching noon, flocks to which bountiful nature gave ample covering and abundant pasture. "The rough blast visited him at will;" famine, and cold, and rain, and heat, were the familiars of his childhood: a gaunt and lean dog, that hunger had made savage, partook of his care and his watchings. For two long years they had thus kept guard together, and it seemed that the premature toils of that delicate boy had led him well nigh to their early close: for the tinge of health dwelt not on his thin and pallid face. Nature had been his nurse, and the birds, and trees, and brooks, his flock and his shepherd dog, his companions. His feeble frame was used to the chill morning and the fervid noon; but his young heart was sensitive, and even more fragile than his form. A girl of nearly his own age shared the lowly roof which had witnessed his birth, and his parents' death. To this hut, in the suburbs of Padua, the boy would return at night-fall, and in the bosom of those that loved him, forget his daily toil, and the sufferings that were consuming him.

Kneeling now at the feet of the Capuchin, he lifted up his large and tender eyes to the old man's face, and implored a blessing. "Rise up, my child," said the monk. "May God and the Virgin, and the good Saint Anthony, bless your infancy, and give you health, and strength, and grace, to be good! Are you sickly, my little one?" he continued, as he drew the boy nearer to his aged eyes.

"The saint is good to me," replied the child, "and I can still win something for my aged grandmother, and the little Agnes, though my limbs pain me at times more than I can well endure."

"My child," said the old man, "God cannot will that you should nurture others with the flower of your health and feeble existence. His mercy is tender, and blesses, that all may abound. Look before you; your young vision may reach the towers of our poor abode; all between this and them is rich, and bears enough for all, and none of my brethren, however humble, shall perish for want whilst I am guardian. Come with me, and the last days of an old man's being shall be spent in rearing up a tender flower for the Virgin's shrine."

"But, my father," said the child; "I have an aged parent, and Agnes at home, and if I were to leave them how could they live? I can serve God in these meadows, for it is cheering to think I am to be happy at night."

A smile came over the features of the monk as he looked upon the child to whose strength three human beings looked for maintenance. "His will be done," he said, as he raised his eyes heavenwards. "I will visit thy parent ere the dark night sets in. But, listen! is not that the toll of the sunset bells? These aged steps may not regain the brotherhood to chaunt the angelus. Kneel with me, little one! from this verdant pasturage the voice of his children will ascend to the God of nature."

They kneeled upon the green turf, and infancy and age mingled their orisons. Their brief prayer finished, the father laid his thin and veiny hand upon the sunny locks of the fair child, and blessed him. They then arose and went their ways. One to his convent cell, and one again across the broad meadows to his browsing flock.

Night came down in beauty and fresh dew upon the thirsting earth; the heavens blazed with thousands of bright luminaries; and the crescent moon floated, like a fairy's shallop, through a deep blue ocean of cloudless sky. The aged Capuchin threaded the dusk lanes of a foul suburb, and sought out one, amidst many hovels, where want and uncleanness had prepared dens for the children of the poor. His step rested on the threshold of one whose door was open. "Does Maria Fantini live in this house?" he inquired.

"She does, holy father," said the voice of a young girl; "enter and bless our dwelling."

"Peace be with it, and with its inmates!" he replied, and entered.

An ancient woman, whose years well nigh equalled his own, bade him welcome. She rose not from her seat, for infirmity had bound its viewless shackles around her limbs, and, like a stern tyrant, left life to linger in a frame whose members he had deformed and tortured. The Capuchin had lived a life of hardship, and had not refused his body to toil and to mortification; he was more familiar with the abodes of wretchedness than with the dwellings of luxury, but never before had his eye beheld more utter desolation than this miserable hovel displayed.

"You are welcome, father," said its aged inmate, in a tremulous and shrill voice, for you are come at the hour when our hearts are made happy. It should now be the hour of my boy's return. Agnes, child," she continued, "stand at the doorway, and tell me if his limbs trail, or his head droops, as he returns."

"Sister," said the Capuchin, "I have seen that young boy but a brief time since, and it seems to me that his tasks are harder than the strength his God has given him can long endure?"

"And have you made a journey from your monastery, father," said the old woman, "to tell this *to me*? To me! and of my child's child, whose delicate limbs I have watched from the moment of his birth, and seen how the feeble forces have entered unwillingly and tardily into a frame of surpassing beauty? Is it novelty to me that the sun of noon has burnt out the tinge of health from his cheek, and sucked up the moisture of his flesh? that the rank dews that steal out from the noxious herb, when the sun is no more in heaven, creep into his lungs in poison? that the sorrow of his young heart over the pale and thin cheeks of that young girl he calls his sister, and the murmur which famine will at times wring from her, cankers his very life in its opening bud? No, my father, all this I have long known and explained to my Maker in prayer."

She was interrupted, for the young Agnes bounded to her side: "He comes! he comes! my mother," said the fair girl, "his steps quicken as he comes nearer." A very few seconds more brought the young boy to her arms. She pressed him to her bosom, and then drew aside the long and bright hair from his snowy forehead, and looked into his deep eyes, where the false flame of premature intelligence flashed out with uncontrollable joy. A tinge, too, came faintly into his cheeks, but as instantly faded: his aspect was subdued, serene, and pensive. "Agnes," he said, "I have brought you wildflowers in my cap, see them; like you they are blooming, and full of beauty." The resemblance was just. Through the scanty and coarse clothing of that young girl, the eye traced a rich outline of a symmetrical, even stately, form: her legs were bare, but very beautiful: the flesh was white like snow, and her feet small, and infinitely delicate. Her face was somewhat fair, and though thin, yet full of health. She sat down beside her companion, and he took from a fold in his garment a small piece of money, the earning of his day's toil. The maiden took it into her little fingers with reluctance, and with a shudder as though she loathed it, and then hastened to put it

out of sight. The keen eye of the aged woman perceived the movement, and knew too well its cause. "Agnes," she said, "bring that coin to me." The child obeyed; and she held it up before her eyes, and then extending her bony hand towards the monk, "Behold it, father!" she exclaimed; "such is the price of my child's blood; think you that the bargain is a wise one? or now that it is made, think you that it will purchase for us three as much sustenance as that one feeble frame exhausts to earn it. Take it back, child," she continued, "the sight of it is a temptation of the fiend to make a Christian's soul rebel."

"This is hard to witness," said the aged monk. "My child! you shall come with me to our monastery, and win less laboriously plenty for thy family." Through the uncertain light of a moonless heaven the young boy led out the tottering steps of the Capuchin from the hovel, amid the sounds of weeping and of blessings.

The next act of our simple tale requires no change of scene. Suppose we only consider seven or eight years to have passed away, and the verdant banks of the beautiful Brenta smile as heretofore with their hundreds of white and shining villas, and proud churches and a busy city. The monastery, we before noticed, shone as newly, and bore the same evidence of extreme care; and its broad lands gave up, with the returning seasons, corn and wine, and fruit and oil. The holy brethren were still vigilant in prayer and charity, like sentinel saints, to succour the afflicted, and to praise their Maker. The same confused and busy hum of many thousand voices mingling, rose up from the learned city. "Grass has grown in the streets of Padua," has been said of late days by one who read its history on its pavement. Not only from the flags of the deserted street pushes up the unworn herb, but from the steps and very thresholds of abandoned palaces. Padua is a fallen and deserted city. Time was when it was a proverb for gaiety and joy, for it was the city of the young. It counted fifteen thousand students within its walls; youths from every distant land, who brought the treasure of young spirits and unworn hearts into its halls. The frivolities—the feasts—the pomps of many nations, were as varied as their garbs. All met in amity and mirth in Padua, like the beings of a May-day's pageant.

Of the many youths who boasted high birth and ancient lineage, and dazzled the eyes of needy students, none were more conspicuous than the young Count Aldobrand Cenci. Few of his own countrymen attempted to vie with him in the magnificence of his retinue, his equipages, his abode, or his entertainments. He was twenty years of age, and his features, though handsome, were repulsive oftentimes from extreme haughtiness. When he came first to the university, he brought a heart as yet unsullied by any positive vice, though unburdened by any very romanesque notions of an overstrained morality. The indigent and the base were not wanting to encourage him in his own pursuits, and to initiate him into theirs; nor to flatter him in the reasonableness of an absurd pride, which, by offending the independence of his equals, secured him to themselves. Still none had ever yet dared to breathe dishonour on his name, nor to murmur aught of the young noble which worldly wisdom would blush to avow. His character merits no very attentive study. For his soul was grovelling, and base, and despicable. As occasion offered, it tarried not in its development. He was seemingly great amongst the needy who preyed upon his follies, but in reality less than little; and we should have found small cause to bring him into notice, but that an inscrutable wisdom permitted that his handsome person, and false heart, and spiritless villany, should be the instrument of accomplishing an unfathomable doom. Had he measured his cunning with the crafty, and his strength against the strong; had he trafficked for the peace, or even the life, of the wicked and the deceiver, he might still have

worked out the will of a retributive Providence unnoticed ; but he was a chosen instrument for other purposes ! His prey was to be the gentle and the beautiful, the wise and the holy.

The years that had passed away since the early part of our story, brought a change over the fair creatures we then saw in childhood. Antonio had struggled perseveringly with a shattered constitution, and it was only by extreme care that he secured the feeble remains of health which he now enjoyed. He was in his eighteenth year ; in person slender and delicate, yet beautiful to behold ; his address was timid, and his manners most unobtrusive. Though attached to a feeble frame, his youthful mind had grown vigorous in wisdom, and his guileless heart in benevolence and holiness. His preceptor was an aged man, whose years had outlived the interests of this life, whose contemplations were of visions of the misty regions of the coming world, towards which his steps were so speedily advancing. Upon his lips dwelt not complainings of the vices of his fellow creatures, for the experience of the ways of wicked men, like the individuals themselves, had long ago faded from his memory ; but the wonders and the love of his Creator, and the harmony and beauty of the works of his hands, flowed in untiring strains of eloquent eulogy into the soul of one who knew their treasure. Too soon was sunk that venerable voice into stillness. The learned Capuchin passed away, full of age and holiness. A dirge was chaunted over his remains, one decrepit form the less was seen to creep to choir, and the memory of Father Francis fled away like a sweet echo.

The simple brotherhood wondered what could have tempted Antonio to leave his monastery. But he went out as poor as he had entered, possessed only of the garments that clothed him. With the blessing of his friend he prospered, and in a short time his name was entered on the lists of the university, and a career of independence opened before him. Teaching his own melodious tongue to foreigners, he earned an easy and abundant livelihood : he had, besides, the good fortune to make a protector. Had Antonio laboured only for himself, the scantiest pittance that would support life would have sufficed him ; for his happiness was not bought by money. He loved solitude, for in solitude he had been nurtured ; and he had learned to find friends in all gentle things. The shepherd, as he led out his flock in early morning, was familiar with the slender form and pallid cheek of the young student, as he went forth to listen to the sweet music of awakening nature. At noontide, when the pilgrim went aside from his path, he has seen him where some tributary streamlet wound its way through the leafy copse, with his graceful form bending over the sparkling water, and smiling on the life within its stream. The wayfarer has forgotten the length of his travel, as he overtook the youth on his path at eventide, and listened to the melody of his sweet voice. But Antonio lived *not* for himself. Another eat the bread of his toil in youth, as she had done in infancy : that other was a young maiden with a person of excelling loveliness, and a spirit, like his own, of purity and goodness. Agnes had grown into womanhood under the eye of Antonio. He loved her as few could love ; with a steady and bright flame to which the very spring of his life gave nutriment. They had grown up together in confiding friendship : no false delicacy had ever yet made dependence painful : and the exultation of the student, when he earned the means of adding to the comforts of Agnes, and hers, when she changed the garments of extreme poverty for others more becoming her delicacy and beauty, arose from the same source.

Antonio walked on in the light of his own honest and upright mind, sufficing, by his own exertions, to himself and his adopted sister. The opulence and the high bearing of the youth about him excited not a thought of repining. His mind was far otherwise taken up. With the

perseverance of the lowly and laborious emmet, and the taste of the fastidious bee, he toiled on, selecting ever the very choicest sweets of those rich and redolent flowers which the literature of his native land bore in such luxurious abundance. Contented with obscurity, unambitious of more intimate fellowship with the rich, he might have consumed a life in his sage pursuits, but for the competition which his scholastic career rendered inevitable. Evil for his peace was the day that he entered upon the same course of lectures with Aldobrand Cenci. Had that young man been satisfied with precedence in dissipation and folly, he would have met no rival in Antonio; but he must have pretensions to all things, and he ventured the scanty attainments of a few hours stolen from pursuits more befitting him, against the hardly earned knowledge of an entire life of intense study. The result procured him sneers even from his flatterers, and thus Antonio made an enemy.

It was not long before he reaped the first fruits of his mischance, in bitterness and humiliation. Many of his pupils fell away from him, and he was obliged again to retrench the indulgences which his beloved Agnes had of late been used to. It is hardly conceivable that a high-born youth should condescend to cut off these feeble resources from one whose maintenance depended upon them; but Aldobrand was as mean in his vengeance as in the selection of his pleasures. This first attempt was, however, only partially mischievous; the youth had a protector, in whose estimation the Cencis and their proscriptive edicts, and indeed the whole race of frivolous nobles, were less than insects. The second scheme against his peace was as successful as it was utterly villanous.

Summer evening fell gently upon a little cottage without the walls of Padua. A garden of rich flowers, whose thirsty chalices rose up to drink the earliest dew, shone around this peaceful dwelling. Within, comfort was not a stranger, although there were proofs that poverty had been but recently and partially expelled. Very different from this was *his* abode who had taken penury to his own home that it might not be here.

In an avenue of flowering tulip trees walked a young maiden in deep thought; her dress was simple, modest, and very humble, but her mien was dignified, and her sweet cheeks full of beauty. She was fairer than are usually the daughters of a sunny clime, but her large black eye had the fire, and depth, and tenderness, which are the heritage of the daughters of Italy. A shade was on that lofty brow, for a snare was set before her steps; she saw it, and yet loved the danger.

A slight sound, a rustling amongst the shrubs caught her ear, the blood leaped up into her cheeks, and her young heart beat wildly. "Is it you, Aldobrand?" she whispered.

"It is I, my fair Agnes," said a voice in reply; "who else should it be at this late hour?"—and the speaker stood beside her. She was in his arms, and their greeting was in a long and fond embrace. "I have been delayed, my love, and have, I fear, kept you long waiting."

"Long, indeed, my Aldobrand," said the fair girl, "but a moment such as this, more than repays me. Three long nights have passed away since we met, and I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliness which are torturing to bear. It seems to me that these long absences are scarcely of necessity. O Aldobrand, I have given you my whole heart, and every thought, and every impulse, and were you to love me less, its very life must depart also."

"You wrong me, dear Agnes," said her lover; "I never shall—I never can; but since we last met, my brother Theobald has arrived, and from the unfortunate accident he met with from my hands, you know he has many claims on me, and it would be hard were I not to be useful to him on his first coming among strangers. In a few days his initiation will be

complete, and he may then manage for himself; then our meetings will be nightly, as they have been."

The fair girl threw her arms round his neck, and kissed, and thanked, and blessed him; and warm tears flowed from her cheeks on to his. "And when, my own love," she whispered, "may I hope for the accomplishment of your dearest promise?"

A shade came perceptibly over the brow of Aldobrand, though he was skilled in deceitfulness, as he replied, "I hope! surely Agnes, possession precludes hope."

"It does—it would," replied the maiden; "but is *this* possession—a brief visit stolen from the dark midnight—a few moments of bliss from whole days of absence and longing? You yourself have at times told me what possession is; and surely you never described it to be this?"

"I spoke not then of marriage, my sweet girl," said her lover, hesitatingly, "for that you know cannot yet be; but I described to you an intimate union of hearts—a possession that nature would point out, and which ridicules the restraints which a tattling world would impose, till sanctioned by ceremonies after their own manner; in other words, till the presence of love is proclaimed to the curious by the sound of bells, and neighbours are called to witness the sacrifice."

"I understand you not, Aldobrand," said Agnes; "why talk words of mystery to me? I have never, surely, used such to you."

A tinge of shame and abashed wickedness passed over the cheek of Aldobrand as he replied, "You are too unworldly, Agnes; wonder not that I should speak a language understood by most women; marvel, rather, as I do, at your own simplicity. But let us not talk of this now. Rest assured, that I dearly love you, and that the hour is not far distant, when all your heart most fondly hopes shall be yours. But hark, Agnes—heard you nothing? We are surely watched! Speedily in, and leave me." They parted; Aldobrand plunged amongst the shrubs, and caught a faint glimpse of a figure, that fled with a speed which seemed superhuman—pursuit proved vain, and he regained his palace.

In his own chamber, and seemingly in deep study, sat Theobald Cenci. He was a youth of eighteen, but might have passed for twelve, for his face was infantine, and his form destined never to know the proportions of manhood. A frightful accident, which he owed to his brother, had in childhood deformed both body and mind—the one was hunchbacked, and ruined in health and strength, and the other even more hideous, deformed, and fiendish. No living being loved him, though many of his own blood feared him. Aldobrand looked upon him as a helpless and harmless caricature, one who could not in any way intermeddle with his affairs, and so he took small interest in his feelings or pursuits. Meanwhile that miserable cripple concentrated every passion of which his base spirit was susceptible, into a hatred the most deadly, the most unremitting, against his brother. Aldobrand, after his speedy retreat, broke in upon his brother's studies, and with no courteous salutation upon his brow: he was received calmly, and his suspicions were lulled.

Brightly as it ever shone in its best day, blooms even now the garden of Padua. You may see still the same trees that shaded the retreat of youths of a past age, and read upon their bark great names, which have grown into distorted and indistinct characters, which nerveless hands had graven in their boyhood. You may see shrubs and plants of distant lands, which the young exile had known for his friends in his years of banishment. The fig-tree of Boccora, the date of Idumea, are still there, but the eye misses the pictured garbs of Zebulon and Esdrælon, which used to shine beneath their branches. The lemon and the orange trees give up their fair flowers to the delicious air now as then, but the funereal raiment of the modern Abate, has displaced the pictu-

resque and splendid vests of the children of the East. But our tale has nought to do with the city in its abandonment. Ours is a tale of other days, when learning's lamp had not yet gone out in Padua.

When remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit full many a hearth,
On this cold and gloomy earth.

It is evening, the hot sun is fast declining, and every palace and hall in Padua are pouring out their crowds into the cool and brilliant gardens; every tree and shrub has a group within the precincts of its shades and perfume, and every alley resounds with joyous voices, in loud and confused talking.

Remote from the noisy and more frequented walks, in an avenue of lime and lemon-trees, come two youths, in calmer converse; one is arrayed in the modest garments of a poor student, and the other in costly robes of flowered silks, starred with gems of Osju, and pearls from Saikoph and Omura. The wearer was slender in form, and low in stature, with hands like wax, minute as those of a maiden of twelve summers: upon his countenance, and lingering step, seemed the chain of indolence, but the flash of his keen eye was like sunlight upon a scimeter. His companion was a youth of pale face, on whose fine and feminine features dwelt eloquence and intellect in sorrow; his eye was clear and lucid, like an amethyst in crystal; he wore his hair parted over his forehead, in long and profuse ringlets, waving at will. His voice was musical, and calm, and fluent, for its fount was sincerity.

"For the past, my prince," he said, "I am full of gratitude. A bountiful Providence, through your instrumentality, has enabled me to pursue with honour those studies to which I would most willingly owe my own maintenance, and that of those who have but me to support them. Suffer, then, that I should still strive on in the same pursuits. That which I win by my own industry is all that I can merit, and it is sweeter to those for whom I toil, than what I might accept like an unprofitable servant from your generosity. It has pleased God," he continued, "to inflict upon me a trial to which I am unused, for I have won the enmity and evil offices of a young Venetian nobleman, who thinks it a magnanimous thing to plant his foot on the toiling emmet."

The lip of the Oriental quivered rapidly with scorn. "And what," he said, "avails his hate or his evil word? Why value their smiles or their slander? Sycophants or idiots are they all, and their petty pomp and impotent arrogance, ridiculed beneath their teeth by their own Pulcinella, and they have been the only relief to this life of stagnant insipidity. Have patience till a few brief months more shall have rolled by, and then come home with me. My father rules over three provinces, and thirty cities, and some millions of souls, including, heaven only knows, how many such pigmy nobles as these rulers of the cabals of this gloomy town—these pismires, who toil in trifles, or, at best, labour to become proficient in defrauding tradesmen, and overreaching each other."

A smile came over the countenance of his listener as he replied, "Is it thus you speak of the aristocracy of Venice?"

"Thus!" said the young prince; "it is thus that I speak of the idiots that the marshes of Venice rear up in folly and perverseness, in petty pride, and gigantic insolence. Had I spoken of the state, I should have given it the stigmata it glories in, of cruelty, and perjury, and sycophancy, and baseness, and false faith, and I should have called its nobles and counsellors liars, and midnight murderers, princes of dungeons, dilet-tanti of groans, and cognoscenti of tortures, oppressing the weak, truckling to the strong; and would not the wide world have held their breath

at my audacity, and recognised the republic and the nobles of Venice? But mark, hitherward are coming two of them. Most puissant princes! most superb and magnificent nobles!" The young Cencis came down, as though to meet them; the lip of the Oriental curled in contempt as his proud eye surveyed the crooked body and meagre limbs of the younger, and the fierce and sullen mien of Aldobrand. They passed, with speechless, but studied greeting. "And is it with such as these," said the prince, "that you would have me intercede to procure you, what to the end of time would not avail in profit the most worthless gem that gleams upon this scimeter?"

"My desires," replied the student, "are humble, for they ask only sustenance for two or three poor individuals. I would willingly do what might secure to them competence, by any honourable and conscientious labour, but I fear the leaving of my native land would be the speediest way to abridge even the small comforts they now enjoy. I possess no strong or enduring frame; how long life may dwell within it, I know not, but in human likelihood for no lengthened period, and I would not, to gain personal riches, die and leave my bones amongst strangers. No, no, the path of my pilgrimage is before me; it may be rude and wearisome, it may have no palmy tree to give me shade, no flower nor sweet shrub to breathe out its fragrance, no sparkling and cool waters for the parched and thirsty lip. The briar and the nettle may wound my feet; such paths in this life are not unfrequent; the traces of the learned and the virtuous are oftenest amongst them. In short, it may be in bitterness and weeping, but I will journey on resignedly, for it is his will whose love is tender, though his ways are inscrutable!"

The dew fell heavily, and the gardens emptied. The farewell of the Oriental was warm and friendly, and Antonio was left alone to his hopes and fears. A cloud was on his brow, and overshadowed sombrely his downcast eyes. He felt a weight upon his spirit, an abandonment at his heart, and a cold and faint sensation through his limbs. His eyes watched the lordly equipage of his friend, as it rolled rapidly past him. A step fell beside him—he looked, and recognised Theobald Cenci.

"Have you seen my brother pass through the gardens?" he inquired; "I wish to see him, and they tell me he has gone forth of the city walls, by the gate at the church of St. Agnes."

Antonio started. "He had seen no one," he answered, and passed on his way. With hasty and trembling steps he turned from the garden, and left the city. Evening was advancing, the red stars were visible in the heavens, and the dews, oftentimes so dangerously damp in this lovely land, came down upon him as he pursued his path. A friend, less dear than the one to whom he hastened, might have warned him that his pale cheek and delicate frame should have chosen another hour than the one he did for his visit. Yet this was the hour he loved the best, when the calm and solemn light of the radiant stars shone through the straggling branches of old trees, when all living and timid things threw off the restraining fear of the steps of man, when he could steal as it were into the secrets of their joys and sorrows, he fancied his own spirit exalted by the probation, and fitter to approach one whose loveliness, and purity, and gentleness, he deemed unearthly.

There is a rich music in every various intonation of nature's voice, and the melody of that sweet voice is never still. All that has life has a season or an hour for its eloquent and sweet song. Each bright bird, each beautiful and laborious insect, pours out its tributary streamlet into the deep ocean of universal harmony. The winds and plummy forests, waves and sinuous caverns, and shells, their miniatures, the upspringing plant and herb, and budding flower, all mingle in the hymn of general jubilee. The soft influence of sleepless sound tingled through each watchful

sense of the gentle student ; no tone escaped him, he knew from the cadence of each sound, to which passion voice was ministering ; hence was it that he learned the secrets of all beings in whom life dwelled, and their contemplation made his spirit gentler and wiser.

Antonio wound his way through vineyards and green olive woods ; hosts of brilliant fireflies knew well each winding pathway through the fragrant fields to the door of Agnes, and they bore their lamps before his steps. He stood on the threshold of the temple of his hopes—his heart fluttered, and his hand trembled upon the latch. The cold dew was on his garments, and his face was pale and altered, like one fatigued ; the damp air had come in numbness over his joints, and his knees trembled as he stood before the object of so much love. There was embarrassment and hesitation in her welcome. She took his hand, it was damp, and cold like ice.

"Are you ill, Antonio?" said the maiden, with a tone which thrilled through and through him. "Why wander through the damp night, to bring fear instead of joy?"

"I am not ill, my Agnes," said the youth ; "the body is not strong, but it refuses not to bear me to you. But are you, my fair girl, in happiness—have your hours of solitude since last we met brought any simple and innocent wish, whose gratification may make them journey on the lighter?"

"I have no wish that you can gratify ; no further or greater favour to ask, than that you would not brave the night air for me. I am your debtor for far too much already ; add not the ruin of your feeble health to obligations already too strong."

"My health, Agnes," replied the youth, "like the oil that feeds the Madonna's lamp, shall burn on before the image of my spirit's love, until the shallow cruise shall be exhausted. It shall not be wantonly spilled, but, till its last, last drain is consumed, and the feeble light extinguished, it shall give out its willing gleam upon your image."

"Store it not, above all, squander it not, for me, Antonio," replied the maid ; "I merit it not, I wish it not ! Nurture it for yourself, or for others, but O waste it not on me ! You know not how utterly mean and worthless it would make me in my own eyes—how despised and scorned by others."

"Speak not thus, my Agnes," said her lover ; "I will cherish it, for the heart which is its citadel, is your throne." He paused for a moment in his speech, and raised the full, clear, and unquivering blaze of his black eyes upon her rich cheeks, as though to watch the very slightest feeling which his words might kindle. His voice when he spoke again, was low, and, though sad, yet most musical. "Agnes," he said, "the hour is come—the holy and long-looked-for hour for which, from my birth till now, my whole life has been but an imperfect preparation. The hour is come, Agnes, when I may dare without shame, though the guardians of your pure spirit are around me, and know the thought ere it overflows its fountain, to ask you if you dare, following the law of our common parent, to yield up to the spirit of love, the chaste treasures of your maidenhood, and seek new duties, new sensibilities, in an union in which the reserve and modesty of years administer to the delight which the fountains of life, and youth, and loveliness, pour out at their appointed time, for a blissful and yet wise purpose? Dare you do this, my own sweet and beloved Agnes? If so, the hour for the sacrifice is at hand, for never can you do so with more disinterestedness and daring. He who pleads stands before you with no portion of earth's goods, with nought terrestrial to endow you, and yet he does it as boldly and as confidently as though he who made him of lowly birth, and pennyless, had made him a prince and a possessor of provinces. A stranger offers you, if the bread

of charity be as sweet as that of industry, maintenance, and a home, here for ever; and, if you will follow him to his own land, opulence and worldly honour. To live on here, would, I fear much, be neither practicable nor safe, for the Count Aldobrand Cenci has vowed a vengeance against me as ignoble in its first fruits, as it was base in its origin."

The youth finished, and in a tone as solemn, but far firmer than his own, Agnes answered him. "Antonio," she said, "I have listened to your offer, and most bitterly shall I ever regret that my conduct could have led you into the error of making it. All that remains for me is to answer you plainly and finally. Never can I be aught else to you than what I have been up to this hour—a sister—to love you sisterly and fondly; to nurse you in the hours of your sickness, to take a pride in your honour, and look up to you as a model, as I have done from infancy; this I shall do, but—no more!" She hesitated a moment, and then added hastily, and somewhat harshly, "You surely wrong the Count Cenci: a noble would not, for very pride's sake, injure one so lowly."

Silence fell over both—a death-like and breathless gloom. Antonio's senses reeled, and his brain whirled round and round with giddiness. A momentary wildness glared from his still fixed and brilliant glance. But it passed away, and the power of despair was controlled, and he spoke again. "Agnes," he said, "we were orphans, and our cradle was the same in infancy. I had thought our marriage couch, and our last bed in the silent grave, would have been also one. Alas, alas! what sweet, yet fatal dreamings! Agnes, for all your vigils through my past sicknesses, for your tender and sweet counsellings in my sorrows and discouragements, but O far, far more than all, for that radiant model of corporeal loveliness, by whose symmetry my soul has so long striven to fashion its own ethereal and infirm essence into a shape of similar excellence, receive all that I can offer you, the blessing of a heart, which, having placed itself upon a pinnacle, has fallen, and is crushed to death, to nothingness."

No tear arose from that sparkling fount which oftentimes before now had poured out the waters of its urn over the pains of a wounded insect. A calm, such as comes over a wound that mortifies, settled down upon his spirit. A movement, like the spiritless and leaden stir of instinct, led his steps outward once again into the night air: he had proceeded few paces from the cottage of Agnes, the tomb of his long-treasured hopes, when a noiseless step overtook him, and Theobald Cenci, the tempter, stood once more by his side. In a moment more they plunged into the shadow of the deep shrubs.

Night still hung in loveliness and rich star-light over the majestic Brenta, as it rolled its deep waters under the walls of Padua. Silence was on that crowded city, and deep sleep, for it was long after midnight. The latest lingerers had disappeared from the arcaded streets, and the lights from the long lines of windows in the palaces of the rich. Even the voice of wrangling and debauch was stilled in its own haunts, for men, even the rich and the wicked, were gone to their repose. There was, however, one small and poor tenement, in which the gleam of a solitary lamp betokened vigil. Two long hours after midnight had rolled away, and yet that dim light continued to pour out its feeble glimmer unobstructed, save when the shadow of a human being, from within, passed between its light and the open casement. The waking tenant of this poor hovel was a young female: seen by the sickly light from a floating wick, her face was very pale, and her eyes full of tears. She was clothed in poor and humble garments, and her tears might perchance flow over her own hard lot, and a compulsory vigil. In years she was a mere child; in person, scarcely yet growing out of the proportions of a girl, but those proportions were beautiful and full of promise. Her hair was parted over the forehead, and fell in profuse folds over a small hand, in

whose palm her cheek rested. For hours she had scarcely varied her position, when behold suddenly she leaped up, and clasped her hands, and cried, "He comes!" Listening intently, she caught a slow and trailing footstep, whose echo through the still street struck appallingly upon her sense. The door opened and Antonio entered. The Babylonian summons was traced upon his pallid cheek in the hideous writing of incipient imbecility. The young girl took his hand, it was nerveless and void of motion, and deadly cold. She seized the lamp and threw its glimmer upon his face, and she beheld features that were relaxed like those of a sleeping idiot. His eye was wild and staring, yet expressionless. It rolled round the humble chamber, and then rested its gaze upon the tearful face of the terrified maiden.

"Antonio," said the girl, "what has happened; do you not know me?" Her voice was in a whisper, but so solemn, so thrilling, that for an instant it arrested the step of the parting intellect. A scarcely perceptible tinge came over the altered countenance, his lips moved fruitlessly for a while, and at last audibly.

"It is you, Teresa, surely I do know you. God will bless you, and care for you now, for you have ever been a kind and good girl; help me to my chamber. It may be the last trouble I shall ever cause you."

He would have moved towards the steep staircase, but his strength failed him, he tottered and fell heavily at her feet. To have carried that helpless being, fleshless as he was, would have required more force than nature had yet given to the young and slender limbs of Teresa. She spread a couch upon the bricks of the cold floor, and drew a screen before it. She dragged the motionless body to its rest, and took her own place beside him. It was in the dark hours which succeeded, whilst consciousness seemed to have awakened upon the confines of another being, that this young girl learned from the mutterings of a spirit, resigned and holy, even in its wanderings, that all the hopes of life were crushed, that the only prop which had so long upheld his sinking health had been removed.

"Spare her, O pure Spirit," said the sufferer; "Parent of the frail, have compassion on so much beauty in its fall! Was it, perchance, my crime, that while I taught her the loveliness and wisdom of thy laws, I strove to draw even a denser veil between her and sin, when its deformity might have scared if viewed in time. Woe, woe to the deceiver! Alas, that one so lovely, so innocent, so proud, should fall in a single instant! I have lived too long, O Lord of inscrutable wisdom! The earth is full of sin and perished beauty. The air that I breathe and live by is become choking and pestilent in my bosom, it is tainted with a foul sin and the triumph of evil spirits. O Agnes, I have lived, and toiled, and prayed for thee! I had built thee an altar as well as a throne in my heart; for I thought that, saving in the sin of human heritage, thy purity might rival that of our spotless and virgin mother. And how art thou fallen! A model has been removed from before our eyes. Thou hast flung away the treasure of thy young love, and thy innocence and fair fame, for one who has ruined and must now scorn you. O beautiful and forlorn being, thy own noble and confiding heart has betrayed thee!" The lips of the unfortunate youth ceased to move. Night rolled on, and the dim twilight found the young watcher unwearied at her post. She shed no tears, and breathed no murmur. She entered upon her vigils alone. All that concerned her orphan heart lay before her, and she bent over his slender form like a willow over the sleeping brook.

The sweet and eloquent voice of Antonio was heard no more in the classes of Padua; its echo had already reached that ethereal region where the harmonious concert of past sages shall resound for ever. The shepherd missed his lithe and slender form on the hills in the grey morning,

and the peasant girls as they returned from their toil at eventide. Yet none thought of inquiring wherefore. An orphan child of scarcely fourteen years, was the only living creature who stood by his bed in the hour of his agony, or felt pity for the pangs of a breaking heart. Days rolled by unmarked by any event in the scholastic life of the learned city. If there was a victim the more to misery, it cast no shade over the happy brow of the thoughtless student: but our tale is not of the multitude. Dare we turn our steps once more to the dwelling of the unfortunate Agnes.

When we last left her she was exalted in the strength of conquest; she had trodden down and crushed to earth one whose very gentleness and goodness made him dangerous. She had done something for her lover. She had watched the receding figure of Antonio till it lost its distinctness, and became confused with the multitude of shapeless shadows which lay around his path. She listened eagerly till the sound of his retreating step was lost in the hum that rose up from the busy city. She then turned inwards, but her elastic spirit rose not up as it was wont after a momentary depression. She knew not the evil she had done; this was veiled from her sight, although it might have saved her. "Why did I hide it from him?" she said, half audibly; "he loved me dearly, and would have forgotten his own mortification in my happiness. I have eaten the bread of his toil from infancy, and walked in the light of the wisdom and holiness of his pure spirit; but he will come back to me, I am sure he will, and I will tell him all to-morrow."

It is not our purpose to follow the deceiver as he spread his net for innocence, nor the coyness of the unwary bird, till the meshes closed around it; suffice it that, even in this beautiful and high-minded maiden, a lofty spirit, that knew not in what sin consisted, was united to the powerful, though hitherto dormant, passions of frail humanity. With the very resolution upon her lips, which would have proved her safety, she fell. O that fatal morrow, which should have witnessed the confidence and confession of the past, found her with a new secret which scorched the bosom in which it was concealed. Her approaches to sin had not been gradual; she had not been lured on by a familiarity with those sweet and flowery avenues which lead to its Circean bowers; she fell in a single instant, the path of her innocence and her pride crumbled beneath her feet. She tottered for a second upon the brink of the dark and yawning precipice; she had put away the friendly hand which would have saved her, and she was whirled headlong into the abyss. Every bright and radiant star in the pure heavens beheld her fall. Nature, with all its mute testimonies, bore witness to her shame, and the very dwelling in which the pure and happy sports of her innocent childhood, still left their lingering traces in undestroyed trifles, in which the sweet and tuneful voice of a deceived lover had made virtue more lovely by the charm of its own eloquent and holy praise, was chosen for the tomb of her purity. All was around Agnes as before her sin. A feeble and dim lamp was in her chamber; it burned as it ever did, before the meek portrait of the mother of a maiden's love, the Madonna, who watches the couch of infants and young virgins. Spell-bound before it, with limbs that trembled, and a cheek of consuming and yet despairing shame, stood Agnes, in the first moments of loneliness that succeeded ruin. Her body's beauty was in the glow of its pride and prime, her radiant form and rounded limbs would have served for an unwinged seraph. But within that voluptuous, snowy, and almost transparent bosom, the immortal spirit pined in darkness; her throne was in the ashes of an impure passion, and her only sense was that of a deep and unutterable shame, and a consciousness that the self-sufficing light of her own glory was extinguished for ever. The immovable features of the Madonna, upon which she gazed, smiled upon her as they had been wont to do from

childhood, in sweetness, encouragement, and love. But Agnes felt in that moment all communion with holiness and heaven was broken with her for ever; that she had fallen from the high place of her purity, and that her lot was scorn. She drew near to the little shrine, and shook the flame from its lamp; and she sat away in darkness the remaining hours of the silent night. By her open casement she watched for the first faint streaks of light upon the eastern heavens. It came at last, that first and languid smile of early morning, and with it a cool breeze from sweet herbs and lemon groves, fanning her flushed cheek and throbbing temples with most balmy fragrance. Many, many years had rolled away since Agnes was familiar with the twilight which preceded sundown, and now that she looked upon it, on the first hour that she had aught to sorrow for, memory opened to her view an interminable vista of the long trodden past. She recognised the figure that she then was, far away in the misty perspective, and by her side stood one, not in the joyous smiles that she loved best to see him, but pale and sickly, his delicate frame shrinking from the buffets of the rude winds, and down his cheek the untold tear stole silently. Even the memory of the days of her innocence refused to administer comfort in the hour of her shame. Day broke at last in smiles and love-lines around her, as though it knew not of her guilt; and thousands of bright birds and happy insects blended their varied voices in harmonious jubilee. Later rose up the sounds of stirring life, and the song of buoyant childhood. Morning wore away, and noonday, and then came on the cool and placid evening. More than death would Agnes have dreaded the step of Antonio; but her alarm was needless, for he came not. But another came when the dark night was over all things, and she felt grateful that even a starless midnight screened her from his sight. The lamp of the Madonna was no more illumined: the degradation of Agnes was complete.

A pearl of inestimable price, a vestal veil of celestial snow, had Agnes given for a draught of that intoxicating sweet whose effervescence maddens. She had drank of a fountain, whose waters she knew were venom, but though deadly they were of ravishing sweetness. She plunged like Arethusa into the element which was subtler than a pervading wind, it glanced through every vein, and tingled through every pulse of her beautiful and voluptuous being. How long this lasted it matters not. Aldobrand Cenci, in the language of his flatterers, had made a new conquest. If it was not more illustrious, at least it was less troublesome. He went out no more at midnight to brave the dews and the noxious damp. The very remembrance of that forlorn and lovely girl, whom he had taken such unusual pains to seduce, dwelt in his mind but as a mouldy banner, a thing to decay and to be boasted of.

Agnes was left to retirement, without one word of adieu or abandonment. Aldobrand had often pointed out to her, from her garden wall, the princely palace in which he had his dwelling, and it was now the only delight of that miserable and yet loving girl to pass the hours of the day and night gazing upon its long lines of glittering windows. The first evening that he came not, those windows had been given up to darkness, and her heart grew sick with fear; but the second and third, and for several successive nights, when broad and brilliant streams of light illumined the whole palace, the fatal truth flashed across her. To wander out alone, and instantaneously, into the darkness that lay between her humble dwelling and that lordly palace, was rather a volition than a resolve. Her path was the same which the last steps of Antonio had trodden. A few minutes brought her within the walls of Padua, and she passed straight onward to the dwelling of Aldobrand. Its lordly portals were thrown open, torches flashed around it, and a crush of carriages and menials told that all within was festival. Bursts of gay music

and loud laughter issued from every chamber of the palace. Agnes arrested her step in time, for her singular appearance had already startled the gorgeous porter from his throne. She shrunk under the shadow of an opposing column, and gazed upon the glittering crowd as its tide ebbed and flowed from chamber to chamber. Hand-in-hand through the mazes of the merry dance, came the Count Aldobrand Cenci with a stately and proud beauty, who in her pure and exalted heart despised him; his features were wreathed in smiles of most studious courtesy. Agnes waited for no further evidence of her fears; to what degree of baseness and black treachery he might have sunk, she inquired not; the full perception of her own fall, the insult and scorn she had merited, and met with, swam in speedy vision before her. She turned away her steps, but they were not homeward. Wandering for hours through a dark and unknown city, hazard brought her to a narrow alley near the church of St. Anthony, a light, faint but yet continuous, attracted her steps to a squalid and miserable tenement. She lifted its latch and entered—none rose to bid her welcome—no voice was raised to blame so singular an intrusion, at an hour so unusual. A struggling breath, broken at intervals by deep and heavy sighs, alone fell upon her ear. Behind a tattered screen, upon a miserable pallet, lay the attenuated frame of Antonio. His restless glance fell upon her as she stood before him, but it conveyed no recognition to the unmanageable intellect. The immortal spirit still lingered in its perishing bonds of human life, but it was already beyond the control of its mortal ruler. Pure, as at the hour of its creation, exalted, and chastened by unutterable sorrow, that radiant spirit was fluttering for its final flight. Silent, and calm, and tearless, sat the nurse of his last sickness. Bent over the struggling lips she drank eagerly in the articulations of those lips, late so musical. "Tell her," said the dying man, whilst his soul was straining against its bonds, O tell her that we are all sinners, that she is too young, and too beautiful, and too good, to be utterly cast away. I will pray for her at the throne of the God of her infancy; my salvation I will give for hers. Mine was the fault, for I taught her only to love the good, and I hid from her eyes the hideous evil. Pardon, O loving and forgiving parent, an erring child. I will answer for the penitence of a redeemed and uncorrupted spirit." His voice trembled, and then failed him, but his thin hands were still clasped and raised heavenwards, and the lips still moved—and thus he passed away. Agnes went out as she had entered, unquestioned, and indeed unnoticed. Her bed was that night beneath the dashing waters of the deep Brenta. Antonio was borne to his early grave in the common Campo Santo, where repose the bodies of the poor. Teresa followed him to this last and silent home; and in the earth beside him she buried the hopes and interests of a world, from which all that she had ever loved had gone out, and she went into solitude to spend in mourning a youth of transcendent loveliness, and to practise the holy lessons which Antonio had taught to her orphan infancy. She lived for many years, and died a poor nun in a convent of Saint Clair.

D. M. C.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.¹

A TRUE STORY.

R—— A——, ANOTHER CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

It is recorded somewhere of a witty Irish lawyer, (no very singular character by the way,) that having once a client who was accused of robbing the Treasury, he said to him; "Tell me, my friend, whether or not you have *really* robbed the Treasury; because, if you *have*, I'll engage to get you off; but if you have *not*, I think you stand a very good chance of being hanged!"

The author does not vouch for the authenticity of the above anecdote, and only makes use of it as a fable or moral to illustrate his narrative; having what he considers a case in point; for A—— robbed the Bank, and escaped hanging. This eminent delinquent held a place of great trust in the Bank of England, and was considered presumptive successor to its principal cashier, to whom he was supposed to be *very nearly related*. Nothing but the very excess of avarice could have actuated this man to such bold and extensive peculations; as the emoluments of his then office, and the situation to which he was destined, were such as might be supposed to have satisfied even avarice itself; but it is the nature of this detestable passion, that, like jealousy, "it grows by what it feeds on," and at length becomes insatiable. The public are well acquainted with that species of property which he so unmercifully purloined, and to which the situation he held gave him uncontrolled access. The extent too of his thefts were enormous, and by wishing to become all at once a leviathan, a very Briareus, without passing through the slow and regular gradations of an increasing bulk and substance, he became suddenly swollen, and, like the frog in the fable, he burst and disgorged his unnatural substance.

But as the most cunning villain sometimes betrays a want of foresight, so it was with the hero of this tale; as it turned out in the sequel, that this golden dream, this paper vision, had neither substance nor solidity, but was volatile as gas, light as the gossamer. The exchequer bills, which he secreted and meant to apply to his own use, were rendered invalid, wanting the signature of the First Lord of the Treasury, without the sanction of whose name they could not have currency in the world. This want of foresight was a thunder-stroke to the delinquent, as the documents were disseminated before the discovery of this fatal blow. Thus was he exposed to detection without the consolation of having profited by his misdeeds. The theft was detected, and the robber was defeated. He was, however, capitally convicted; but his case having in it something peculiar, it was reserved for the opinion of the twelve judges, who, with that tardiness which distinguishes the movements of great bodies, have not yet thought proper to oblige the world with the result of their deliberations.

This circumstance suspended the fate of the "convicted felon," and he has now lived many years in Newgate *with the halter round his neck*, waiting "in breathless expectation" of the dreadful mandate. This is terrible—'tis worse than death itself!

It is generally supposed, and whispers have gone abroad, that the decision of the judges was unfavourable to the criminal; and that were he

¹ Concluded from p. 112.

to make inquiry on the subject, it would be signing his own death warrant. Thus his fate, like the sword of Damocles, hangs suspended over him; and it is to be hoped, *for his own sake*, that he will not be too inquisitive on the subject.

Many persons, anxious to see this man, have gone on Sundays to the chapel of Newgate, where he is very regular in his attendance and devotion, and where he is to be distinguished from the common herd of vulgar culprits, by sitting in a pew by himself.

THE SPOUTING APOTHECARY.

The personage, of whom we are now about to say something, was long the hero of all the debating societies and Ciceronian audiences of Maiden Lane, Panton Street, Foster Lane, and the British Forum. He, like the far-famed Dick the Apprentice, was brought up an apothecary, and for some years had his "genius cramped under a counter." But whether feeling, like his great prototype, that his genius ran high, and that he was destined for greater purposes than that of "culling of simples;" or that his oratorical propensities impelled him to more elevated pursuits, is a circumstance not now easily ascertained; for when we see a magnificent and towering edifice, we seldom stifle our admiration by stopping short to inquire what were the means by which it attained its proud elevation. Be the cause what it may, certain it is that he was no sooner divested of the chains of his indentures, than he at once relinquished the science of pharmacy, and burst out gloriously a second Demosthenes. He was not, however, like Milton, "thrown upon evil days;" for the period at which he *came out* stood in need of *great talkers*. The French Revolution then raged in all its fury, and England, like other neighbouring states, was in danger of being scorched by that dreadful political conflagration.

Our hero's first appearing as a public speaker was at the debating society in Panton Street, Haymarket, then under the superintendence of orator Bull, where he maintained for some time a proud pre-eminence. But a sixpenny debating society was a poor sphere of action for the display of such splendid talents.

The period, however, in which he flourished, furnished him with other opportunities of astonishing and showing mankind "that one small head could carry all he knew;" and he had no cause to complain, like Lingo in the farce, "What occasion have I for so much learning?" for he was always listened to with attention, and excited unbounded admiration, and had his full meed of empty plaudits. "But lips though blooming, must still be fed;" and he soon began to *feel* that he was "wasting his sweetness on the desert air." His patriotism, however, had one great consolation, that of being able to speak out, and of raising his voice in the service of his country; and though he had not a seat in the senate, he did not make the less *noise* on that account. But he shone most conspicuously at the London Tavern, the Crown and Anchor, or Freemason's Hall. There, whenever there was a *call of the house*, when the heart's open and the stomach's full, he would make a hustings of the dinner table; and after the usual routine of inflammatory toasts, and having laid in a stock of champagne and burgundy, he would rise in his place, like the castle spectre, and amidst a thunder of premature applause,—

" His mind by public cares possessed
Half Europe's business in his breast,"

he would give unbridled scope to the thunder of his eloquence, during the vehemence of which he would often "tread upon the Greek and Roman names."

For many years in *this way* did he *serve* his country, making, as it were, a sacrifice of himself at the shrine of public liberty; and as his political effusions were for a long time harmless and inoffensive, he was suffered to go on, having produced no other effect than that of empty noise. At length, however, his discretion forsook him, or his zeal overpowered him; and though he had long "appeared in a questionable shape," he now, by transgressing the limits of sedition, rendered himself tangible to the government; and by taking certain liberties of speech with some persons who were placed above him on the political scale, he exposed himself to a prosecution for a libel, of which being found guilty, he was now doing penance at the *state side* of Newgate.

This gentleman was a real sufferer in his country's cause, though his country gained nothing by his exertions, which is perverting the first principles of patriotism. To serve our country at our own expense is amiable and generous; but to ruin one's-self in repeated and unsuccessful attempts, however disinterested, it may seem, is at once foolish and romantic. Impelled, perhaps, like others, by a love of fame, he made patriotism a pretext for the gratification of his vanity. But it is useless to hazard conjectures; suffice it to say, that his long speeches were of as little utility as those of most other public speakers, and by giving up his legitimate "calling for this idle trade," he ruined his fortune and impaired his health, and had not the consolation to find that he had been either useful or ornamental to society.

On the very day that Sir Francis Burdett was liberated from the Tower, this victim in his country's cause was emancipated from Newgate; but not like the worthy baronet, who quietly withdrew himself from his durance vile to the bosom of his family, our hero, like the Roman emperors returning from conquest, demanded and obtained a triumph. His chariot, or triumphal car, was a *hackney coach*, on the back of which was stuck a large label, with his name written thereon, thus informing the world of the *brilliant*, which was incased within the "leathern convenience." In this state our volunteer Demosthenes was hurled through some of the principal streets of the metropolis, amidst the claps and shouts of the giddy multitude!

With respect to the talents of this gentleman for oratory, candour must allow that they were of the very first order; and had he had a patron who would have placed him in the proper theatre for their exertion or exhibition, his name would probably stand as high in the records of fame as those of Pitt, Fox, Burke, or Sheridan; but to him (circumstanced as he was) those splendid abilities may be considered rather a misfortune than an advantage; for though it cannot be said of him that he was "born to blush unseen," yet he may be truly said to have "wasted his sweetness on the desert air."

The foregoing digression to the *state side*, was rather a departure from the author's first intention; but as the characters therein described were his contemporaries, and *under the same roof*, (though distant as the antipodes from all personal communication,) he trusts the reader will forgive this deviation from his original plan.

D—— A——.

The person of whom some short account is here about to be given, was never of any importance unless to himself, having been, during the early part of his life, like Dodsley, in the humble situation of a footman. He was, however, a man of observation and intelligence, and had a fertile vein of natural humour and pleasantry, which education might have elevated into wit, and made pass for genius; but that advantage his situation denied him, and his knowledge was not that of books, but of men. When a

young man, he made the grand tour as the lacquey of the honourable Mr. C—— C——, and was not an idle spectator of the moving picture of the world. He could give a satisfactory description of most of the capital cities on the continent, particularly Paris, Naples, and Rome. Paris he described as the very focus of gaiety and dissipation; and Naples as a sink of iniquity and vice; Rome he considered too sacred a place to be described with levity, and as his muse was apt to take rather a ludicrous turn, he left the mistress of the world in the hands of other travellers. Paris, he said, (like a true Englishman,) with all its attractions, is far inferior to London. Much of his narrative was highly amusing, but as it went to describe low life, or rather high life below stairs, it may, though delivered with great pleasantry, be considered too trifling to be introduced here; particularly as it was not wholly free from the taint of vulgarity. He, however, gave us some account of a man who was certainly a hero in his way, and as his name is not likely to be recorded in history, it may not be amiss to give some account of him here. This was no less a personage than the renowned John Ran, *alias* Sixteen-string Jack; the Captain Macheath of his day. This man, like his biographer, had been one of that class who bear the distinction of a shoulder-knot, (not an epaulette, take notice,) and was one of the *corps de domestiques*—in plain English, he was a footman. He had been many years in the service of Mr. L——, of Portman Square, in whom he found a most excellent, but a too indulgent master; to the excess of whose kindness he ascribes his ultimate misfortunes. Jack, it seems, was one of the prettiest fellows of that class to which he belonged, a man of high fashion, and the leader of fashion in his circle; a very Count D'Artois in the lower house. He was the pink of gallantry, always dressed with great taste, appeared at most public places, and was sometimes found among his betters at a gaming table. This high-bred propensity it was which brought him to an ignominious death! Jack, who would be the finished man of fashion, also kept his mistress, whom he decorated in the first style, and who appeared in public places as splendidly appointed as a duchess. But the finances of the lover were not equal to the expenses of his *chère-amie*; besides, he was sometimes unlucky at play, and his debts of *honour* occasionally pressed hard upon him; and the humble situation of a footman, though united to that of a gambler, was not sufficient to raise the requisite supplies. To complete his character as a man of fashion, his affairs became embarrassed, and he was thrown into difficulties from which he could not extricate himself without resorting to some daring and desperate expedient. What was to be done? A man with such elevated notions as his, could never stoop to the low drudgery of earning bread in an honest way, and the road was the only path which opened to a gentleman the prospect of fortune and *elevation*. Having thus made his election, his first step was to give up his paltry place, and like the Irishman in the farce, to *discharge* his master; for he had long been above his business. Equipping himself, therefore, like his great predecessor the captain, "he took to the road," and said it was odd, that the first man he robbed was a

"Parson, by G—d."—SWIFT.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to trace our modern Cartouche through all the mazes of his brilliant career, which he sustained for a considerable time with various success and *éclat*, displaying at the gaming-table, and expending on his mistress, the first fruits of his ill-gotten wealth, till his name at length became as notorious as the hero of Marengo. But the most triumphant career will have its termination, and the most mighty captain will sometimes experience a defeat; and justice, though it may be at times tardy and hobbling, will ultimately overtake the

delinquent ; and Jack was one of the last of that formidable race called highwaymen, who terminated his brief career on Tyburn tree.

It can little gratify the reader to enter into a detail of the circumstances which preceded his exit from the world ; suffice it to say, that he was tried, found guilty, and executed, and is immortalised by having his name registered in the Newgate Calender. On that gloomy day which was the last of his appearance, he was habited in his most gaudy attire, and showed himself every inch a coxcomb ; which, according to the reporter's account, was as follows. A light Saxon blue coat, his hair frizzed, or frizzled out in the first style, with expensive silken hose, and, to give a finish to the whole, an immense bouquet adorned his breast.

The appellation of Sixteen-string Jack, as already observed, was given him in consequence of his wearing strings instead of buttons to the knees of his breeches, which, requiring eight at either side, at once solves the puzzle. In the above trim he was conveyed to the fatal spot, where, in the bloom of life, he terminated his vicious career.

The female friend whom he left to deplore the loss of her hero, "and sigh alone," seems to have been a greater favourite with fortune than her departed lover ; for she very soon after shared the heart, and received the hand of a certain baronet, well known in the sporting world. The author has often seen this lady with her *cara sposa*, dashing through Piccadilly, and the parks, in as splendid a style as ever flourished in the ring, or exhibited in Rotten Row.

He has also seen her portrait in full-length in the gallery of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the first company in the nation, where Ralph, who showed the pictures, made no scruple to tell who and what she was, and what she had been.

LIEUTENANT C———.

One gentleman was constantly in the prison-yard, where he was a most conspicuous figure, who, notwithstanding his negligence in dress, and those other marks of degradation inseparable from such a place, had evidently that about him which showed that he had seen better days. He had seen some service, the remembrance of which he carried to his grave, having lost a limb at the siege of Bhurtpore in India, while yet almost a youth. He was to be seen whole days in the prison-yard, in company with the lowest and vilest characters in the place ; engaged in the important games of push-pin, pitch in the hole, or bumble-puppy. Sometimes, by way of rendering himself useful and deserving, he devoted whole hours endeavouring to teach a starling to speak the English language grammatically.

Though he had but one leg, he was a very devil among the women ; and were we to judge from the havoc he made on some female hearts, he might be considered the rival of O'Keeffe's Jemmy Jumps. A great number of elegantly dressed women, of respectable appearance, used to visit him in his captivity, and afford him every comfort and consolation ; and as his own resources were very slender, it was generally imagined that his fair visitors supplied his necessities, and enabled him to carry on the war. Indeed, Captain Macheath was not a greater object of contention among the ladies, nor La Fleur a greater pet with his mistresses, than Lieutenant C——— among the beauties who condescended to visit Newgate.

This gentleman was of such matchless intrepidity, that he might fairly be considered the Achilles of the prison, and in the desperate conflicts which nightly disturbed the tranquillity of the place, (and which were often sanguinary,) he was as distinguished an officer as ever rose to be first in command, and reduced the garrison to great order and discipline.

Indeed, the name of *Cœur de Lion* was not more terrific in Palestine, than was that in Newgate of the wooden-legged Lieutenant.

It was melancholy to see a young man, not yet thirty, so devoted to gaming, intemperance, and debauchery; without any set plan of life, or any fixed object of attainment; wasting one half of his life in a gaol, and the other in a series of extravagance which were sure to bring him "back to the quarries."

THE WIDOW.

An incident one day occurred in the lobby, of the most afflicting character, which caused a great sensation throughout the prison. The reader has been already informed, that in cases which are decided in Courts of Requests, where the amount of the debt is under forty shillings, that if the party in debt fails to pay, according to the agreement entered into between debtors and creditors before the magistrate, the latter has the power of issuing out an immediate execution, by virtue of which, the debtor can be taken to the county prison, and there kept till he works out his debt by being confined for as many days as there are shillings owing to his creditors. According to this law, if a person is of such importance in society as to owe a guinea, he just comes in for three weeks imprisonment, and so on, till he serves out his thirty-nine days, should his debt amount to that sum.

The creatures sent in under these circumstances are generally the most miserable of human beings; and occupy that portion of the prison denominated the common side, in contra-distinction to that allotted to the gentry. The poor creature now under durance, was a widow with two young children, from whom she had been dragged to prison for a debt of not quite thirty shillings. Those children were of an age so tender, that they were absolutely unable to do any thing whatever for themselves. The situation of the mother under such circumstances can be better imagined than described. The sum for which she was incarcerated would inflict on her a month's imprisonment, and what was to become of her poor infants in the interim, or even for a single day, she knew not. Such keen distress found sympathetic emotion in all who heard the dismal tale. What was to be done? In this state of awful and agonizing distress, the expedient of a collection was the only one that could be suggested. But a collection in a prison seemed a hopeless resource. There is no state of things, however desperate, for which some remedy may not be found. Every thing is said to be in the first step. But who was to commence the work of melting charity? A dead silence of some moments now ensued. At length one of the turnkeys took off his hat, and throwing into it half a guinea as his *mite*, immediately made the tour of the interior; the purport of his mission was already known, and he needed neither credentials nor testimonials to recommend his application; and many who had not remaining the price of a dinner, threw in their shilling or sixpence, according to their ability, and with a cheerfulness that enhanced the value of the donation.

When the turnkey returned to the lobby, where the poor woman was yet in waiting, in that state of "breathless expectation which every son of nature has felt in his turn," he not only produced the means of discharging the debt, but absolutely sent the poor woman home with some pounds in her pocket! The moment this happy result was announced in the prison yard, it was received with acclamation!

There are some incidents which occur even in a prison that involuntarily excite our risibility. The broad grin was one day raised throughout the prison by the introduction of the twopenny postman, with his bag of letters. For that day, at least, no "sigh was wafted from Indus to the Pole;" all tender correspondence, or commercial communications were, for the space of twenty-four hours, confined to the debtor's side of Newgate;

and it was a novel sight to see such a public functionary as a twopenny postman, parading about the yard, with his bag of documents on his shoulders, like a master in chancery, or rather like one of those junior luminaries of the law whom we sometimes see sauntering in Westminster Hall, with bags *not quite* so heavy. The poor postman's wife came early the next day to make as good a delivery as she could, but the man of letters remained for some months in the *University*.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

In one of the wards opposite to ours, there was confined one of those inspired religionists whose zeal often oversteps their discretion. This disciple of the patriarchs was by trade a tailor, which, from time immemorial is known to have been a very religious order. In his general demeanour this gentleman was correct and decent, but in his preaching he was a very whirlwind of impassioned eloquence. He indulged his fellow sufferers every Sunday evening with a discourse of full two hours' duration—with *quantum sufficit* of psalms and hymns.

His exhortations were usually listened to with somewhat of the same attention that was paid to the performances at Covent Garden, pending the celebrated O. P. row. But in "fighting the good fight," the undaunted preacher stood like a tower," though the many plaudits of his audience had nearly smothered his eloquence, and he "braved the pelting of the pitiless storm with unshaken firmness," and never flinched from his purpose. Sometimes, to speak in the language of Puff, the orator was "plain and intelligible," but he often gave you "figure, trope, and metaphor, as plenty as nouns substantive." But all his rhetoric made little impression on his congregation, nor did those "who went to scoff, remain to pray," for he was so disturbed and annoyed both within and from without, that the walls of the temple resounded with their mock approbation. Sometimes he and his auditors would be assailed by the splashing of a pail of water, flung in from without, through the grating of the *Tabernacle*. But this, though it might disconcert, did not dismay him, nor in the least damp his ardour in the good cause, for he showed himself at least *water-proof*.

But that which most of all tormented this spiritual Quixote, was the unseasonable and impertinent interrogatories of his auditors, some of whom would make it a point to ask him some frivolous question in the middle of his oration, and thereby impede the stream, and check the torrent, of his eloquence. To enumerate the broad jokes, and "flashes of merriment," which were played off against this enthusiastic disciple, were endless, the whole of which he bore with the dignity of a philosopher, and the calm resignation of a Christian missionary. Feeling, as he did, that he was labouring in the good cause, and that at the same time he was throwing pearls before swine, or, to take a metaphor from his own trade, putting embroidery on a blanket. But nothing could repress his firmness and perseverance, and he continued, amidst the hootings, hissings, and laughings of his profane and unfeeling auditory.

THE VENERABLE SOLICITOR.

In the same ward with the mutilated lieutenant, there was a venerable grey-headed old gentleman, who wore green spectacles. This good old man, previous to his *retirement*, had practised as an attorney, which being one of the few callings that may, to a certain extent, be carried on in a prison, he kept on doing a little in the old way. Unlike your field officer, sea-captain, or hackney-coachman, who, when once *put up*, may truly be said to be laid on the shelf, and whose hands and feet are so completely out of practice, that their faculties become so torpid and their exertions so paralyzed, that when they obtain their liberation, they have

as it were to serve a second apprenticeship to their several avocations ; but, in the closest confinement, your money scrivener can pick up a little by encouraging his fellow captives to follow up their suit, and *mock* their creditors. In this exercise of his capacity he manifested considerable talent and sagacity. His first look out, to use a sea phrase, was to see how the land lay : that is, which of his fellow prisoners had the greatest number of respectable and affluent friends calling to see them.

To these he directed his immediate attention, and made inquiries into the state of their affairs, by which means he would get into all their secrets. He no sooner perceived that their friends might be induced to *come down*, or, in other words, advance the *needful*, then he would sedulously set to work, confidently promising his unhappy clients the most triumphant success, encouraging them by all means to follow up their case and defend the action. Using all those hackneyed phrases, as common to all attorneys and attorneys' clerks, as "all's right," to the attendant of the *omnibus* ; such as, "you can make your plaintiff shake in his shoes ; you'll not leave him a leg to stand upon ; he cannot blow hot and cold," and such like technical jargon. Thus he induces those unhappy beings, whose ignorance renders them credulous, to chime in with his wishes, and become the prey of nefarious speculations, and turn their already ruined affairs to his own advantage. One instance will suffice to elucidate his general mode of squeezing blood out of a turnip. The poor cripple already described, who was dragged out of his *sick bed* to be locked up in a jail, and whose life was in jeopardy for want of pure air and domestic comforts, unfortunately came in contact with this *limb* of the law, who spiriting him up with hopes of success, extorted from him, in the most cruel way, money raised by pawning his clothes, which when he had once *touched*, he suspended his visits to that side of the prison to break new ground in other regions, and practise his chicanery *de novo*.

The author has known the son of a milkman, who became an attorney, and who, after he had picked up some of those sage law phrases and cant expressions, appeared to be as learned in the profession as Coke, Lyttelton, or Blackstone. Nothing can be more essential to a practitioner in this occult science than the cant of the profession, and the old gentleman in the green spectacles was a perfect adept in this branch of the art, and, to speak in the language of the green-room, was always up in his part, and well knew how to perform and play it off to his own advantage. He knew well, too, how to touch the string when he wanted to play upon his clients, and over a glass of gin and water, or gin without water, he could in a quiet way inflame them to such a pitch as to vow vengeance against their detaining creditors, for he felt for his fellow prisoners, as he *loved them all*. Thus would he delude them by saying that their business was just on the point of completion, and that one *guinea more* would accomplish all.

Thus would this reptile squeeze out of his unhappy and credulous victims the last drop of their blood, and then leave them to expire by exhaustion, when this "green-eyed monster" had put their last guinea in his pocket.

THE FAITHLESS STEWARD.

Our steward, who had hitherto proved himself an honourable man, being in negotiation with his creditors for the purpose of obtaining his liberty, appeared now, for the first time, very tardy in bringing forward his accounts, a business which was every Monday morning submitted to the inspection of his fellow prisoners, for the double purpose of ascertaining how he had disposed of the funds, and what remained in hand for the expenditure of the ensuing week. Our auditor of accounts, Paddy Tracy, had frequently urged him in vain to deliver up the keys

of the treasury, on whose contents depended *more* than our political existence, wherefore we ardently wished to have a peep into the strong box. But the steward, from time to time, by shuffling and evasion, still shrunk from the investigation. His shyness but increased our suspicions, and renewed our importunities, till at length the wished-for audit seemed about to take place, which he procrastinated from time to time with more than diplomatic address. At length, finding he was on the eve of his departure, and well knowing that if he once made his exit, we should never get a satisfactory account of the balance which he had in his hands, we all proposed breaking open the strong box, to see whether there were any *assets* remaining. Finding himself thus close pressed, and driven as it were like a rat in a corner, Pandora's box was opened, and his anxious creditors were indulged by gazing "on sights of woe." Instead of producing any thing like hard cash, he brought forth as many vouchers and documents as my Lord Mornington was wont to do in Parliament when he was the devoted factotum of William Pitt. But this paper *currency* was by no means satisfactory to his clients, who were just beginning to murmur, when, fortunately for himself, and unfortunately for his *comrades*, he was that instant called to the lobby, whence he never returned; for while the storm was thus gathering round his head, preparations were making for his discharge, which having obtained, he immediately disappeared, and never more returned, leaving his unhappy ward-mates in the state of Apollo when hurled from heaven by Jupiter, "with hunger and with empty purses.—*Fal de ral de ral.*"

THE FAIR SEX.

"O! woman, lovely woman, nature form'd you to temper man
We had been brutes without you."—DRYDEN.

The obvious necessity of separating the male from the female prisoners needs no explanation, and here, above all other places, it was most strictly observed. This salutary regulation precluded the possibility of the author's giving any particular or detailed account of the female inmates of the prison. Although all internal intercourse between the sexes is thus cut off, yet either sex has the privilege of receiving such friends from without as may think proper to visit them. As the ward, however, where he was confined looked into the yard at the women's side, the author had frequent opportunities of observing their movements, and even holding short conversations with some of the select of those fair captives. During the day all was decent and decorous; but at night, some among them gave full scope to their licentiousness, and seemed only fit inhabitants for such a residence. Unfortunately there is in most societies a sufficient leaven of vice to taint and contaminate those, who, if left to themselves, would remain virtuous and decent. But the unfortunate mixture of the virtuous with the profligate seemed to blend all in one common mass of corruption, and to exhibit in Newgate a sort of petty pandemonium; and this seems to be the most terrific circumstance connected with a prison. It no sooner approached the close of day, than groups of those *loose fish* would assemble in the yard, where they would commence dancing with such frightful gesticulations and contortions of the body, as would outrage the feelings of modesty, and put virtue to the blush, on purpose to attract the gaze of their gaping neighbours. In these *figurantings* they displayed considerable agility and no deficiency of grace, and powerfully reminded the author of those Grecian *jollifications*, which he has so often seen so happily represented in the works of Poussin and Cipriani. Sometimes the aid, not of the Tuscan grape, but the juniper, would be a characteristic heightening to this moving scene, which gave the spectator the poetical idea of those inebriated Bacchantes. At night their shrieks and squall-

ings, far from the fascinating songs of the syrens, reminded their hearers of the howlings of imps, fiends, and demoniacs.

The base embezzlement of the funds of the ward by our faithless steward, than which not the desertion of a paymaster serjeant from his regiment, nor that of a collector of poor-rates with the parish funds, could be attended with more frightful inconvenience, made us vent our execration on the unprincipled miscreant who had left us in the lurch, by cutting off our supplies. In this state of things, our resources gone, and our *fire out*, we resolved unanimously to vacate the garrison, and march off *en masse* with flying colours, and the honours of war; and fortunately for us a liberal and humane legislature seconded our views, for an Insolvent Bill, which had been some time pending, had just passed and received the royal assent, by virtue of which the prison was swept of an overwhelming majority of its inhabitants.

Thus terminated, on the part of the author, an incarceration of eighteen months, which the reader will readily believe was the most painful period of his life; during which time he was forced to undergo the most bitter privations, and, what to him was much worse, the contaminating and pestiferous influence of some of the lowest wretches in society, whose language, manners, and habits, were to the last degree offensive and disgusting.

Many a man has entered a prison with gentlemanly feelings, and high notions of honour, who emanated from it irrecoverably depraved and debased; and it is much to be regretted that some system has not been adopted to screen decent people from the contagion of such an heterogeneous *melange* as are indiscriminately huddled together in such a place.

The author is proud to say, that on this occasion, when between two and three hundred were liberated, only *one* was remanded, and *he* had once been an eminent solicitor.

C'EST AINSI QUELLE FUT; OR, SECOND LOVE.

A SONG. BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

C'EST ainsi qu'elle fut ; c'est ainsi qu'elle fut,
 When I breathed my last vows at her feet,
 She gazed on my features as fondly as you,
 And her voice was as tender and sweet :
 Thou hast stolen the violet tint of her eye,
 And the virtues that glow'd in her breast ;
 And my heart, though it cherish love's *first* golden tie,
 Feels with *you* it again could be blest.
 C'est ainsi qu'elle fut.

C'est ainsi qu'elle fut ; c'est ainsi qu'elle fut,
 In the days that are vanished and gone ;
 It was thus from her harp's magic strings that she drew
 A melody sweet as your own.
 She is gone ! she is gone ! but in you I have met
 What I never had hoped to obtain.
 Ah ! Isabel, why do you bid me forget,
 When in you I possess her again ?
 C'est ainsi qu'elle fut.

BURNT ALMONDS.

WILD SPORTS IN THE EAST.

THE following very "original communications" are contributed to this work by Cornelius Crowquill, Esq., to whom they were addressed by the ingenious author. Of that author it is needless to say more in this place, than that he was appointed to go out, in the spring of last year, as first whip to the Calcutta Hunt, with a consignment of horses and hounds for the use of the Nimrods of the East. Whatever is further necessary to be known of him or them, will be found in the following letters, which are printed *literatim verbatimque* from the original manuscripts now in our possession.

LETTER I.

" TO CORNELIUS CROWQUILL, ESQ.

" *Bay of Funchal, Madeara,*

" DEER SIR,

" According to prommis I now take up my pollycrownograffik pen and Japan ink to lay informasions befour you about me and the orses, and ounds, and ship's cruise, consisting of both gentelmen and ladys for the use of the Calcutter Unt Club, wich, from all I can lern, is realy the King of Clubs.

" We got away in good stile from Lunnun, and had a famus burst down the Tems, as allso had a Marget steemer that was goin along at a

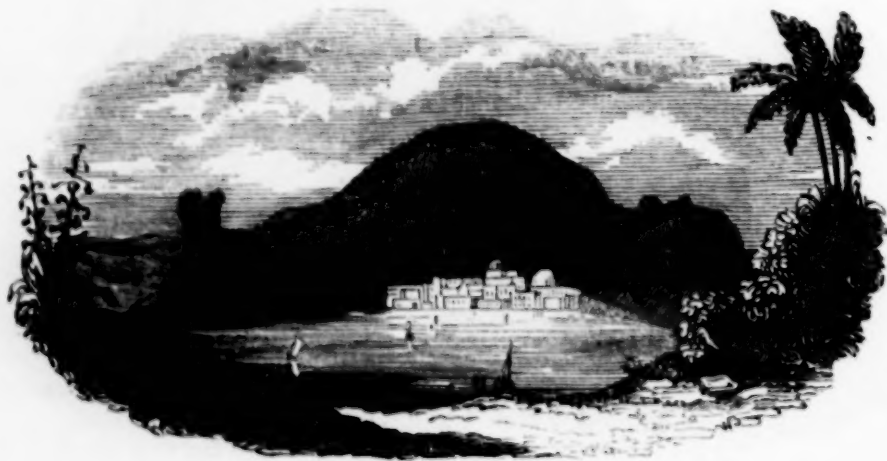


GOING AT A CLIPPING PACE.

clippen pace jist afour us, wich gev us a opertunity of takein the lead, tho' not without runing over 2 or 3 poor blowd up indyvidduels, for ships wont hold hard wen you cal out to em no more than gentelmen. Xcept this al went on swimming til we cum to the Downs, wear it was verry ruff ridcing, and we was menny of us seased with seas sicknes:

but, as I say, we must al meet with our ups and downs in this life. You wood have been verry much amewsd to have sea us at this time: we was litterally al sick^s* and sevvens, wile the salers, as was in coarse, got ust to the thing, kep singin out, 'Yo, heave ho,' in the most laffablest maner. Owever, I must say this for em, the comon salers was uncomon kind to us, and 1 in partikler, Ben Boltrope by name, treted me realy like a child, and we have bean the same as sworn in bruthers ever sins. He has kindly undertuk to teeche me naughtycall affairs, in return for wich I mean to giv him sum lesons in kenil manidgement, wich wil be mewtal adventajus. He has allreddy maid me acquainted with Nuton, selljbrated for his gravity, and Coppernicass, who fust maid the sun go round the erth; an improvement since Joshua's time, wen it use to go visy versy, as the saing is. Allso the moon is no moon at all, but nothink but a satty light of a quite dark natur, usefull to keep the oshun in a tidey condision. Post merrydian I find isent so calld, as I use to think wen I livd in Yorksheer, bycaus the post cums in of a afternune; and a pare of marryners cumpases aint no more like a pare of karpinters nor I am. Besides this, I hav lernt to find out a clips of the sun and moon, as they cal it, threw kindnes of foursed Ben Boltrope. It is as following. Take Moors almanack, turn to page 35, rite and side, and their you hav it as cleer as mud. Sum of the yung men on bord dus it in a round about way with the allmanak: as an instants of wich I wil only name 1 yung gentelman as shal be nameles, who maid a totle clips of the sun to hapen at 12 a clock at nite, vizable al over the whirld. Appropo, of cours you no the whirld is so cald on account of its bean *whirld* about so, like a buton at the end of a string.

"Sir, Kernel Rasper, who is a secondary nimrod, and belungs to the Calcutter Unt, is verry kind to us, namely me and Andru Harkforard the untsman, and Will Whitlether, the 2nd wip, and Nick Knacker, the kenel untsman, and al the orses and dogs, including grooms and elpers; and as for me, I am quite thik with the yung ladys as is goin out to Indy for usbands, and the yung griffins† as is goin out for what they can ketch, and allso with our top gallant capten, who is a single gentleman, tho I bleav he has got 1 or 2 mates on bord. The kernel lends me books and things whenever I want. Wat I cheafly reads now is books of viages; but I must say salers in general apear sad lieing chaps—Guliver



A VIEW IN LILLIPUTIA.

THE MAN MOUNTAIN IN THE BACK GROUND.

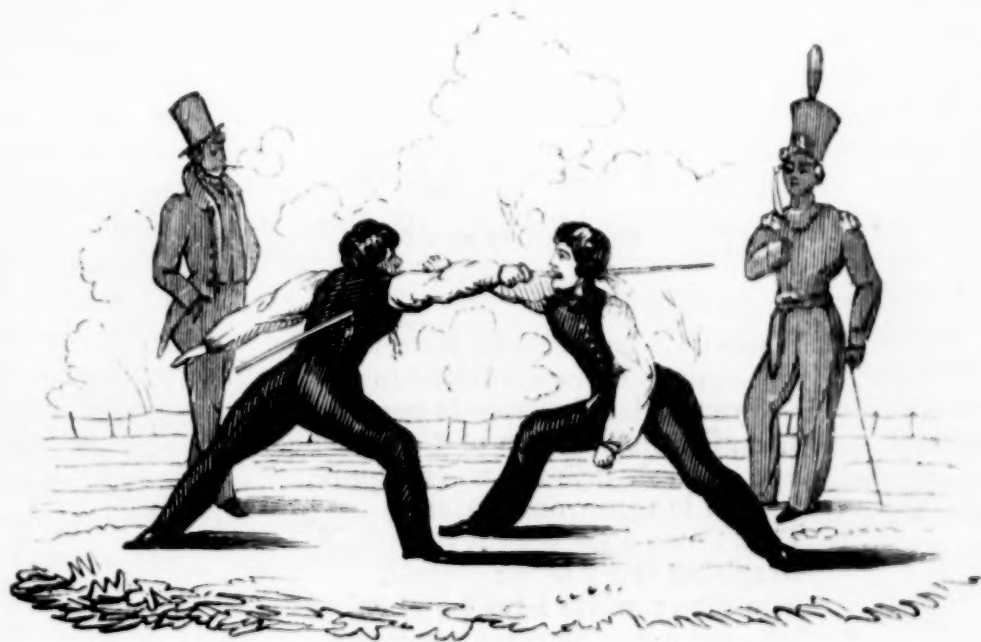
* Sick in MS.

† Cadets are thus called on shipboard.

for instants ; and in some cases the verry ships ar sed to lie too. The kernel hisself amewses him dureing the monopoly of the viage, as he cals it, in lerning the Indy tung, wich as I hear they rite 1 thing and mean another, I'm feard it wont be much use to him when he comes to tawk with the natifs. He is allso studdying Pollyglot, wich seams a verry difficult langwidge, if I may juge from a Pollyglot dixenary as I got a peep at 1 day.

"As soon as we got into the ossen we had a terable blow up with that rude fellow Boreus, and went along at raceing pace, til at last a man in the rigin called out port, but provd nothink but Madeara. In coarse we tucht at the Ireland, but as it was only tuch and go, carnt say much about the natifs. Only 1 thing I must tel you. Capten haveing gev leaf to go a shore, the fust thing I did was to fal in luv at fust site with a yong woman carying a pale of milk. I acosted her verry purlite—in English of coarse—but in reply she sed somethink wich I am sorry to say turnt up nayther heds nor tails. As I wasent a parrishner of Mr. Irvin's and coodent understand no unnown tungs, I was obleege to try my and at the langwidge of the eyes, wich I did by winking my eye at her, at wich she ups with her fist, and givs me sich a nock in the mouth as tuk out 3 of my frunt teeth. I was verry much hurt in coarse, tho' I per-tended to never mind it, and that the teeth was loos befour, but I coodent get over for 2 or 3 days—luv is a terable thing, Mr. Crowquil—and I must say she was a bewty in spite of my teeth.

"Allso am sory to say we hav had an afair of honner on the same unlukky ireland. It was all threw Mis Seleana Simkins, 1 of our young ladys, as had got 2 strings at her bow, or rether 2 bows at her string—her apurn string I mean—1 of wich, a litel fiery chap of 5 fut nothink woodent be sattisfide with no les then a brace of pistoles, wich the other, a tawl fellow of 6 fut 2 without anny shews, woodent consent to giv him no satisfaxion. Upon wich the litel griffin rote a verry purlite leter to the big un, and beg'd he'd do him the honner to considder hisself orse-



GIVING AND RECEIVING SATISFACTION.

wipp'd, to wich the other replide in the neggatif, and dared him to make his bad words good. With this up cums the litel griffin to me, and says

he, 'Be so good as lend us your orsewip, Mr. Bullfinch;' wich in coarse I gev it him in a crak, and of he gos and begins rateing of the big un, like David and Goliath, only just contrayry, for Goliath set too and gev David a good likkin, and tuk my wip off of him, and kikt him so behind as he was nevvver kikt afore. This maid verry grate sensations, and am sory to ad Mis Simkins has quite turnt of the litel griffin, and sets up her fawse curls at the tawl gentleman as gev him sich a bad good likkin. This, aded to my 3 teeth, wil make me take care how I get into affairs of honer with the fair sect as lungs I brethe.

"Ass for the orses and ounds am sory to say nothink in their faver. Dureing the late tempestiwus wether the orses, partickler the Iron graze, turnt quite rusty, and we was obleege to ti em like crimminalls to the rack. All woodent do, and 2 got kikt so bad as to be obleege to shoot. Poor things, I litel thort theyde so soon cum to the dogs! Ass for the latter am sory to say we was foolish anuff to take em out airing the other day, wen sevrall of them got bit by a grate snake, and we are afrade wil turn out hydra-fobia. Will Wisp, the stable-boy, has had a peace tuk out of his and by 1 of the unfortynat sufrers, but am appy to say has consented to have the hole cut off to pervent his arm going mad all the way up. My litel Tarrier, as woodent stay behind wen I left poor old Ingland, has bean brort to bed, as the saing is, and I am appy to say is as wel as can be expected. She had 4 pups, and wen our young ladys, as I cal em, sea they was all blind they coodent bleave their eyes—what hignarant creturs their is in the whirld, Mr. Croquil!—but howsoever it was but a nine days wunder, and am appy to say they ar al doing well, xept 1 as tumbld over bord, and another as was over laid, and another as broke his unfortunat nek down the hachway.

"We ar jist goin to weigh our ankers, so best love to father, mother, and Suke, and except yourself,

"Dear Sir,

"From your dutyfull servant to command,

"BILL BULLFINCH."

ANACREON.

Οταν ὁ Βακχὺς εἰσελθῇ.

ODE XXVI.

WHENE'ER my brain in wine I steep,
My anxious cares are lulled to sleep,
Before my dazzled eyes is poured
The glittering wreath of Cræsus' hoard,
And as fresh joys my woes supply,
I shout in rapturous ecstasy.
Then down I lie with ivy crown'd,
Despising every thing around.
Arm thou; while I the bowl enjoy,
Bear me a cup of wine, my boy.
Far sweeter is its transient dream,
Than draughts from Death's oblivious stream.

T. R. DUNBAR.

Sept. 22, 1834.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

AFTER this affair of Miss Judd, I adhered steadily to my business, and profiting by the advice given me by that young person, improved rapidly in my profession, as well as in general knowledge; but my thoughts, as usual, were upon one subject—my parentage, and the mystery hanging over it. My eternal reveries became at last so painful, that I had recourse to reading to drive them away, and subscribing to a good circulating library, I was seldom without a book in my hand. By this time I had been nearly two years and a half with Mr. Cophagus, when an adventure occurred which I must attempt to describe with all the dignity with which it ought to be invested.

This is a world of ambition, competition, and rivalry. Nation rivals nation, and flies to arms, cutting the throats of a few thousands on each side till one finds that it has the worst of it. Man rivals man, and hence detraction, duels, and individual death. Woman rivals woman, and hence loss of reputation and position in high, and loss of hair, and fighting with pattens in low, life. Are we then to be surprised that this universal passion, undeterred by the smell of drugs and poisonous compounds, should enter into apothecaries' shops? Certainly not. Let me proceed. But two streets—two very short streets from our own—was situated the single-fronted shop of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Thank heaven, it was only single-fronted; there, at least, we had the ascendancy over them. Upon other points, our advantages were more equally balanced. Mr. Pleggit had two large coloured bottles in his windows more than we had; but then we had two horses, and he had only one. He tied over the corks of his bottles with red-coloured paper; we covered up the lips of our vials with true blue. It certainly was the case—for though an enemy, I'll do him justice—that after Mr. Brookes had left us, Mr. Pleggit had two shopmen, and Mr. Cophagus only one; but then that one was Mr. Japhet Newland; besides, one of his assistants had only one eye, and the other squinted horribly, so if we measured by eyes, I think the advantage was actually on our side; and as far as ornament went, most decidedly; for who would not prefer putting on his chimney-piece one handsome, elegant vase, than two damaged, ill-looking pieces of crockery? Mr. Pleggit had certainly a gilt mortar and pestle over his door, which Mr. Cophagus had omitted when he furnished his shop; but then the mortar had a great crack down the middle, and the pestle had lost its knob. And let me ask those who have been accustomed to handle it, what is a pestle without a knob? On the whole, I think, with the advantage of having two fronts, like Janus, we certainly had the best of the comparison; but I shall leave the impartial to decide. All I can say is, that the feuds of the rival

¹ Continued from p. 245.

houses were most bitter—the hate intense—the mutual scorn unmeasurable. Did Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit meet Mr. Phineas Cophagus in the street, the former immediately began to spit as if he had swallowed some of his own vile adulterated drugs; and in rejoinder, Mr. Cophagus immediately raised the cane from his nose high above his forehead in so threatening an attitude, as almost to warrant the other swearing the peace against him, muttering, “Ugly puppy—knows nothing—um—patients die—and so on.” It may be well supposed that this spirit of enmity extended through the lower branches of the rival houses—the assistants and I were at deadly feud; and this feud was even more deadly between the boys who carried out the medicines, and whose baskets might, in some measure, have been looked upon as the rival ensigns of the parties, they themselves occupying the dangerous and honourable post of standard bearer. Timothy, although the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, was as good a hater as Dr. Johnson himself could have wished to meet with; and when sometimes his basket was not so well filled as usual, he would fill up with empty bottles below, rather than the credit of the house should be suspected, and his deficiencies create a smile of scorn in the mouth of his red-haired antagonist, when they happened to meet going their rounds. As yet, no actual collision had taken place between either the principals or the subordinates of the hostile factions; but it was fated that this state of quiescence should no longer remain.

Homer has sung the battles of gods, demigods, and heroes; Milton the strife of angels. Swift has been great in his *Battle of the Books*; but I am not aware that the battle of the vials has as yet been sung; and it requires a greater genius than was to be found in those who portrayed the conflicts of heroes, demigods, gods, angels, or books, to do adequate justice to the mortal strife which took place between the lotions, potions, draughts, pills, and embrocations. I must tell the story as well as I can, leaving it as an outline for a future epic.

Burning with all the hate which infuriated the breasts of the two houses of Capulet and Montague, hate each day increasing from years of “biting thumbs” at each other, and yet no excuse presenting itself for an affray, Timothy Oldmixon—for on such an occasion it would be a sin to omit his whole designation—Timothy Oldmixon, I say, burning with hate and eager with haste, turning a corner of the street with his basket well filled with medicines hanging on his left arm, encountered, equally eager in his haste, and equally burning in his hate, the red-haired Mercury of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Great was the concussion of the opposing baskets, dire was the crash of many of the vials, and dreadful was the mingled odour of the abominations which escaped, and poured through the wicker interstices. Two ladies from Billingsgate, who were near, indulging their rhetorical powers, stopped short. Two tom cats, who were on an adjacent roof, just fixing their eyes of enmity, and about to fix their claws, turned their eyes to the scene below. Two political antagonists stopped their noisy arguments. Two dustmen ceased to ring their bells; and two little urchins eating cherries from the crowns of their hats, lost sight of their fruit, and stood aghast with fear. They met, and met

with such violence, that they each rebounded many paces; but like stalwart knights, each kept his basket and his feet. A few seconds to recover breath; one withering, fiery look from Timothy, returned by his antagonist, one flash of the memory in each to tell them that they each had the *la* on their side, and "Take that!" was roared by Timothy, planting a well-directed blow with his dexter and dexterous hand upon the sinister and sinisterous eye of his opponent. "Take that!" continued he, as his adversary reeled back; "take that, and be d——d to you, for running against a *gentleman*."

He of the rubicund hair had retreated, because so violent was the blow he could not help so doing, and we all must yield to fate. But it was not from fear. Seizing a vile potation that was labelled "To be taken immediately," and hurling it with demoniacal force right on the chops of the courageous Timothy, "Take that!" cried he with a rancorous yell. The missile, well directed as the spears of Homer's heroes, came full upon the bridge of Timothy's nose, and the fragile glass shivering, inflicted divers wounds upon his physiognomy, and at the same time poured forth a dark burnt-sienna-coloured balsam, to heal them, giving pain unutterable. Timothy, disdaining to lament the agony of his wounds, followed the example of his antagonist, and hastily seizing a similar bottle of much larger dimensions, threw it with such force that it split between the eyes of his opponent. Thus with these dreadful weapons did they commence the mortal strife.

The lovers of *good order*, or at least of fair play, gathered round the combatants, forming an almost impregnable ring, yet of sufficient dimensions to avoid the missiles. "*Go it, red-head!*" "*Bravo! white apron!*" resounded on every side. Draughts now met draughts in their passage through the circumambient air, and exploded like shells over a besieged town. Bolusses were fired with the precision of cannon shot, pill-boxes were thrown with such force that they burst like grape and canister, while acids and alkalies hissed, as they neutralized each other's power, with all the venom of expiring snakes. "*Bravo! white apron!*" "*Red-head for ever!*" resounded on every side as the conflict continued with unabated vigour. The ammunition was fast expending on both sides, when Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit, hearing the noise, and perhaps smelling his own drugs, was so unfortunately rash, and so unwisely foolhardy, as to break through the sacred ring, advancing from behind with uplifted cane to fell the redoubtable Timothy, when a mixture of his own, hurled by his own red-haired champion, caught him in his open mouth, breaking against his only two remaining front teeth, extracting them as the discharged liquid ran down his throat, and turning him as sick as a dog. He fell, was taken away on a shutter, and it was some days before he was again to be seen in his shop dispensing those medicines which, on this fatal occasion, he would but too gladly have dispensed with.

Reader, have you not elsewhere read in the mortal fray between knights, when the casque has been beaten off, the shield lost, and the sword shivered, how they have resorted to closer and more deadly strife with their daggers raised on high? Thus it was with Timothy: his means had failed, and disdaining any longer to wage a distant

combat, he closed vigorously with his panting enemy, overthrew him in the first struggle, seizing from his basket the only weapons which remained, one single vial, and one single box of pills. As he sat upon his prostrate foe, first he forced the box of pills into his gasping mouth, and then with the lower end of the vial he drove it down his throat, as a gunner rams home the wad and shot into a thirty-two pound carronade. Choked with the box, the fallen knight held up his hands for quarter; but Timothy continued until the end of the vial, breaking out the top and bottom of the pasteboard receptacle, forty-and-eight of antibilious pills rolled in haste down Red-head's throat. Timothy seized his basket, and amid the shouts of triumph, walked away. His fallen-crested adversary coughed up the remnants of the pasteboard, once more breathed, and was led disconsolate to the neighbouring pump; while Timothy regained our shop with his blushing honours thick upon him.

But I must drop the vein heroical. Mr. Cophagus, who was at home when Timothy returned, was at first very much inclined to be wrath at the loss of so much medicine; but when he heard the story, and the finale, he was so pleased at Tim's double victory over Mr. Pleggit and his messenger, that he actually put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out half-a-crown.

Mr. Pleggit, on the contrary, was any thing but pleased; he went to a lawyer, and commenced an action for assault and battery, and all the neighbourhood did nothing but talk about the affray which had taken place, and the action at law which it was said would take place in the ensuing term.

But with the exception of this fracas, which ended in the action not holding good, whereby the animosity was increased, I have little to recount during the remainder of the time I served under Mr. Cophagus. I had been more than three years with him when my confinement became insupportable. I had but one idea, which performed an everlasting cycle in my brain. Who was my father? And I should have abandoned the profession to search the world in the hope of finding my progenitor, had it not been that I was without the means. Latterly I had hoarded up all I could collect; but the sum was small, much too small for the proposed expedition. I became melancholy, indifferent to the business, and slovenly in my appearance, when a circumstance occurred which put an end to my further dispensing medicines, and left me a free agent.

It happened one market day that there was an overdriven, infuriated beast, which was making sad havoc. Crowds of people werer unning past our shop in one direction, and the cries of "Mad bull!" were re-echoed in every quarter. Mr. Cophagus, who was in the shop, and to whom, as I have before observed, a mad bull was a source of great profit, very naturally looked out of the shop to ascertain whether the animal was near to us. In most other countries, when people hear of any danger, they generally avoid it by increasing their distance; but in England, it is too often the case, that they are so fond of indulging their curiosity, that they run to the danger. Mr. Cophagus, who perceived the people running one way, naturally supposed, not being aware of the extreme proximity of the animal, that

the people were running to see what was the matter, and turned his eyes in that direction, walking out on the pavement that he might have a fairer view. He was just observing, "Can't say—fear—um—rascal Pleggit—close to him—get all the custom—wounds—contusions—and"—When the animal came suddenly round the corner upon Mr. Cophagus, who had his eyes the other way, and before he could escape, tossed him right through his own shop windows, and landed him on the counter. Not satisfied with this, the beast followed him into the shop. Timothy and I pulled Mr. Cophagus over towards us, and he dropped inside the counter, where we also crouched, frightened out of our wits. To our great horror the bull made one or two attempts to leap the counter; but not succeeding, and being now attacked by the dogs and butcher boys, he charged at them through the door, carrying away our best scales on his horns as a trophy as he galloped out of the shop in pursuit of his persecutors. When the shouts and halloos were at some little distance, Timothy and I raised our heads and looked round us; and perceiving that all was safe, we proceeded to help Mr. Cophagus, who remained on the floor bleeding, and in a state of insensibility. We carried him into the back parlour and laid him on the sofa. I desired Timothy to run for surgical aid as fast as he could, while I opened a vein; and in a few minutes he returned with our opponent, Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. We stripped Mr. Cophagus, and proceeded to examine him. "Bad case this—very bad case, indeed, Mr. Newland—dislocation of the os humeri—severe contusion on the os frontis—and I'm very much afraid there is some intercostal injury. Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, for my brother Cophagus." But Mr. Pleggit did not appear to be sorry; on the contrary, he appeared to perform his surgical duties with the greatest glee.

We reduced the dislocation, and then carried Mr. Cophagus up to his bed. In an hour he was sensible, and Mr. Pleggit took his departure, shaking hands with Mr. Cophagus, and wishing him joy of his providential escape. "Bad job, Japhet," said Mr. Cophagus to me.

"Very bad indeed, sir; but it might have been worse."

"Worse—um—no, nothing worse—not possible."

"Why, sir, you might have been killed."

"Pooh! didn't mean that—mean Pleggit—rascal—um—kill me if he can—sha'n't though—soon get rid of him—and so on."

"You will not require his further attendance now that your shoulder is reduced. I can very well attend upon you."

"Very true, Japhet;—but won't go—sure of that—damned rascal—quite pleased—I saw it—um—eyes twinkled—smile checked—and so on."

That evening Mr. Pleggit called in as Mr. Cophagus said that he would, and the latter showed a great deal of impatience; but Mr. Pleggit repeated his visits over and over again, and I observed that Mr. Cophagus no longer made any objection; on the contrary, seemed anxious for his coming, and more so after he was convalescent, and able to sit at his table. But the mystery was soon divulged. It appeared that Mr. Cophagus, although he was very glad that other

people should suffer from mad bulls, and come to be cured, viewed the case in a very different light when the bull thought proper to toss him, and having now realized a comfortable independence, he had resolved to retire from business, and from a site attended with so much danger. A hint of this escaping when Mr. Pleggit was attending him on the third day after his accident, the latter, who knew the value of the *locale*, also hinted that if Mr. Cophagus was inclined so to do, that he would be most happy to enter into an arrangement with him. Self-interest will not only change friendship into enmity, in this rascally world, but also turn enmity into friendship. All Mr. Pleggit's enormities, and all Mr. Cophagus' shameful conduct, were mutually forgotten. In less than ten minutes it was "*My dear Mr. Pleggit*, and so on," and "*My dear brother Cophagus*."

In three weeks every thing had been arranged between them, and the shop, fixtures, stock in trade, and good will, were all the property of our ancient antagonist. But although Mr. Pleggit could shake hands with Mr. Cophagus for his fixtures and *good will*, yet as Timothy and I were not included in the *good will*, neither were we included among the *fixtures*, and Mr. Cophagus could not, of course, interfere with Mr. Pleggit's private arrangements. He did all he could do in the way of recommendation, but Mr. Pleggit had not forgotten my occasional impertinence or the battle of the bottles. I really believe that his *ill will* against Timothy was one reason for purchasing the *good will* of Mr. Cophagus, and we were very gently told by Mr. Pleggit that he would have no occasion for our services. Mr. Cophagus offered to procure me another situation as soon as he could, and at the same time presented me with twenty guineas, as a proof of his regard and appreciation of my conduct—but this sum put in my hand decided me: I thanked him, and told him I had other views at present, but hoped he would let me know where I might find him hereafter, as I should be glad to see him again. He told me he would leave his address for me at the Foundling, and shaking me heartily by the hand, we parted. Timothy was then summoned. Mr. Cophagus gave him five guineas, and wished him good fortune.

"And now, Japhet, what are you about to do?" said Timothy, as he descended into the shop.

"To do," replied I; "I am about to leave you, which is the only thing I am sorry for. I am going, Timothy, in search of my father."

"Well," replied Timothy, "I feel as you do, Japhet, that it will be hard to part; and there is another thing on my mind—which is, I am very sorry that the bull did not break the rudimans, (pointing to the iron mortar and pestle,) had he had but half the spite I have against it, he would not have left a piece as big as a thimble. I've a great mind to have a smack at it before I go."

"You will only injure Mr. Cophagus, for the mortar will not then be paid for."

"Very true; and as he has just given me five guineas, I will refrain from my just indignation. But now, Japhet, let me speak to you. I don't know how you feel, but I feel as if I could not part with you. I do not want to go in search of my father particularly. They say its a wise child that knows its own father—but as there

can be no doubt of my other parent—if I can only hit upon her, I have a strong inclination to go in search of my mother, and if you like my company, why I will go with you—always, my dear Japhet,” continued Tim, “keeping in my mind the great difference between a person who has been feed as an M. D., and a lad who only carries out his prescriptions.”

“Do you really mean to say, Tim, that you will go with me?”

“Yes, to the end of the world, Japhet, as your companion, your friend, and your servant, if you require it. I love you, Japhet, and I will serve you faithfully.”

“My dear Tim, I am delighted; now I am really happy: we will have but one purse and but one interest; if I find good fortune you shall share it.”

“And if you meet with ill luck, I will share that too—so the affair is settled—and as here come Mr. Pleggit’s assistants with only one pair of eyes between them, the sooner we pack up the better.”

In half an hour all was ready; a bundle each contained our wardrobes. We descended from our attic, walked proudly through the shop without making any observation, or taking any notice of our successors; all the notice taken was by Timothy, who turned round and shook his fist at his old enemies, the iron mortar and pestle, and there we were, standing on the pavement, with the wide world before us, and quite undecided which way we should go.

“Is it to be east, west, north, or south, Japhet?” said Timothy.

“The wise men came from the east,” replied I.

“Then they must have travelled west,” said Tim; “let us show our wisdom by doing the same.”

“Agreed.”

Passing by a small shop, we purchased two good sticks, as defenders, as well as to hang our bundles on—and off we set upon our pilgrimage.

I believe it to be a very general action, when people set off upon a journey, to reckon up their means—that is, to count the money which they may have in their pockets. At all events, this was done by Timothy and me, and I found that my stock amounted to twenty-two pounds eighteen shillings, and Timothy’s to the five guineas presented by Mr. Cophagus, and three halfpence which were in the corner of his waistcoat pocket—sum total, twenty-eight pounds three shillings and three halfpence; a very handsome sum, as we thought, with which to commence our peregrinations, and, as I observed to Timothy, sufficient to last us for a considerable time, if husbanded with care.

“Yes,” replied he, “but we must husband our legs also, Japhet, or we shall soon be tired, and very soon wear out our shoes. I vote we take a hackney coach.”

“Take a hackney coach, Tim! we mustn’t think of it; we cannot afford such a luxury; you can’t be tired yet, we are now only just clear of Hyde Park Corner.”

“Still I think we had better take a coach, Japhet, and here is one coming. I always do take one when I carry out medicines, to make up for the time I lose looking at the shops, and playing peg in the ring.”

I now understood what Timothy meant, which was, to get behind and have a ride for nothing. I consented to this arrangement, and we got up behind one which was already well filled inside. "The only difference between an inside and outside passenger in a hackney coach, is that the one pays, and the other does not," said I, to Timothy, as we rolled along at the act of parliament speed of four miles per hour.

"That depends upon circumstances: if we are found out, in all probability we shall not only have our ride, but be *paid* into the bargain."

"With the coachman's whip, I presume?"

"Exactly." And Timothy had hardly time to get the word out of his mouth, when *flac, flac*, came the whip across our eyes—a little envious wretch, with his shirt hanging out of his trowsers, having called out, *Cut behind!* Not wishing to have our faces, or our behinds cut any more, we hastily descended, and reached the footpath, after having gained about three miles on the road before we were discovered.

"That wasn't a bad lift, Japhet, and as for the whip I never mind that with *corduroys*. And now, Japhet, I'll tell you something; we must get into a wagon, if we can find one going down the road, as soon as it is dark."

"But that will cost money, Tim."

"It's economy, I tell you; for a shilling, if you bargain, you may ride the whole night, and if we stop at a public-house to sleep, we shall have to pay for our beds, as well as be obliged to order something to eat, and pay dearer for it than if we buy what we want cooks' shops."

"There is sense in what you say, Timothy; we will look out for a wagon."

"Oh! it's no use now—wagons are like black beetles, not only in shape but in habits, they only travel by night—at least most of them do. We are now coming into long dirty Brentford, and I don't know how you feel, Japhet, but I find that walking wonderfully increases the appetite—that's another reason why you should not walk when you can ride—for nothing."

"Well, I'm rather hungry myself; and, dear me, how very good that piece of roast pork looks in that window!"

"I agree with you—let's go in and make a bargain."

We bought a good allowance for a shilling, and after sticking out for a greater proportion of mustard than the woman said we were entitled to, and some salt, we wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and continued our course, till we arrived at a baker's, where we purchased our bread, and then taking up a position on a bench outside a public-house, called for a pot of beer, and putting our provisions down before us, made a hearty, and, what made us more enjoy it, an independent meal. Having finished our pork and our porter, and refreshed ourselves, we again started and walked till it was quite dark, when we felt so tired that we agreed to sit down on our bundles and wait for the first wagon which passed. We soon heard the jingling of bells, and shortly afterward its enormous towering bulk appeared

between us and the sky. We went up to the wagoner, who was mounted on a little pony, and asked him if he could give two poor lads a lift, and how much he would charge us for the ride.

"How much can you afford to give, measters? for there be others as poor as ye." We replied that we could give a shilling. "Well, then, get up in God's name, and ride as long as you will. Get in behind."

"Are there many people in there already?" said I, as I climbed up, and Timothy handed me the bundles.

"Noa," replied the wagoner, "there be nobody but a mighty clever poticary or doctor, I can't tell which; but he wear an uncommon queer hat, and he talk all sort of doctor stuff—and there be his odd man and his odd boy; that be all, and there be plenty of room, and plenty o' clean *stra*."

After this intimation we climbed up, and gained a situation in the rear of the wagon under the cloth. As the wagoner said, there was plenty of room, and we nestled into the straw without coming into contact with the other travellers. Not feeling any inclination to sleep, Timothy and I entered into conversation, *sotto voce*, and had continued for more than half an hour, supposing by their silence that the other occupants of the wagon were asleep, when we were interrupted by a voice clear and sonorous as a bell.

"It would appear that you are wanderers, young men, and journey you know not whither. Birds seek their nests when the night falls—beasts hasten to their lairs—man bolts his door. '*Propria quæ maribus*,' as Herodotus hath it; which, when translated, means, that 'such is the nature of mankind.' '*Tribuuntur mascula dicas*,' 'Tell me your troubles,' as Homer says."

I was very much surprised at this address—my knowledge of the language, for I had studied the grammar with Mr. Brookes, told me immediately that the quotations were out of the Latin grammar, and that all his learning was pretence; still there was a novelty of style which amused me, and at the same time gave me an idea that the speaker was an uncommon personage. I gave Timothy a nudge, and then replied.

"You have guessed right, most learned sir; we are, as you say, wanderers seeking our fortunes, and trust yet to find them—still we have a weary journey before us. '*Haustus horæ somni sumendum*,' as Aristotle hath it; which I need not translate to so learned a person as yourself."

"Nay, indeed, there is no occasion; yet am I pleased to meet with one who hath scholarship," replied the other. "Have you also a knowledge of the Greek?"

"No, I pretend not to Greek."

"It is a pity that thou hast it not, for thou wouldst delight to commune with the ancients. Esculapius hath these words—'*Asholder—offmotton—accapon—pasti—venison*,'—which I will translate for thee—'We often find what we seek, when we least expect it.' May it be so with you, my friend. Where have you been educated? and what has been your profession?"

I thought I risked little in telling, so I replied, that I had been

brought up as a surgeon and apothecary, and had been educated at a foundation school.

"'Tis well," replied he; "you have then commenced your studies in my glorious profession; still have you much to learn; years of toil, under a great master, can only enable you to benefit mankind as I have done, and years of hardship and of danger must be added thereunto, to afford you the means. There are many hidden secrets. '*Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum,*'—many parts of the globe to traverse, '*Ut Cato, Virgilius, fluviorum, ut Tiberis, Orontes.*' All these have I visited, and many more. Even now do I journey to obtain more of my invaluable medicine, gathered on the highest Andes, when the moon is in her perigee. There I shall remain for months among the clouds, looking down upon the great plain of Mexico, which shall appear no larger than the head of a pin, where the voice of man is heard not. '*Vocito, vocitas vocitavi,*' bending for months towards the earth. '*As in presenti,*' suffering with the cold—'*frico quod fricui dat,*' as Eusebius hath it. Soon shall I be borne away by the howling winds towards the new world, where I can obtain more of the wonderful medicine, which I may say never yet hath failed me, and which nothing but love towards my race induces me to gather at such pains and risk."

"Indeed, sir," replied I, amused with his imposition, "I should like to accompany you—for, as Josephus says most truly, '*Capiat pillulæ duæ post prandium.*' Travel is, indeed, a most delightful occupation, and I would like to run over the whole world."

"And I would like to follow you," interrupted Timothy. "I suspect we have commenced our *grand tour* already—three miles behind a hackney-coach—ten on foot, and about two, I should think, in this wagon. But as Cophagus says, '*Cochlearija crash many summendush,*' which means, 'there are ups and downs in this world.'"

"Hah!" exclaimed our companion. "He, also, has the rudiments."

"Nay, I hope I've done with the *Rudimans*," replied Timothy.

"Is he your follower?" inquired the man.

"That very much depends upon who walks first," replied Timothy, "but whether or no—we hunt in couples."

"I understand—you are companions. '*Concordat cum nominativo numero et persona.*' Tell me, can you roll pills, can you use the pestle and the mortar, handle the scapula, and mix ingredients?"

I replied that of course I knew my profession.

"Well, then, as we have still some hours of night, let us now obtain some rest. In the morning, when the sun hath introduced us to each other, I may then judge from your countenances whether it is likely that we may be better acquainted. Night is the time for repose, as Quintus Curtius says, '*Custos, bos, fur atque sacerdos.*' Sleep was made for all—my friends, good night."

Timothy and I took his advice, and were soon fast asleep. I was awakened the next morning by feeling a hand in my trowsers' pocket. I seized it, and held it fast.

"Now just let go my hand, will you?" cried a lachrymal voice.

I jumped up—it was broad daylight, and looked at the human

frame to which the hand was an appendix. It was a very spare, awkward built form of a young man, apparently about twenty years old, but without the least sign of manhood on his chin. His face was cadaverous, large goggling eyes, high cheek bones, hair long, reminding me of a rat's nest, thin lips, and ears large almost as an elephant's. A more woe-begone wretch in appearance I never beheld, and I continued to look at him with surprise. He repeated his words with an idiotical expression, "Just let go my hand, can't you?"

"What business had your hand in my pocket?" replied I, angrily.

"I was feeling for my pocket handkerchief," replied the young man. "I always keeps it in my breeches' pocket."

"But not in your neighbour's, I presume?"

"My neighbours!" replied he, with a vacant stare. "Well, so it is, I see now—I thought it was my own."

I released his hand; he immediately put it into his own pocket, and drew out his handkerchief, if the rag deserved the appellation. "There," said he, "I told you I put it in that pocket—I always do."

"And pray who are you?" said I, as I looked at his dress, which was a pair of tight cotton drawers, and an old spangled jacket.

"Me! why, I'm the fool."

"More knave than fool, I expect," replied I, still much puzzled with his strange appearance and dress.

"Nay, there you mistake," said the voice of last night. "He is not only a fool by profession, but one by nature. It is a half-witted creature, who serves me when I would attract the people. Strange in this world, that wisdom may cry in the streets without being noticed, yet folly will always command a crowd."

During this address I turned my eyes upon the speaker. He was an elderly looking person, with white hair, dressed in a suit of black ruffles and frill. His eyes were brilliant, but the remainder of his face it was difficult to decypher, as it was evidently painted, and the night's jumbling in the wagon had so smeared it, that it appeared of almost every colour in the rainbow. On one side of him lay a large three-cornered cocked hat, on the other a little lump of a boy, rolled up in the straw like a marmot, and still sound asleep. Timothy looked at me, and when he caught my eye, burst out into a laugh.

"You laugh at my appearance, I presume," said the old man, mildly.

"I do in truth," replied Timothy. "I never saw one like you before, and I dare say never shall again."

"That is possible; yet probably if you meet me again, you would not know me."

"Among a hundred thousand," replied Timothy, with increased mirth.

"We shall see, perhaps," replied the quack doctor, for such the reader must have already ascertained to be his profession; "but the wagon has stopped, and the driver will bait his horses; if inclined to eat, now is your time. Come, Jumbo, get up; Philotas, waken him, and follow me."

Philotas, for so was the fool styled by his master, turned up some straw, and stuffed the end of it into Jumbo's mouth. "Now Jumbo will think he has got something to eat. I always wake him that way," observed the fool, grinning at us.

It certainly, as might be expected, did waken Jumbo, who uncoiled himself, rubbed his eyes, stared at the cover of the wagon, then at us, and without saying a word, rolled himself out of the wagon after the fool. Timothy and I followed. We found the doctor bargaining for some bread and bacon, his strange appearance exciting much amusement, and inducing the people to let him have a better bargain than perhaps otherwise they would have done. He gave a part of the refreshment to the boy and the fool, and walked out of the tap-room with his own share. Timothy and I went to the pump, and had a good refreshing wash, and then for a shilling were permitted to make a very hearty breakfast. The wagon having remained about an hour, the driver gave us notice of his departure; but the doctor was no where to be found. After a little delay, the wagoner drove off, cursing him for a *bilk*, and vowing that he'd never have any more to do with a "larned man." In the mean time, Timothy and I had taken our seats in the wagon, in company with the fool, and Master Jumbo. We commenced a conversation with the former, and soon found out, as the doctor had asserted, that he really was an idiot, so much so, that it was painful to converse with him. As for the latter, he had coiled himself away to take a little more sleep. I forgot to mention, that the boy was dressed much in the same way as the fool, in an old spangled jacket, and white trowsers. For about an hour Timothy and I conversed, remarking upon the strange disappearance of the doctor, especially as he had given us hopes of employing us; in accepting which offer, if ever it should be made, we had not made up our minds, when we were interrupted with a voice crying out, "Hillo, my man, can you give a chap a lift as far as Reading, for a shilling?"

"Aye, get up, and welcome," replied the wagoner.

The wagon did not stop, but in a moment or two the new passenger climbed in. He was dressed in a clean smock frock, neatly worked up the front, leather gaiters, and stout shoes; a bundle and a stick were in his hand. He smiled as he looked round upon the company, and showed a beautiful set of small white teeth. His face was dark, and sun burnt, but very handsome, and his eyes as black as coals, and as brilliant as gas. "Heh! player folk—I've a notion," said he, as he sat down, looking at the doctor's attendants, and laughing at us. "Have you come far, gentlemen?" continued he.

"From London," was my reply.

"How do the crops look up above, for down here the turnips seem to have failed altogether? Dry seasons wont do for turnips."

I replied that I really could not satisfy him on that point, as it was dark when we passed.

"Very true—I had forgotten that," replied he. "However, the barleys look well; but perhaps you don't understand farming?"

I replied in the negative, and the conversation was kept up for two

or three hours, in the course of which I mentioned the quack doctor, and his strange departure.

"That is the fellow who cured so many people at —," replied he; and the conversation then turned upon his profession and mode of life, which Timothy and I agreed must be very amusing. "We shall meet him again, I dare say," replied the man. "Would you know him?"

"I think so, indeed," replied Timothy, laughing.

"Yes, and so you would think that you would know a guinea from a halfpenny, if I put it into your hands," replied the man. "I do not wish to lay a bet, and win your money; but I tell you, that I will put either one or the other into each of your hands, and if you hold it fast for one minute, and shut your eyes during that time, you will not be able to tell me which it is that you have in it."

"That I am sure I would," replied Tim; and I made the same assertion.

"Well, I was taken in that way at a fair, and lost ten shillings by the wager; now, we'll try whether you can tell or not." He took out some money from his pocket, selected without our seeing, put a coin into the hand of each of us, closing our fists over it, "and now," said he, "keep your eyes shut for a minute."

We did so, and a second or two afterwards we heard a voice which we instantly recognized. "Nay, but it was wrong to leave me on the way side thus, having agreed to pay the sum demanded. At my age one walketh not without fatigue, '*Excipienda tamen quædam sunt ærbium*,' as Philostratus says, meaning, 'that old limbs lose their activity, and seek the help of a crutch.'"

"There's the doctor," cried Timothy, with his eyes still shut.

"Now open your eyes," said the man, "and tell me, before you open your hand, what there is in it."

"A halfpenny in mine," said Tim.

"A guinea in mine," replied I.

We opened our hands, and they were *empty*.

"Where the devil is it?" exclaimed I, looking at Tim.

"And where the devil's the doctor?" replied he, looking round.

"The money is in the doctor's pocket," replied the man, smiling.

"Then where is the doctor's pocket?"

"Here," replied he, slapping his pocket, and looking significantly at us. "I thought you were certain of knowing him again. About as certain as you were of telling the money in your hand."

He then, to our astonishment, imitated the doctor's voice, and quoted *prosody, syntax, and Latin*. Timothy and I were still in astonishment, when he continued, "If I had not found out that you were in want of employ, and further, that your services would be useful to me, I should not have made this discovery. Do you now think that you know enough to enter into my service? It is light work, and not bad pay; and now you may choose."

"I trust," said I, "that there is no dishonesty?"

"None that you need practise, if you are so scrupulous; perhaps your scruples may some day be removed. I make the most of my

wares—every merchant does the same. I practise upon the folly of mankind—it is on that, that wise men live.”

Timothy gave me a push, and nodded his head for me to give my consent. I reflected a few seconds, and at last I extended my hand. “I consent,” replied I, “with the reservation I have made.”

“You will not repent,” said he; “and I will take your companion, not that I want him particularly, but I do want you. The fact is, I want a lad of gentlemanly address, and handsome appearance—with the very knowledge you possess—and now we will say no more for the present. By-the-by, was that real Latin of yours?”

“No,” replied I, laughing; “you quoted the grammar, and I replied with medical prescriptions. One was as good as the other.”

“Quite—nay, better; for the school-boys may find me out, but not you. But now observe, when we come to the next cross road, we must get down—at least, I expect so; but we shall know in a minute.”

In about the time he mentioned, a dark, gipsy-looking man looked into the wagon, and spoke to our acquaintance in an unknown language. He replied in the same, and the man disappeared. We continued our route for about a quarter of an hour, when he got out, asked us to follow him, and speaking a few words to the fool, which I did not hear, left him and the boy in the wagon. We paid our fare, took possession of our bundles, and followed our new companion for a few minutes on the cross road, when he stopped, and said, “I must now leave you, to prepare for your reception into our fraternity; continue straight on this road until you arrive at a lime-kiln, and wait there till I come.”

He sprang over a stile, and took a direction verging at an angle from the road, forced his way through a hedge, and disappeared from our sight. “Upon my word, Timothy,” said I, “I hardly know what to say to this. Have we done right in trusting to this man, who I am afraid is a great rogue? I do not much like mixing with these gipsy people, for such I am sure he belongs to.”

“I really do not see how we can do better,” replied Timothy. “The world is all before us, and we must force our own way through it. As for his being a quack doctor, I see no great harm in that. People put their faith in nostrums more than they do in regular medicines; and it is well known that quack medicines, as they call them, cure as often as others merely for that very reason.”

“Very true, Timothy; the mind once at ease, the body soon recovers, and faith even in quack medicines will often make people whole; but do you think that he does no more than impose upon people in that way?”

“He may, or he may not; at all events, we need do no more, I suppose?”

“I am not sure of that; however, we shall see. He says we may be useful to him, and I suppose we shall be, or he would not have engaged us—we shall soon find out.”

By this time we had arrived at the lime-kiln to which we had been directed, and we sat down on our bundles, chatting, for about five

minutes, when our new acquaintance made his appearance, with something in his hand, tied up in a handkerchief.

"You may as well put your coats into your bundles, and put on these frocks," said he, "you will appear better among us, and be better received, for there is a *gathering* now, and some of them are queer customers. However, you have nothing to fear; when once you are with my wife and me, you are quite safe; her little finger would protect you from five hundred."

"Your wife! who, then, is she?" inquired I, as I put my head through the smock frock.

"She is a great personage among the gipsies. She is, by descent, one of the heads of the tribe, and none dare to disobey her."

"And you—are you a gipsy?"

"No, and yes. By birth I am not, but by choice, and marriage, I am admitted; but I was not born under a hedge, I can assure you, although I very often pass a night there now—that is, when I am domestic; but do not think that you are to remain long here; we shall leave in a few days, and may not meet the tribe again for months, although you may see my own family occasionally. I did not ask you to join me to pass a gipsy's life—no, no, we must be stirring and active. Come, we are now close to them. Do not speak as you pass the huts, until you have entered mine. Then you may do as you please."

We turned short round, passed through a gap in the hedge, and found ourselves on a small retired piece of common, which was studded with about twenty or thirty low gipsy huts. The fires were alight, and provisions apparently cooking. We passed by nine or ten, and obeyed our guide's injunctions, to keep silence. At last we stopped, and perceived ourselves to be standing by the fool, who was dressed like us, in a smock frock, and Mr. Jumbo, who was very busy making the pot boil, blowing at the sticks underneath till he was black in the face. Several of the men passed near us, and examined us with no very pleasant expression of countenance; and we were not sorry to see our conductor, who had gone into the hut, return, followed by a woman, to whom he was speaking in the language of the tribe. "Nattée bids you welcome," said he, as she approached.

Never in my life will the remembrance of the first appearance of Nattée, and the effect it had, be erased from my memory. She was tall; too tall, had it not been for the perfect symmetry of her form. Her face of a clear olive, and oval in shape; her eyes jetty black; nose straight, and beautifully chiselled; mouth small, thin lips, with a slight curl of disdain, and pearly teeth. I never beheld a woman of so commanding a presence. Her feet were bare, but very small, as well as her hands. On her fingers she wore many rings, of a curious old setting, and a piece of gold hung on her forehead, where the hair was parted. She looked at us, touched her high forehead with the ends of her fingers, and waving her hand gracefully, said, in a soft voice, "You are welcome," and then turned to her husband, speaking to him in her own language, until by degrees they separated from us in earnest conversation.

She returned to us after a short time, without her husband, and

said, in a voice, the notes of which were indeed soft, but the delivery of the words was most determined; "I have said that you are welcome; sit down, therefore, and share with us—fear nothing, you have no cause to fear. Be faithful, then, while you serve him, and when you would quit us, say so, and receive your leave to depart; but if you attempt to desert us without permission, then we shall suspect that you are our enemies, and treat you accordingly. There is your lodging while here," continued she, pointing to another hut. "There is but one child with you, this boy, (pointing to Jumbo,) who can lay at your feet. And now join us as friends. Fleta, where are you?"

A soft voice answered from the tent of Nattée, and soon afterwards came out a little girl, of about eleven years old. The appearance of this child was a new source of interest. She was a little fairy figure, with a skin as white as the driven snow—light auburn hair, and large blue eyes; her dress was scanty, and showed a large portion of her taper legs. She hastened to Nattée, and folding her arms across her breast, stood still, saying meekly, "I am here."

"Know these as friends, Fleta. Send that lazy Num, (this was Philotas, the fool,) for more wood, and see that Jumbo tends the fire."

Nattée smiled, and left us. I observed she went to where forty or fifty of the tribe were assembled, in earnest discourse. She took her seat with them, and marked deference was paid to her. In the mean time Jumbo had blown up a brisk fire; we were employed by Fleta in shredding vegetables, which she threw into the boiling kettle. Num appeared with more fuel, and at last there was nothing more to do. Fleta sat down by us, and parting her long hair, which had fallen over her eyes, looked us both in the face.

"Who gave you that name, Fleta?" inquired I.

"They gave it me," replied she.

"And who are they?"

"Nattée, and Melchior, her husband."

"But you are not their daughter?"

"No, I am not—that is—I believe not."

The little girl stopped short, as if assured that she had said too much, cast her eyes down on the ground, and folded her arms, so that her hands rested on each opposite shoulder.

Timothy whispered to me, "She must have been stolen, depend upon it."

"Silence," said I.

The little girl overheard him, and looking at him, put her finger across her mouth, looking to where Num and Jumbo were sitting. I felt an interest for this child before I had been an hour in her company; she was so graceful, so beautifully feminine, so mournful in the expression of her countenance. That she was under restraint was evident; but still she did not appear to be actuated by fear. Nattée was very kind to her, and the child did not seem to be more reserved towards her than to others; her mournful, pensive look, was perhaps inherent to her nature. It was not until long after our first acquaintance that I ever saw a smile upon her features. Shortly after this little conversation Nattée returned, walking with all the

grace and dignity of a queen. Her husband, or Melchior, as I shall for the present call him, soon joined us, and we sat down to our repast, which was excellent. It was composed of almost every thing; sometimes I found myself busy with the wing of a fowl, at another the leg of a rabbit—then a piece of mutton, and other flesh and fowl, which I could hardly distinguish. To these were added every sort of vegetable, in which potatoes predominated, forming a sort of stew, which an epicure might have praised. I had a long conversation with Melchior in the evening, and, not to weary the reader, I shall now proceed to state all that I then and subsequently gathered from him and others, relative to the parties with whom we were associating.

Melchior would not state who and what he was previous to his having joined the fraternity of gipsies; that he was not of humble birth, and that he had, when young, quitted his friends out of love for Nattée, or from some other causes not to be revealed, he also acknowledged. He had been many years in company with the tribe, and although, as one received into it, he did not stand so high in rank and estimation as his wife, still, from his marriage with Nattée, and his own peculiar qualifications and dexterity, he was almost as absolute as she was.

Melchior and Nattée were supposed to be the most wealthy of all the gipsies, and, at the same time, they were the most liberal of their wealth. Melchior, it appeared, gained money in three different characters; as a quack doctor, the character in which we first saw him; secondly, as a juggler, in which art he was most expert; and thirdly, as a fortune teller, and *wise man*.

Nattée, as I before mentioned, was of very high rank, or caste, in her tribe. At her first espousal of Melchior she lost much of her influence, as it was considered a degradation; but she was then very young, and must have been most beautiful. The talents of Melchior, and her own spirit, however, soon enabled her to regain, and even add still more to, her power and consideration among the tribe, and it was incredible to what extent, with the means which she possessed, this power was augmented.

Melchior had no children by his marriage, and, as far as I could judge from the few words which would escape from the lips of Nattée, she did not wish for any, as the race would not be considered pure. The subdivision of the tribe which followed Nattée, consisted of about forty men, women, and children. These were ruled by her during the absence of her husband, who alternately assumed different characters, as suited his purpose; but in whatever town Melchior might happen to be, Nattée and her tribe were never far off, and always encamped within communication.

I ventured to question Melchior about the little Fleta; and he stated that she was the child of a soldier's wife, who had been brought to bed, and died a few hours afterwards; that, at the time, she was on her way to join her husband, and had been taken ill on the road—had been assisted by Nattée and her companions, as far as they were able—had been buried by them, and that the child had been reared in the camp.

In time the little girl became very intimate, and very partial to me. I questioned her as to her birth, telling her what Melchior had

stated; for a long while she would not answer; the poor child had learned caution even at that early age; but after we were more intimate, she said, that which Melchior had stated was *not true*. She could recollect very well living in a great house, with every thing very fine about her; but still it appeared as if it were a dream. She recollected two white ponies—and a lady, who was her mamma—and a mulberry tree, where she stained her frock; sometimes other things came to her memory, and then she forgot them again. From this it was evident that she had been stolen, and was probably of good parentage; certainly, if elegance and symmetry of person and form, could prove blood, it never was more marked than in this interesting child. Her abode with the gipsies, and their peculiar mode of life and manners, had rendered her peculiarly precocious in intellect; but of education she had none, except what was instilled into her by Melchior, whom she always accompanied when he assumed his character as a juggler. She then danced on the slack wire, at the same time performing several feats in balancing, throwing of oranges, &c. When Melchior was underot her disguises, she remained in the camp with Nattée.

Of Num, or Philotas, as Melchior thought proper to call him, I have already spoken. He was a half-witted idiot, picked up in one of Melchior's excursions, and as he stated to me, so did it prove to be the fact, that when on the stage, and questioned as a fool, his natural folly, and idiotical vacancy of countenance, were applauded by the spectators as admirably assumed. Even at the alehouses and taverns where we stopped, every one imagined that all his folly was pretence, and looked upon him as a very clever fellow. There never was, perhaps, such a lachrymose countenance as this poor lad's, and this added still more to the mirth of others, being also considered as put on for the occasion. Stephen Kemble played Falstaff without stuffing—Num played the fool without any effort or preparation. Jumbo was also "picked up;" this was not done by Melchior, who stated, that any body might have him who claimed him; he tumbled with the fool upon the stage, and he also ate pudding to amuse the spectators—the only part of the performance which was suited to Jumbo's taste, for he was a terrible little glutton, and never lost any opportunity of eating, as well as of sleeping.

And now, having described all our new companions, I must narrate what passed between Melchior and me, the day after our joining the camp. He first ran through his various professions, pointing out to me that as juggler he required a confederate, in which capacity I might be very useful, as he would soon instruct me in all his tricks. As a quack doctor he wanted the services of both Tim and myself in mixing up, making pills, &c., and also in assisting him in persuading the public of his great skill. As a fortune teller, I should also be of great service, as he would explain to me hereafter. In short, he wanted a person of good personal appearance and education, in whom he might confide in every way. As to Tim, he might be made useful if he chose, in various ways; amongst others, he wished him to learn tumbling and playing the fool, when, at times, the fool was required to give a shrewd answer on any point on which he would wish

the public to be made acquainted. I agreed to my own part of the performance, and then had some conversation with Timothy, who immediately consented to do his best in what was allotted as his share. Thus was the matter quickly arranged, Melchior observing, that he had said nothing about remuneration, as I should find that trusting to him was far preferable to stipulated wages.

We had been three days in the camp when the gathering was broken up, each gang taking their own way. What the meeting was about I could not exactly discover; one occasion of it was to make arrangements relative to the different counties in which the subdivisions were to sojourn during the next year, so that they might know where to communicate with each other, and at the same time not interfere by being too near; but there were many other points discussed, of which, as a stranger, I was kept in ignorance. Melchior answered all my questions with apparent candour, but his habitual deceit was such, that whether he told the truth or not was impossible to be ascertained by his countenance. When the gathering dispersed we packed up, and located ourselves about two miles from the common, on the borders of a forest of oak and ash. Our food was chiefly game, for we had some excellent poachers among us; and as for fish, it appeared to be at their command; there was not a pond or a pit but they could tell in a moment if it was tenanted, and if tenanted, in half an hour every fish would be floating on the top of the water, by the throwing in of some intoxicating sort of berry; other articles of food occasionally were found in the caldron; indeed, it was impossible to fare better than we did, or at less expense. Our tents were generally pitched not far from a pool of water, and to avoid any unpleasant search, which sometimes would take place, every thing liable to detection was sunk under the water until it was required for cooking; once in the pot, it was considered as safe. But with the foraging, Timothy and I had nothing to do; we participated in the eating, without asking any questions as to how it was procured. My time was chiefly spent in company with Melchior, who initiated me into all the mysteries of cups and balls—juggling of every description—feats with cards, and made me acquainted with all his apparatus for prepared tricks. For hours and hours was I employed by his directions in what is called “making the pass” with a pack of cards, as almost all tricks on cards depend upon your dexterity in this manœuvre. In about a month I was considered as a very fair adept; in the mean time, Timothy had to undergo his career of gymnastics, and was to be seen all day tumbling and retumbling, until he could tumble on his feet again. Light and active, he soon became a very dexterous performer, and could throw a somerset either backwards or forwards, walk on his hands, eat fire, pull out ribbons, and do fifty other tricks to amuse a gaping audience. Jumbo also was worked hard, to bring down his fat, and never was allowed his dinner until he had given satisfaction to Melchior. Even little Fleta had to practise occasionally, as we were preparing for an expedition. Melchior, who appeared determined to create an effect, left us for three days, and returned with not only dresses for Timothy and me, but also new dresses for the rest of the company; and shortly afterwards, bidding

farewell to Nattée and the rest of the gipsies, we all set out—that is, Melchior, I, Timothy, Fleta, Num, and Jumbo. Late in the evening we arrived at the little town of —, and took up our quarters at a public-house, with the landlord of which Melchior had already made arrangements.

“Well, Timothy,” said I, as soon as we were in bed, “how do you like our new life and prospects?”

“I like it better than Mr. Cophagus’s *rudimans*, and carrying out physic, at all events. But how does your dignity like turning Merry Andrew, Japhet?”

“To tell you the truth I do not dislike it. There is a wildness and a devil-may-care feeling connected with it which is grateful to me at present. How long it may last I cannot tell; but for a year or two it appears to me that we may be very happy. At all events, we shall see the world, and have more than one profession to fall back upon.”

“That is true; but there is one thing which annoys me, Japhet, which is, we may have difficulty in leaving these people when we wish. Besides, you forget that you are losing sight of the principal object you had in view, that is, of ‘finding out your father.’”

“I certainly never expect to find him among the gipsies,” replied I, “for children are at a premium with them. They steal from others, and are not very likely therefore to leave them at the Foundling. But I do not know whether I have not as good a chance in our present employment as in any other. I have often been thinking that as fortune-tellers, we may get hold of many strange secrets; however, we shall see. Melchior says, that he intends to appear in that character as soon as he has made a harvest in his present.”

“What do you think of Melchior, now that you have been so much with him?”

“I think him an unprincipled man, but still with many good qualities. He appears to have a pleasure in deceit, and to have waged war with the world in general. Still he is generous, and, to a certain degree, confiding; kind in his disposition, and apparently a very good husband. There is something on his mind which weighs him down occasionally, and checks him in the height of his mirth. It comes over him like a dark cloud over a bright summer sun; and he is all gloom for a few minutes. I do not think that he would *now* commit any great crime; but I have a suspicion that he has done something which is a constant cause of remorse.”

“You are a very good judge of character, Japhet. But what a dear little child is that Fleta! She may exclaim with you—Who is my father?”

“Yes, we are both in much the same predicament, and that it is which I believe has so much increased my attachment to her. We are brother and sister in misfortune, and a sister she ever shall be to me, if such is the will of Heaven. But we must rise early to-morrow, Tim; so good night.”

“Yes, to-morrow it will be juggle and tumble—eat fire—um—and so on, as Mr. Cophagus would have said; so good night, Japhet.”

The next morning we arrayed ourselves in our new habiliments; mine were silk stockings, shoes, and white kerseymere knee breeches, a blue silk waistcoat loaded with tinsel, and a short jacket to correspond of blue velvet, a sash round my waist, a hat and a plume of feathers. Timothy declared I looked very handsome, and as the glass said the same as plain as it could speak, I believed him. Timothy's dress was a pair of wide Turkish trowsers and red jacket, with spangles. The others were much the same. Fleta was attired in small, white satin, Turkish trowsers, blue muslin and silver embroidered frock, worked sandals, and her hair braided and plaited in long tails behind, and she looked like a little sylph. Melchior's dress was precisely the same as mine, and a more respectable company was seldom seen. Some musicians had been hired, and handbills were now circulated all over the town, stating that Mr. Eugenio Velotté, with his company, would have the honour of performing before the nobility and gentry. The bill contained the fare which was to be provided, and intimated the hour of the performance, and the prices to be paid for the seats. The performance was to take place in a very large room attached to the inn, which, previous to the decadence of the town, had been used as an assembly-room. A platform was erected on the outside, on which were placed the musicians, and where we all occasionally made our appearance in our splendid dresses to attract the wonder of the people. There we strutted up and down, all but poor little Fleta, who appeared to shrink at the display from intuitive modesty. When the music ceased, a smart parley between Melchior and me, and Philotas and Timothy, as the two fools, would take place; and Melchior declared, after the performance was over, that we conducted ourselves to admiration.

"Pray, Mr. Philotas, do me the favour to tell me how many people you think are now present?" said Melchior to Num, in an imperative voice.

"I don't know," said Num, looking up with his idiotical, melancholy face.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the crowd at Num's stupid answer.

"The fellow's a fool!" said Melchior, to the gaping audience.

"Well, then, if he can't tell, perhaps you may, Mr. Dionysius," said I, addressing Tim.

"How many, sir? Do you want to know exactly and directly?"

"Yes, sir, immediately."

"Without counting, sir?"

"Yes, sir, without counting."

"Well then, sir, I will tell, and make no mistake; there's *exactly as many again as half*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" from the crowd.

"That won't do, sir. How many may be the half?"

"How many may be the half? Do you know yourself, sir?"

"Yes, sir, to be sure I do."

"Then there's no occasion for me to tell you."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well then, sir," continued Melchior to Philotas, "perhaps you'll

tell how many ladies and gentlemen we may expect to honour us with their company to-night."

"How many, sir?"

"Yes, sir, how many."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Num, after a pause.

"Positively you are the greatest fool I ever met with," said Mechior.

"Well, he does act the fool as natural as life," observed the crowd.

"What a stupid face he does put on!"

"Perhaps you will be able to answer that question, Mr. Dionysius," said I to Tim.

"Yes, sir, I know exactly."

"Well, sir, let's hear."

"In the first place, all the pretty women will come, and all the ugly ones stay away; and as for the men, all those who have got any money will be certain to come; those who hav'n't, poor devils, must stay outside."

"Suppose, sir, you make a bow to the ladies."

"A very low one, sir?"

"Yes, very low indeed."

Tim bent his body to the ground, and threw a somerset forward.

"There, sir; I bowed so low, that I came up on the other side."

"Ha! ha! capital!" from the crowd.

"I've got a round turn in my back, sir," continued Tim, rubbing himself. "Hadn't I better take it out again?"

"By all means."

Tim threw a somerset backwards. "There, sir, all's right now. One good turn deserves another. Now I'll be off."

"Where are you going to, sir?"

"Going, sir! Why, I left my lollipop in the tinder-box, and I'm going to fetch it."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Strike up, music!" and Master Jumbo commenced tumbling.

Such was the elegant wit with which we amused and attracted the audience. Perhaps, had we been more refined, we should not have been so successful.

That evening we had the room as full as it could hold. Mr. Velotté *alias* Melchior astonished them. The cards appeared to obey his commands—rings were discovered in lady's shoes—watches were powdered and made whole—canary birds flew out of eggs. The audience were delighted. The entertainment closed with Fleta's performance on the slack wire; and certainly never was there any thing more beautiful and graceful. Balanced on the wire in a continual, waving motion, her eyes fixed upon a point to enable her to maintain her position, she performed several feats, such as the playing with five oranges, balancing swords, &c. Her extreme beauty—her very picturesque and becoming dress—her mournful expression and downcast eyes—her gentle manner, appeared to win the hearts of the audience; and when she was assisted off from her perilous situation by Melchior and me, and made her graceful courtesy, the plaudits were unanimous.

When the company dispersed I went to her, intending to praise her, but I found her in tears. "What is the matter, my dear Fleta?"

"O nothing! don't say I have been crying—but I cannot bear it—so many people looking at me. Don't say a word to Melchior—I won't cry any more."

I kissed and consoled her; she threw her arms round my neck, and remained there with her face hid for some time. We then joined the others at supper. Melchior, much pleased with our success, and highly praising the conduct of Timothy and myself, which he pronounced was, for the first attempt, far beyond his expectations.

We continued to astonish all the good people of —— for five days, when we discovered the indubitable fact, that there was no more money to be extracted from their pockets, upon which we resumed our usual clothes and smock frocks, and with our bundles in our hands, set off for another market town, about fifteen miles distant. There we were equally successful, and Melchior was delighted with our having proved such a powerful acquisition to his troop; but not to dwell too long upon one subject, I shall inform the reader that after a trip of six weeks, during which we were very well received, we once more returned to the camp which had located within five miles of our last scene of action. Every one was content—we were all glad to get back and rest from our labours. Melchior was pleased with his profits, poor little Fleta overjoyed to be once more in the seclusion of her tent, and Nattée very glad to hear of our good fortune, and to see her husband. Timothy and I had already proved ourselves so useful, that Melchior treated us with the greatest friendship and confidence—and he made us a present out of the gains, for our exertions; to me he gave ten, and to Timothy five, pounds.

"There Japhet, had you hired yourself I should not have paid you more than seven shillings per week, finding you in food; but you must acknowledge that for six weeks that is not bad pay. However your earnings will depend upon our success, and I rather think that we shall make a much better thing of it when next we start, which will be in about a fortnight; but we have some arrangements to make. Has Timothy a good memory?"

"I think he has."

"That is well. I told you before that we are to try the 'Wise Man,'—but first we must have Nattée in play. To-morrow we will start for ——," mentioning a small quiet town about four miles off.

We did so, early the next morning, and arrived about noon, pitching our tents on the common, not far from the town; but in this instance we left all the rest of our gang behind. Melchior's own party and his two tents were all that were brought by the donkies.

Melchior and I, dressed as countrymen, went into the town at dusk, and entered a respectable sort of inn, taking our seats at one of the tables in the tap-room, and, as we had already planned, after we had called for beer, commenced a conversation in the hearing of the others who were sitting drinking and smoking.

"Well, I never will believe it—it's all cheat and trickery," said Melchior, "and they only do it to pick your pocket. Tell your for-

tune, indeed! I suppose she promised you a rich wife and half-a-dozen children."

"No, she did not," replied I, "for I am too young to marry; but she told me what I know has happened."

"Well, what was that?"

"Why, she told me that my mother had married again, and turned me out of doors to work for my bread."

"But she might have heard that."

"How could she? No, that's not possible; but she told me I had a mole on my knee, which was a sign of luck. Now how could she know that?"

"Well, I grant that was odd—and pray what else did she promise you?"

"Why, she said, that I should meet with my dearest friend to-night. Now that does puzzle me, for I have but one in the world, and he is a long way off."

"Well, if you do meet your friend, then I'll believe her; but if not, it has been all guess work; and pray what did you pay for all this—was it a shilling, or did she pick your pocket?"

"That's what puzzles me,—she refused to take any thing. I offered it again and again, and she said, 'No; that she would have no money—that her gift was not to be sold.'"

"Well, that is odd. Do you hear what this young man says," said Melchior, addressing the others, who had swallowed every word.

"Yes," replied one; "but who is this person?"

"The queen of the gipsies, I am told. I never saw such a wonderful woman in my life—her eye goes right through you. I met her on the common, and as she passed she dropped a handkerchief. I ran back to give it her, and then she thanked me, and said, 'Open your hand and let me see the palm. Here are great lines, and you will be fortunate;' and then she told me a great deal more, and bid God bless me."

"Then if she said that, she cannot have dealings with the *devil*," observed Melchior.

"Very odd—very strange—take no money—queen of the gipsies," was echoed from all sides.

The landlady and the bar-maid listened with wonder, when who should come in, as previously agreed, but Timothy. I pretended not to see him, but he came up to me, seizing me by the hand, and shaking it with apparent delight, and crying, "Wilson, have you forgot Smith?"

"Smith!" cried I, looking earnestly in his face. "Why so it is. How came you here?"

"I left Dublin three days ago," replied he, "but how I came here, into this house, is one of the strangest things that ever occurred. I was walking over the common, when a tall handsome woman looked at me, and said, 'Young man, if you will go into the third public-house you pass, you will meet an old friend, who expects you.' I thought she was laughing at me, but as it mattered very little in which house I passed the night, I thought, for the fun of the thing, I might as well take her advice."

"How strange!" cried Melchior, "and she told him the same—that is, he would meet a friend."

"Strange—very strange—wonderful—astonishing!" was echoed from all quarters, and the fame of the gipsy was already established.

Timothy and I sat down together, conversing as old friends, and Melchior went about from one to the other, narrating the wonderful occurrence till past midnight, when we all three took beds at the inn, as if we were travellers.

The report which we had circulated that evening induced many people to go out to see Nattée, who appeared to take no notice of them; and when asked to tell fortunes, waved them away with her hand. But, although this plan of Melchior's was, for the first two or three days very expedient, yet, as it was not intended to last, Timothy, who remained with me at the inn, became very intimate with the bar-maid, and obtained from her most of the particulars of her life. I, also, from repeated conversations with the landlady, received information very important, relative to herself and many of the families in the town, but as the employment of Nattée was for an ulterior object, we contented ourselves with gaining all the information we could before we proceeded further. After we had been there a week, and the fame of the gipsy woman had been marvelously increased—many things having been asserted of her which were indeed truly improbable—Melchior agreed that Timothy should persuade the bar-maid to try if the gipsy woman would tell her fortune: the girl, with some trepidation, agreed, but at the same time, expecting to be refused, consented to walk with him over the common. Timothy advised her to pretend to pick up a sixpence when near to Nattée, and ask her if it did not belong to her, and the bar-maid acted upon his suggestions, having just before that quitted the arm of Timothy, who had conducted her.

"Did you drop a sixpence? I have picked up one," said the girl, trembling with fear as she addressed Nattée.

"Child," replied Nattée, who was prepared, "I have neither dropped a sixpence, nor have you found one—but never mind that, I know that which you wish, and I know who you are. Now what would you with me? Is it to inquire whether the landlord and landlady of the Golden Lion intend to keep you in their service?"

"No," replied the girl, frightened at what she heard; "not to inquire that, but to ask what my fortune will be?"

"Open your palm, pretty maid, and I will tell you. Hah! I see that you were born in the West—your father is dead—your mother is in service—and—let me see,—you have a brother at sea—now in the West Indies."

At this intelligence, all of which, as may be supposed, had been gathered by us, the poor girl was so frightened that she fell down in a swoon, and Timothy carried her off. When she was taken home to the inn, she was so ill that she was put into bed, and what she did say was so incoherent, that, added to Timothy's narrative, the astonishment of the landlady and others was beyond all bounds. I tried very hard to bring the landlady, but she would not consent; and now Nattée was pestered by people of higher condition, who wished to hear what

she would say. Here Nattée's powers were brought into play. She would not refuse to see them, but would not give answers till she had asked questions, and, as from us she had gleaned much general information, so by making this knowledge appear in her questions to them, she made them believe she knew more. If a young person came to her, she would immediately ask the name—of that name she had all the references acquired from us, as to family and connexions. Bearing upon them she would ask a few more, and then give them an abrupt dismissal.

This behaviour was put up with from one of her commanding presence, who refused money, and treated those who accosted her, as if she was their superior. Many came again and again, telling her all they knew, and acquainting her with every transaction of their life, to induce her to prophecy, for such she informed them was the surest way to call the spirit upon her. By these means we obtained the secret history of the major part, that is, the wealthier part of the town of ———; and although the predictions of Nattée were seldom given, yet when given, they were given with such perfect and apparent knowledge of the parties, that when she left, which she did about six weeks after her first appearance, the whole town rang with accounts of her wonderful powers.

It will appear strange that Melchior would not permit Nattée to reap a harvest, which might have been great; but the fact was, that he only allowed the seed to be sown that a greater harvest might be gathered hereafter. Nattée disappeared, the gipsies' tent was no longer on the common, and the grass, which had been beaten down into a road by the feet of the frequent applicants to her, was again permitted to spring up. We also took our departure, and rejoined the camp with Nattée, where we remained for a fortnight, to permit the remembrance of her to subside a little—knowing that the appetite was alive, and would not be satisfied until it was appeased.

After that time Melchior, Timothy, and I, again set off for the town of ———, and stopping at a superior inn in another part of the town, dressed as travellers, that is, people who go about the country for orders from the manufacturers, ordered our beds and supper in the coffee-room. The conversation was soon turned upon the wonderful powers of Nattée, the gipsy. "Nonsense," said Melchior, "she knows nothing. I have heard of her. But there *is* a man coming this way (should he happen to pass through this town) who will surprise and frighten you. No one knows who he is. He is named the Great Aristodemus. He knows the past, the present, and the future. He never looks at people's hands—he only looks you in the face, and *woe be to them who tell him a lie*. Otherwise, he is good-tempered and obliging, and will tell what will come to pass, and his predictions never have been known to fail. They say that he is hundreds of years old, and his hair is white as silver." At this information many expressed their doubts, and many others vaunted the powers of the gipsy. Melchior replied, "that all he knew was, that for the sum of two guineas paid down, he had told him of a legacy left him of six hundred pounds, which otherwise he would never have known of or received." All the town of ——— being quite alive for fortune-

telling, this new report gained wind, and after a week's sojourn, Melchior thought that the attempt should be made.

We accordingly packed up, and departed to another market town. Timothy, dressed in a sombre suit of black, very much like an undertaker, was provided with a horse, with the following directions: to proceed leisurely until he was within half a mile of the town of ———, and then to gallop in as fast as he could, stop at the best inn in the place, and order apartments for the Great Aristodemus, who might be expected in half an hour. Every thing in this world depends upon appearances, that is, when you intend to gull it; and as every one in the town had heard of the Great Aristodemus, so every one was anxious to know something about him, and Timothy was pestered with all manner of questions; but he declared that he was only his courier, and could only tell what other people said; but then what other people said, by Timothy's account, was very marvellous indeed. Timothy had hardly time to secure the best rooms in the hotel, when Melchior, dressed in a long flowing silk gown, with a wig of long white hair, a square cap, and two or three gold chains hanging from his neck, certainly most admirably disguised, and attended by me in the dress of a German student, a wig of long brown locks hanging down my shoulders, made our appearance in a post-chaise and four, and drove up to the door of the inn, at a pace which shook every house in the street, and occasioned every window to be tenanted with one or more heads to ascertain the cause of this unusual occurrence, for it was not a very great town, although once of importance; but the manufactures had been removed, and it was occupied by those who had become independent by their own exertions, or by those of their forefathers.

The door of the chaise was opened by the obsequious Timothy, who pushed away the ostlers and waiters, as if unworthy to approach his master, and the Great Aristodemus made his appearance. As he ascended the steps of the door, his passage was for a moment barred by one whose profession Melchior well knew. "Stand aside, exciseman!" said he, in a commanding voice. "No one crosses my path with impunity." Astonished at hearing his profession thus mentioned, the exciseman, who was the greatest bully in the town, slipped on one side with consternation, and all those present lifted up their eyes and hands with astonishment. The Great Aristodemus gained his room, and shut his door; and I went out to pay for the chaise and order supper, while Timothy and the porters were busy with our luggage, which was very considerable.

"My master will not see any one," said I to the landlord; "he quits this town to-morrow, if the letters arrive which he expects by the post; therefore, pray get rid of this crowd, and let him be quiet, for he is very tired, having travelled one hundred and fifty miles since the dawn of day."

When Tim and I had performed this duty, we joined Melchior in his room, leaving the news to be circulated. "This promises well," observed Melchior; "up to the present we have expended much time and money; now we must see if we cannot recover it tenfold. Japhet, you must take an opportunity of going out again after supper,

and make inquiries of the landlord what poor people they have in the town, as I am very generous, and like to relieve them; you may observe, that all the money offered to me for practising my art, I give away to the poor, having no occasion for it." This I did, and we then sat down to supper, and having unpacked our baggage, went to bed, after locking the door of the room, and taking out the key.

The next morning we had every thing in readiness, and as the letters, as the reader may suppose, did not arrive by the post, we were obliged to remain, and the landlord ventured to hint to me, that several people were anxious to consult my master. I replied, that I would speak to him, but it was necessary to caution those who came, that they must either offer gold—or nothing at all. I brought his consent to see one or two, but no more. Now, although we had various apparatus to use when required, it was thought that the effect would be greater, if, in the first instance, every thing was simple. Melchior, therefore, remained sitting at the table, which was covered with a black cloth, worked with curious devices, and a book of hieroglyphics before him, and an ivory wand, tipped with gold, lying by the book, Timothy standing at the door, with a short Roman sword buckled round his belt, and I, in a respectful attitude, behind the Great Aristodemus.

The first person who was admitted was the lady of the mayor of the town; nothing could be more fortunate, as we had every information relative to her and her spouse, for people in high places are always talked of. Aristodemus waved his hand, and I brought forward a chair in silence, and motioned that she should be seated. Aristodemus looked her in the face, and then turned over several leaves, until he fixed upon a page, which he considered attentively. "Mayoress of —, what would'st thou with me?"

She started, and turned pale. "I would ask —"

"I know; thou wouldst ask many things, perhaps, had I time to listen. Amongst others, thou wouldst ask if there is any chance of thy giving an heir to thy husband. Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is," replied the lady, fetching her breath.

"So do I perceive by this book; but let me put one question to thee. Wouldst thou have blessings showered on thee, yet do no good? Thou art wealthy—yet what dost thou and thy husband do with these riches? Are ye liberal? No. Give, and it shall be given. I have said."

Aristodemus waved his hand, and the lady rose to withdraw. A guinea was in her fingers, and her purse in her hand; she took out four more, and added them to the other, and laid them on the table.

"'Tis well, lady; charity shall plead for thee. Artolphe, let that money be distributed among the poor."

I bowed in silence, and the lady retired.

"Who will say that I do not good," observed Melchior, smiling, as soon as she was gone. "Her avarice and that of her husband are as notorious as their anxiety for children. Now, if I persuade them to be liberal, I do service."

"But you have given her hopes."

"I have, and the very hope will do more to further their wishes than

any thing else. It is despair which too often prevents those who have no children, from having any. How often do you see a couple, who, after years waiting for children, have at last given up their hope, and resigned themselves to the dispensations of Providence, and then, when their anxiety has subsided, have obtained a family? Japhet, I am a shrewd observer of human nature."

"That I believe," replied I; "but I do not believe your last remark to be correct—but Timothy raps at the door."

Another lady entered the room, and then started back, as if she would retreat, so surprised was she at the appearance of the Great Aristodemus; but as Timothy had turned the key, her escape was impossible. She was unknown to us, which was rather awkward; but Melchior raised his eyes from his book, and waved his hand as before, that she should be seated. With some trepidation she stated, that she was a widow, whose dependence was upon an only son now at sea; that she had not heard of him for a long while, and was afraid that some accident had happened; that she was in the greatest distress—"and," continued she, "I have nothing to offer but this ring. Can you tell me if he is yet alive?" cried she, bursting into tears; "but if you have not the art you pretend to, O do not rob a poor, friendless creature, but let me depart!"

"When did you receive your last letter from him?" said Melchior.

"It is now seven months—dated from Bahia," replied she, pulling it out of her reticule, and covering her face with her handkerchief.

Melchior caught the address, and then turned the letter over on the other side, as it lay on the table. "Mrs. Watson," said he.

"Heavens! do you know my name?" cried the woman.

"Mrs. Watson, I do not require to read your son's letter—I know its contents." He then turned over his book, and studied for a few seconds. "Your son is alive."

"Thank God!" cried she, clasping her hands, and dropping her reticule.

"But you must not expect his return too soon—he is well employed."

"Oh! I care not—he is alive—he is alive! God bless you—God bless you!"

Melchior made a sign to me, pointing to the five guineas and the reticule; and I contrived to slip them into her reticule, while she sobbed in her handkerchief.

"Enough, madam; you must go, for others require my aid."

The poor woman rose, and offered the ring.

"Nay, nay, I want not thy money; I take from the rich, that I may distribute to the poor—but not from the widow in affliction. Open thy bag." The widow took up her bag, and opened it. Melchior dropped in the ring, and taking his wand from the table, waved it, and touched the bag. "As thou art honest, so may thy present wants be relieved. Seek, and thou shalt find."

The widow left the room with tears of gratitude; and I must say, that I was affected with the same. When she had gone, I observed to Melchior, that up to the present he had toiled for nothing.

"Very true, Japhet; but depend upon it, if I assisted that poor

woman from no other feelings than interested motives, I did well; but I tell thee candidly, I did it from compassion. We are odd mixtures of good and evil. I wage war with fools and knaves, but not with all the world. I gave that money freely—she required it; and it may be put as a set-off against my usual system of fraud, or it may not—at all events, I pleased myself.”

“ But you told her that her son was alive.”

“ Very true, and he may be dead; but is it not well to comfort her—even for a short time, to relieve that suspense which is worse than the actual knowledge of his death? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.”

It would almost have appeared that this good action of Melchior met with its reward, for the astonishment of the widow at finding the gold in her reticule—her narrative of what passed, and her assertion, (which she firmly believed to be true,) that she had never left her reticule out of her hand, and that Melchior had only touched it with his wand, raised his reputation to that degree, that nothing else was talked about throughout the town, and, to crown all, the next day's post brought her a letter and remittances from her son; and the grateful woman returned, and laid ten guineas on the black cloth, showering a thousand blessings upon Melchior, and almost worshipping him as a supernatural being. This was a most fortunate occurrence, and as Melchior prophesied, the harvest did now commence. In four days we had received upwards of £200, and we then thought it time that we should depart. The letters arrived, which were expected, and when we set off in a chaise and four, the crowd to see us was so great, that it was with difficulty we could pass through it.

(To be continued.)

THE COMPANIONS OF THE PAST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! when we picture, in fond contemplation,
The gay companions of our mirthful hours,
How radiant seems the loved association
With images of light, of songs, and flowers;
At each bright page glad memory recalls
Visions of fragrant bowers or dazzling halls!

We think on summer days of cloudless splendour,
On barks, light skimming o'er the emerald sea,
On fair saloons, where accents soft and tender,
Mingled with notes of merry minstrelsy;
And mirrors, lamps, and roses smil'd around,
As though we trod upon enchanted ground.

But memory greets, with purer better feeling,
Those who partook our hours of grief and gloom;
Lo! she presents her mystic glass, revealing
The couch of suffering in the shaded room,
Where they, perchance, with us, were wont to share
The midnight vigil, and the murmur'd prayer.

They heard the last faint words of blessing spoken,
That on our hearts like heavenly whispers fell,
They wept with us, the precious ties thus broken,
And when we shrunk from the deep funeral knell,
They poured kind words of comfort in our ear,
Speaking of Him who dries the mourner's tear.

Yes, the gay sharers of our smiles and gladness,
Pass like bright shades before our mental sight,
But they who sooth'd and counsell'd us in sadness,
Ever suggest to us this hope of light,—
Hereafter at the throne of heaven to stand,
In close companionship with that blest band.

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. VI.

Absurdè facis

Qui angas te animi.

THERE is, perhaps, no greater bane to the happiness of a university life, than that solitariness, which, to the greater part, is a necessary result of it. For myself, the first glance which I make at my rooms, upon returning to Oxford, is always accompanied by a certain chill shudder, that I cannot express; and I never become thoroughly settled, as it is called, till at least a week has been suffered to pass over my head. As for this interval, I generally employ it, in rousing up old acquaintances, in making new ones, or, if nothing better occur, in perambulating the streets like a second walking philosopher.

Having come up some weeks after my time this term, the first person that I called upon was Fancely, who is just the sort of companion for one in the mood which I have been describing. I found him seated very pensively at his window, which was open in such a way, as to give full play to an Æolian harp of his own contrivance. There was a novel in his hand, which, at my first coming in, he pushed under a heap of magazines, but since I am not one to be baffled in cases of curiosity, I discovered afterwards, when he chanced to turn his back, that it was one from Dewe's excellent library, entitled "First Love." After the usual preliminaries of conversation had been gone through, the first thing that I inquired of him was, the result of his walk to the Highlands, upon which he got up from his seat with a sigh, and showed me a large portfolio full of drawings and paintings, which were interspersed here and there with certain curious flowers, that he had picked up on his way. These last were stitched very neatly into sheets of green paper, with the botanical names of each underneath, in the old black letter. He bade me also observe his mantelpiece, and a little table in one corner of his room, both of which were covered with fragments of every ruin that he visited, each placed in the order in which it was got, beginning from right to left, so that, whenever he pleased, he might walk his journey over again in miniature. There was, besides all this, a book in his table-drawer, which he had set aside for such traditions as he could gain from the common people on the road; but I could observe that these had, in some parts, given room to his habit of rhyming upon anything that chanced to attract his attention in a particular degree. After this exhibition he amused me very much with anecdotes of his journey, confessing that he had been somewhat disappointed with the Highlands, so far as the people went. But it was his love for antiquities, he said, which led him into the most curious of his adventures, amongst which I must particularly notice his having been shot at by an old woman one evening, whilst scaling a garden fence that

¹ Continued from p. 299.

he might trace the Picts wall through it. Another time he was well nigh suffocated in following up an old vault too far, and once dropped of a sudden into the midst of a smuggler's gang, who threatened to make away with him if he would not swear secrecy. The event, however, which seems to have made the greatest impression upon him, I must give in his own words.

"You must know," said he, "that on my return home, as I was clambering over an old ruin, that I suppose to be of about the thirteenth century, and of which you may see a kind of epitome in that little rugged stone on the table in the corner, on a sudden, the most beautiful young girl that I ever saw, ran up to me from behind a projection, which, till then, had hidden her from my view, and caught hold of my arm with all her might. You may easily fancy what surprise I was in," he added, "at this unlooked for rencontre, but it was soon explained to me by a part of the wall, upon which I was going to have put my foot, giving way the next moment, and falling to the ground with a loud crash. It seems that the young lady, who was sketching at the time, was acquainted with the bad state of the wall, from having visited the ruin before, and saw that the only means of saving me from destruction was that which she adopted."

After this account, he paused for a moment with a deep sigh, and then proceeded to give me a very minute description of the way in which he thanked the young lady, how she blushed, and how he helped her down the safe side of the wall, which it seems, she had ascended to save him, with ease, but found it very difficult to get down without some assistance. This encounter so much fascinated him, that he stayed, he said, four days about the ruin, lodging meanwhile with an old shepherd hard by, but never once saw his inamorata again; nor, indeed, could even discover her name, although he had been fortunate enough to get possession of her handkerchief, marked M. T., which she had dropped in her hurry to get quit of him. When I had gained a more particular description of this heroine, who, it appears, was about fifteen years old, but rather slight of her age, with blue eyes, Grecian nose, dimpling mouth, light complexion, and auburn hair curling behind very luxuriantly, I ended my visit with inquiring after Readwell and Grumblemore, both of whom, my readers will be glad to hear, are in good health; although the first is rather pale with his long course of study, and the last continues to cry out against Oxford more than ever since his visit to Rome. He affirms, indeed, that he should certainly have remained there to finish his education, but that he had never learnt the sword exercise, which, he says, is as necessary for a student in that place to know, as the accidence with us, or one may stand a fair chance of being cut to pieces in duels, before he has been able to appreciate the excellencies of a university so famous for the true liberty of its students.

As for Lovelace, Fancely told me that he had seen him but once, and that then he seemed to be in such deep thought, that he was scarcely able to get a word from him. I cannot tell, he added, what can be the matter with the fellow, for you know, that in general, he is so sprightly a personage, and so full of his hunting, shooting,

racing, masquerades, and such things, that one can hardly get in a word oneself, in conversing with him. I was very much surprised at this report, and upon quitting Fancely, struck across directly for Sir Anthony's rooms, afraid lest some death might have happened in his family, or at least, some very heavy misfortune, that he had become such an altered man. This idea of mine was very much increased, as I walked up the staircase, by my observing on the window sill no remains of breakfast or dessert, as a mark of his keeping up his usual parties; and, upon entering his rooms I was still more surprised, at finding him in a reading gown, sitting at a desk, which I had never observed before, and muttering to himself so intently over a book, that he did not even notice my coming in. But of this I was not long in making him conscious, upon which he instantly changed the look of his face, which before was very dismal, into one of infinite sprightliness, and, as he held out his hand, addressed me in the most joyful tone he could put on, much after the following manner. "Well, old chap, how are? Never thought to have seen you again. Where been all this time? Going up for my little-go to-morrow. Tutor said I must. But not in the least afraid, as you see. Logic deuced easy, and as for Horace and Herodotus, don't care three straws. Besides, breakfasted with one of the examiners yesterday morning, so you see have no reason to be in fright. Come, old fellow, sit down. Got plenty of time to spare." With this he shut his Aldrich, which he had caused to be bound in Russia leather, because it was, he said, such a deuced learned book, and entered, as he thought, with all his usual gaiety into his ordinary topics of conversation. However, as I observed him, casting every now and then a furtive glance upon his gold repeater, which had been given to him, he said, last vacation, by his uncle the counsellor, "who, by-the-by," he added, "was a devilish clever fellow, and could floor all the examiners together." I could not have the heart to keep him longer from his book, especially since he was going in the next day. With this view, I soon left him, promising to call again the next morning, at half-past nine, and go to the school with him; but I had not got down to the bottom of the stairs, before he called me back, and bade me observe, that he was not in the least afraid, which, he went on to say, "I hope you will have the goodness to tell every one you meet, that knows me."

The next morning I was in Sir Anthony's rooms at the time agreed upon between us, and found him engaged in putting on his white tie, which, he said, he was determined to have especially neat, since it would show the examiners that he was a gentleman. When this point was at last settled to his liking, he told me, as a great secret, that after I had left his rooms the day before, he made a vow, if he passed, to give all the scouts on his side of quad, a grand supper in honour of the occasion, the day after his examination. "And now," says he, "having told you this plan of mine, suppose we toss up, and see whether it is likely to be fulfilled; for, you see, although I am not afraid, I have some doubts whether I may not be plucked after all." Upon this he took a sovereign out of his waistcoat pocket, and throwing it up to the ceiling, cried out, "heads, pluck—tails, no pluck." Since there is always a certain kind of trust given even by

enlightened men to this mode of prejudging the future, we were both somewhat disconcerted on observing that it was heads. However, Lovelace put the matter all to rights again, by an expedient that is often resorted to by the ingenious in similar circumstances, which was claiming the best two out of three, by which means we brought the victory round again to our own side. The door had not yet been opened when we reached the schools; accordingly, we spent the few next minutes in walking backwards and forwards in the quad, during which time my companion stopped once or twice before his printed name, which, he said, he could not bear to see staring him in the face at that rate, hesitating, as it seemed, within himself, whether it would not be better, even now, to take his name off, were it possible; nor can I say but he would at least have attempted this, had not Grumblemore, who happened to join us, told him that he looked pale. This insinuation revived all his former courage, and snapping his fingers, he told us very boldly, that he did not care a fig for the examiners; they might pluck him or not, just as they chose; "besides," he went on, "there is one particularly good-natured fellow in to-day, and my private tutor told me but yesterday, that my Latin was harder to construe than Cicero himself." Just as he had spoken these magnanimous words, the door was opened, and wishing him good luck, Grumblemore and myself went into the gallery over the schools, that we might give him encouragement, as occasion offered, of which, however, we found that he was likely to be in no want, even without our aid, for a number of his Christ Church friends had come to see the fun, and had already made him the butt of their spy-glasses, betting three to one against him. I shall not trouble the reader with an account of his examination, which was, however, much better than any of us had expected, especially since he had the hardihood to follow up his determination of looking very grave, and appearing able to be much more learned, if he chose. The only thing that occurred in it, which I shall notice, was, his doubting whether a sheep must not be a wolf, granting that a sheep is an animal, and a wolf an animal. Grumblemore made a sign to him, which was perceived by one of the examiners, who, observing also that he had come in with his hat on, set him to translate the twelve first pages in the second volume of Herodotus. Whether it be that fortune befriends audacity not only in war but in other matters also, or for any other reason, I do not know, but at half-past six in the evening, amongst other TESTAMURS, there was one for Lovelace, and it was scarce seven when his servant brought me a card, upon which was written in pencil, "Supper at nine, in honour of my pass." An invitation of this kind could not be refused; accordingly, telling my landlady that I should probably not be at home before one, I started for the rooms of my victorious friend, about half an hour after the time assigned.

There were already about twenty men assembled, amongst whom I observed two tufts, who were both congratulating Sir Anthony, as I entered, upon his having floored the examiners so neatly. As for himself, he was seated in his new easy chair, at the head of the table, lolling backwards and forwards very complacently, as much as its

weight would allow him; and owning, that now it was all over, he did not mind confessing he had been in a deuced fright. "However," he added, "it's all right now, my boys, so for once we'll have a regular jollification." I shall not take upon me to say how many corks of champagne were let fly upon this hint, or how many bottles of old port, which Sir Anthony said he had smuggled from his uncle the counsellor, (who I should observe is his guardian,) were presently emptied. After the jollification had continued about an hour, one of the tufts that I have before noticed rose from his seat, and proposed the health of Sir Anthony, upon his passing his little-go. This proposition had no sooner been duly complied with, than Sir Anthony got up, and putting himself into an attitude, upon which he prides himself very much, addressed his well-wishers in words much the same with the following. "Gentlemen, I am glad to see that you think it no joke to pass one's little-go, and I can tell you, that I would not go up again, if a fellow was to offer to pay all my bills slap. However, since it has been my luck to support the honour of Christ Church once in a way, all I wish is, that every one of you, when his turn comes, may have the luck to do the same. So now let's drink the health of the Duke of Wellington." This speech, which Sir Anthony told me in confidence the next day, he had been thinking of for more than a week before, asking me at the same time, whether I did not think it deuced natty, was received with great plaudits by all but Grumblemore, who was present, and said that he would sooner be plucked again than drink the health of such an old fool. He was going on to add, after his usual custom, that the Duke ought properly to have been shot for gaining the battle of Waterloo, when all present cried out—"A radical, a radical!" and he was forced to desist; for it is to be observed, that patriotism is always more violent over a bottle than elsewhere. There were only two events that occurred after this, worthy of notice. One was Sir Anthony's breaking two wine glasses and a plate, by throwing an apple at a man who accused him of not being able to smoke, which, indeed, was very contrary to his usual decorum, but I suppose he was elated by having passed his little-go. The other, was a learned dissertation amongst some members of the union, who were of the party, upon the claims of the Dissenters, which Grumblemore was the only one to take upon him to defend. This dissertation has since been drawn up by one of us, into a regular declaration of the feeling in Oxford, amongst the undergraduates, upon this subject; and it is now lying in this shape in the reading-room of the union, to be signed by any one who shall think proper. I shall conclude my present paper with a faithful transcript of it, that all the Dissenters in Great Britain may know what they are to expect from the younger ones amongst us, if they intrude into our society, and shall only detain my reader from it, to add, that every one of the party was able to walk home easily by himself; which I think reflects great credit upon Sir Anthony's taste, for to have any higher principle than his own he does not allow of to any in matters of this kind.

We, the undersigned undergraduates of Oxford, to the Dissenters greeting.

This is to certify, that if any Dissenter of any class whatever, shall presume to enter himself at Oxford, supposing a new bill should be passed, we will treat him as follows:—

I. Whoever speaks to him upon any pretence whatever, shall be fined 5s. for each word.

II. Whoever admits him to his rooms, shall be cut by all his acquaintance.

III. Whoever upsets his skiff upon the Isis, so only as not to drown him, shall be considered to have done a worthy action.

IV. The man over his rooms shall have a hammer provided for him at the public expense, on purpose to make a noise.

V. Cracks shall be made in his ceiling, to let down water upon him.

VI. He shall be grinned at in his little and great-go, so as to put his thoughts out of order.

VII. His oak shall be kicked to pieces as often as it is mended.

VIII. His scout shall be bribed not to be civil.

IX. Every shopkeeper shall be cut who does not charge him double.

S.

ANNA BOLEYN'S LAMENTATION.

Air—" *Whither, my Love ?*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

HEAR me, my love ! the captive Anna calls !
Darkness and death surround my prison walls ;
Banish'd thy smile, and golden beams of day,
I weep—I weep—the joyless hours away.

Faint not, my soul, to worse than death consign'd !
Ah ! what is death to hearts that prove unkind ?
Take, faithless world, more love than thou canst give !
I die—I die—and would no longer live.

Ye angel forms, that smooth the wings of night,
Bear me away to bowers of love and light !
Ah ! why delay—but hark ! the solemn bell !
I come—I come—vain world, to thee farewell !

SIR WILLIAM GELL'S TOPOGRAPHY OF ROME AND ITS VICINITY.

The Topography of Rome and its Vicinity. By SIR WILLIAM GELL, M.A. F.R.S. Author of the "Itinerary of Greece," "Topography of Troy," "Pompeii," &c. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

THE state of mankind is one of a mutation so wild that neither the profoundest cogitations of human philosophy can comprehend it, nor the most elaborate reasonings of the political economist, account for it. To measure things of long duration with the fleeting, vexed, and turbid course of human affairs, the history of empires has some parallel with that of the geological world. Whilst we see in the vegetable and celestial economy an ever-varying, yet still recurring order, empires rise, flourish, and decay, without hope of renovation, in the same manner that the volcanic convulsion of the earth destroys a province, and leaves for ever after a region of sterility and horror. These remarks, or reflections similar to these, are forced upon us, in the perusal of every page of this truly excellent and erudite work; and, not the least curious coincidence is, and which must forcibly strike the degenerate Roman of the present day, if any thing philosophical may now strike him, that a descendant of those far north barbarians, the once *ultima thule* of the human species, should now come among the inhabitants of the by-gone focus of civilization, to enlighten them as to the localities of their ancient victories, to resuscitate for them monuments buried in earth and in oblivion, to recover for them sites of towns and cities that have long been veiled from their superstitious, clouded eye, and finally, to correct the allusions of their own poets, the blunders of their own historians, and to reform the ignorance of their own geographers.

Sir William Gell has done all this, and done it, not only accurately but elegantly, and erected to himself and his applauding country, a monument that will not pass away so rapidly as those structures of stone on which he has so ably commented; for what is of the mind ought to be, and is, as eternal, as the civilization of the human race; and that we think, we may now say without presumption, will be to the "crack of doom."

Before the reader takes up these instructive volumes, he would do well, in the first place, carefully to examine the large and exact map, in which all the places are located that will be offered to his consideration; and then, if, as he proceeds through the work, he refers to each place in the detail as he comes to it, we do not hesitate to say, that he will have a more correct idea of the environs of Rome, than the vast majority of the Italians themselves; and thus the recollections of history will revert to him in a refreshing stream, and he will feel a redoubled interest in all the desperate struggles of the infant empire of Romulus, that was to become a giant so vast and so usurping under the rule of the Cæsars.

The places are ranged in alphabetical order, beginning with the hill of Abbatone. Of course, many of the spots noticed are of more interest than others; but we believe that no locality is omitted that could be of the least consequence, either to the historian or the antiquary. Throughout these volumes we have classical quotations whenever they bear on the subject. The first place at which we arrive of more than common interest, is the far-famed grotto of *Ægeria*, in which the pious Numa wooed superstition so successfully, and, under the beautiful form of a nymph, told his credulous subjects, that he had won her to the cause of their prosperity; and thus, by giving a sanctity to laws, made that respected, which otherwise might have been, to their rude and lawless habits, intolerable. We give the whole article as a specimen of Sir William's manner of treating his subjects.

ÆGERIA.

"Till lately the fountain of La Caffarella has been mistaken for that of *Ægeria*. Juvenal and Livy give the best accounts of the place. That of Juvenal is as follows:—

'Substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam,
Illic ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ;
Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
Judæis, quorum cophinus fœnumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor; et ejectis mendicat Sylva Camœnis.
In vallem *Ægeriæ* descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris.'—*Sat.* iii. 11—18.

"The passage in Livy is this:—'Lucus erat, quem medium ex opaco specu fons perenni rigabat aquâ; quò quia se persæpe Numa sine arbitris, velut ad congressum Deæ, inferebat, Camœnis eum locum sacravit; quòd earum ibi concilia cum conjugè suâ *Ægeriâ* essent.'—*Lib.* i. 21.

"These two passages show that the grove and fountain were very near the *Porta Capena*, and that they were connected with the temple of the *Camœnæ*. The fountain *Ægeria*, near the *Porta Capena* of Rome, seems to have been lost in modern times; probably because having been included within the walls, upon the extension of the city, it became buried under a gradual accumulation of earth and rubbish; so that probably the water is now conveyed to the Tyber, or to the *Marrana*, in subterranean channels. There was also a valley of *Ægeria*, which could scarcely have been in any other situation than under the *Cælian Hill*."

Under the title "*Alba*," there is much historical research. There is reason to believe that this city—for at the remote and barbarous periods to which we refer, one long street, or an assemblage of a few houses surrounded by a wall, arrogated to itself that title—was the parent of the "*Eternal Rome*" herself, and that she fell the first victim to her insatiable offspring. Some of the later Roman writers, wishing to establish their heavenly descended origin, through *Æneas* up to Olympus, denied the existence of *Alba* altogether; but Sir William Gell, with indefatigable talent, has given us the very site, discovered considerable remains, and proved that its existence is no longer a romance. Were it not so long, we would have quoted the whole article.

There is much curious information respecting the *Alban Lake*, which proves, that at that early age, when Rome was just emerging into power, the people of Italy had made good progress in archi-

tectural contrivances; for the waters of the lake are carried off by a subterranean tunnel, averaging ten feet in height, and more than four in width. It may not here be amiss to remark upon the acuteness of those arch-dures of the ancients, their oracles, in turning every thing to advantage, and founding for themselves a high reputation for wisdom and infallibility, upon very natural causes. When they saw their way clearly, they spoke distinctly; but if the mists of uncertainty lay upon the coming event, they so foretold, that the promise was always kept to the ear, though broken as to the fact. But here is an instance of the intrepid course of prediction.

"The Delphic oracle was probably well informed of the circumstances and the localities of Alba and its lake, before it ventured to return to the Roman ambassadors who were sent to ask the meaning of the words of the Tuscan diviner, an answer not expressed ambiguously, as was usual, but conceived in clear and distinct language: (*Vide Liv. Hist. Lib. v. c. 15, 16.*) The diviner, when made prisoner, seems to have recommended, in obscure terms, that they should enter Veii by a mine, the art of constructing which the Veientes possibly had already long before acquired, in conveying to their city the waters of the crater of Baccano. (*Vide Veii.*) The oracle was delivered in words that fully authorise our belief in the previous existence of a river from the lake. 'Beware* of retaining the Alban water in the lake; permit it not to flow into the sea by its own river; (*suo flumine*;) having let it out, irrigate the fields, and dissipate it in rivulets.'

"The Romans are here ordered to give a vent to the waters of the lake, but not to suffer it to run out by its 'own river;' consequently another exit was to be constructed,—which was the Emissary of Castel Gandolfo. By the skill acquired in this operation, the Romans were enabled, by means of a mine or cuniculus, to possess themselves of the citadel of Veii."

We would particularly recommend the reader's attention to a description of the town of Albano, the present summer retreat of the Roman aristocracy. But the most remarkable part of this article is that which touches on the profitable deceptions employed by the wily Italians, to make the antiquarian passion subservient to their cupidity.

"Among the most remarkable objects of curiosity at Albano, a collection of vases, said to have been found below a stratum of volcanic stone, and consequently to have been the urns of a people who existed previous to the extinction of the volcano, has excited much attention. But the correctness of the assertion may be questioned, and consequently of the inference. The stratum below the edge of which they were discovered, is apparently not volcanic, but a production of gradual formation, in which nails, and other familiar objects, are in consequence not unfrequently observed. This they were indeed below, but so near its extreme edge, that it is probable they were intentionally placed there, and that the natives had selected the place they occupied, because the projection served for a roof. With respect to the high antiquity assigned to them, the vases are indeed sufficiently rude both in material and workmanship, to have belonged to a nation which existed before the era of history; but the same black earth and equal barbarism may be discovered in the vases of almost every part of Etruria.

"These and other reasons have now completely destroyed the supposition of their very remote antiquity, which at one time so generally prevailed; but not till the originals and many counterfeits had been sold to the curious and the credulous."

* "It would, perhaps, be fanciful, as the oracle must have been delivered in Greek, to suppose the mountain could have acquired its present name from the 'care' of the Pythia: though in the old Maps it is called not Cavo, but Cave. Cavo, however, is an appropriate name, on account of the semi-crater near the summit of the mountain."

We shall now make an extract which is geologically of great curiosity and importance.

“ ALBUE AQUÆ. ΑΛΒΟΥΛΑ.

“ A sulphureous stream not far from the Aniene. (Strabo.) Vitruvius mentions it as being on the Via Tiburtina, and Pausanias also speaks of this water; Strabo calls it ὕδατα ψυχρά, a cold spring; and says, it was used either for bathing or for drinking, and was good for many complaints. There are now three lakes; from one of which, (marked in the Map, and called Solfatara, or Lago di Zolfo,) is a strong current, generally accompanied by a long line of vapour; it runs in an artificial bed, in breadth nine, and in depth four feet, under the modern road to Tivoli, about a mile and a half from the Ponte Lucano. At the lake near the Valerian road, are the ruins of the Thermæ of Agrippa, and this with caution may be approached in a carriage, after passing the bridge. Some place a Temple of Faunus here, and one of Hygeia. Sir Humphry Davy made some curious experiments on the process by which this water continually adds to the rocks around by petrification or incrustation. He says, that the water taken from the most tranquil part of the lake, even after being agitated and exposed to the air, contained in solution more than its own volume of carbonic acid gas, with a very small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen. The temperature is eighty degrees of Fahrenheit. It is particularly fitted to afford nourishment to vegetable life. Its banks of Travertino are every where covered with reeds, lichen, confervæ, and various kinds of aquatic vegetables; and at the same time that the process of vegetable life is going on, crystallizations of the calcareous matter, are every where formed, in consequence of the escape of the carbonic acid of the water.

“ The ancient Valerian, or Tiburtine Way, ran to the Thermæ; and thence, not directly toward Tibur, but to certain ruins now called Colonnica, where it met another road at right angles, and turned directly right to Tivoli, or Tibur. It is hence conjectured that the line pursued by the modern road was not in remote times passable; and that there was then another lake, which has since been covered by a coat of Travertino. Certain tombs, called those of Plautus Lucanus, and of Claudius Liberalis, which still exist, and are close to the bridge, seem, however, to show that in imperial times a way did pass by the present carriage road; and it may be suspected, that as Cæcina and Medullia were destroyed, the other might have led from the Thermæ, to the innumerable villas which the patricians possessed in the neighbourhood of the present Vitriano and Marcellina. In the line between the bridge and the Solfatara, the rocky crust was broken in on the left near the stream, in the year 1825, and a portion of the water was lost; and another stream, called Acqua Acetosa, falls into a hole on the right: these instances show that the crust is but thin in some places. It probably covers an unfathomable abyss; for a stone thrown into the lake, occasions in its descent so violent a discharge of carbonic acid gas, and for so long a time, as to give the idea of an immense depth of water. The taste is acid, and the sulphureous smell so strong, that when the wind assists, it has sometimes been perceived in the higher parts of Rome.

“ The lake called Lago di Tartaro, two miles nearer Rome, which once was deep, has now so nearly filled itself with its own depositions, that in June, 1825, it was perfectly dry, having formed a crust, which probably cut it off from the subterraneous reservoir below. It is not unlikely that the same will happen, in the course of time, to the Solfatara: for on the brink of this lake, it is manifest that even now, the spectator stands on a shelf like ice, over an abyss of unknown depth. In this way many lakes have either been filled up, or have rapidly diminished.—The lake of the floating island at Cutilia is also bounded by a rocky margin, which, like that of Solfatara, overhangs an unfathomable abyss, and is alarmingly insecure.”

Who must not shudder at the awful insecurity of the surface of such a country?—a country, too, so often visited by shocks of earthquake! If this process of crusting over lakes heated by volcanic fires, and lakes too of an unfathomable depth, has been going on for ages, which is by no means improbable, a more than ordinary convulsion of the earth might precipitate a whole province into the bowels of the deep, leaving no vestige behind of the vast ruin,

excepting the treacherous and calm face of a sulphureous lake, where formerly forests waved, man laboured, and cities flourished. It is perhaps not far from the truth, that the whole length of Italy, from the very top to the heel of the boot, is honeycombed with furnaces of explosive fires, or collections of mephitic waters; and, in this case, notwithstanding the dreadful catastrophes that Vesuvius has, from time to time, inflicted upon towns and cities that seem crouching at its feet for protection, and find destruction, its fires and its overflowing craters must be looked upon as blessings. Were it not for them, we fear that the *eternal city*, like all other *human eternities*, would speedily come to a terrific termination.

It cannot be supposed that we can follow the learned and philosophical antiquary, step by step, over the classical ground on which he has shed so much light. In pointing out a few beauties, we must infallibly pass over many, and probably some of them more worthy of notice than those which we have selected. Indeed, it is not so much in separate detail that the perfection of this work is seen; its completeness, as a totality, is what is most worthy of admiration; yet we may even, and still avoid the absurdity of the ancient, take a brick here and there from the edifice, and produce it as a specimen of the grandeur of the whole. It may be said, that whatever is composed of such materials, however they may be arranged, must be intrinsically valuable.

The papers are daily querulous with the accounts of the cab nuisance. Indeed, notwithstanding the classicality of their designation, the omnibusses, or omnibi—for, as yet, the college of cads are disagreed as to the plural termination—are coming in for their fair share of the vituperation. Yet are they regulated by acts of parliament, and the lawyers have been erudite to mystify the high roads by their technicalities. We notice this, just now, to prove that the Georgian era of England, and the Augustan age of Rome, have one remarkable feature in common, which the reader will immediately perceive, by the manner in which they, the Romans, regulated their cab nuisances.

“The carriages in use, were cars (*Birota* or *Bigæ*) with two wheels and as many horses, waggons, (*Rhedæ* and *Quadrigæ*), and coaches drawn by six horses, (*Sei-jugæ*.) The post-horses were called *Veredi*, and the postilions *Veredarii*; and many of these were established by Augustus throughout the empire. It is surprising to observe, upon referring to the laws, how well every thing was regulated. A *Birota* could only carry two hundred pounds weight; a *Rheda* might carry one thousand. A *Carrus* might be charged with six hundred pounds weight. A *Carpentum* was a more ancient vehicle, and carried one thousand pounds, but it could contain only two, or at most only three persons. The *Anagariæ* carried one thousand five hundred pounds. Carriages might be found at every post, and not less than forty post-horses were kept. Saddle horses were called *Equi Cursuales*. A *Rheda* had eight mules in summer and ten in winter, and a *Birota* three mules.

“The *Itineraries* give the places on the Appian road, connected with the present Map, in the following order; but it is to be observed that the printed copies do not always correspond with each other.”

In classification and variety of vehicles, it appears that the masters of the continental might well compete with the masters of the maritime world. We hope and trust that the parallel runs no further; and that our prolific production of conveyances does not point out any decline in the empire, like that which befel the mighty mistress of the world after the demise of Augustus. But we have this to trust in, we

are governed by ministries, and, of late, they have been so ephemeral, that they exist not long enough to overturn anything but themselves, and have time to ruin only their own reputations; for while we are writing, we hear of the sudden dissolution of one, that we were told a week ago, was permanently enthroned in the hearts of the people, and securely based in the approbation of the king.

There is, under the title of Aricia, a very learned disquisition as to the real site of the Temple of Diana. We quote it principally to show how barbarous were the notions of religion at that remote period, falling little short of the cruelties practised by our Druidical ancestors.

"It is true that these remains may not be those of the Temple of Diana, but taking Strabo's account into consideration, the possibility of their being so is worth noting. He says, 'The grove of Diana was on the left of the Via Appia to those who ascended from the valley to the temple.' The passage, however, is so corrupted, that it is now almost useless to comment upon it. The Madonna del Galloro, or indeed any other situation to the left of the rising of the road toward Genzano,* may here be understood.

"The ceremonies of the Temple of Aricia were, according to Strabo, barbaric and Scythian, like those of the Tauric Diana. The priest (Rex Nemorensis) was always a fugitive who had slain his predecessor, and always had in his hand a drawn sword, to defend himself from a similar fate. There was a tree near the temple, whence if a fugitive could approach and carry off a bough, he was entitled to the duel, or *Monomachia*, with the Rex Nemorensis.

"A most curious basso-relievo was found in the neighbourhood some years ago, representing several personages, among whom is the priest, lately in possession, lying prostrate, with his entrails issuing from a wound, inflicted by his successor, who stands over him with his sword; there are also several females in long robes, in the Etruscan style, who seem to invoke the gods. The basso-relievo and the passage of Strabo mutually explain each other. It was bought by a stranger and carried to Russia; but there is a plate, though now very scarce, and known but to few, (which was made from the marble,) bearing every mark of undoubted authenticity."

It appears from this, that, in all ages, man will have excitement; and there is no doubt, that this succession of assassins who administered the rites of religion in the principal temple of the country, derived, in the eyes of their votaries, a particular sanctity, and obtained an increased reverence, from the very nature of their murderous installation into office. Indeed, they seem, in some slight measure, to have imitated the apiarian system of government, in which we know, that the ruling potentate can only receive and maintain her superiority by slaughter. It must be a triumphant reflection for the true Christian to know, that of all the religions ever promulgated for the belief of a credulous world, his only is based upon, and inculcates, sound morality. Every other, before that appeared, endeavoured to inspire awe by murder; and nations saw with no surprise, that what was deemed intolerable and execrable in civil polity, should be held to be holy and commendable among the priestcraft.

* "This rising of the road, which is here supported by the magnificent substructions already noticed, (*vide* Via Appia,) was called the *Clivus Aricinus* and *Clivus Virbii*. Juvenal (*Sat.* iv. 117) speaks of it as in his time haunted by beggars, who were accustomed to assail carriages on the ascent, as the modern road to Genzano is at present.

"The people of the place seem to have perpetuated the custom, and even to think they have a right to demand money."

We cannot pass over the description of the "Campagna," without pausing to remark on the singularity of that desolate tract so near to Rome, at all times so unhealthy, and so abandoned to its own sterility. Nor is it a little surprising that a settlement made upon the very margin of this pestiferous country, should rise from an association of bandits to the supremacy of the civilized world; and that, as it increased in power, its conquering inhabitants did not endeavour to remove the seat of empire to some more central and more healthful situation. When, at last, it was removed to Constantinople, the removal came too late. The vital blow to Roman domination had already been given, and the sentence of its dissolution had been pronounced. This is Sir William Gell's account of this interesting, small, yet once so all-important, portion of the earth's surface.

"There is nothing particularly fertile in the soil of Campagna to render it an eligible position for the mistress of the world: on the contrary, extensive tracts of country are rendered uncultivable by sulphureous springs, as, for instance, in the road to Tivoli; and in many other parts, the plain is covered only by a thin layer of sterile soil, as along the Appian Way, from the third to the tenth mile: the coast is either a deep sand, as at Laurentum; or a frightful marsh, as at Ostia and Maccarese; and the whole has the reputation of malaria, and of disposing to agues and fever.—It has been proved that volcanic lapillæ and volcanic productions in general, possess, in an eminent degree, the power of retaining moisture, (imbibing, with ease, seven-eighths of their own weight of water,) and that their humidity is a principal cause of their fertility. Mixed with the soil, and impregnated with a store of moisture acquired during the winter months, they occasion in the ensuing spring and summer, the fertility so remarkable in the vicinity of Naples. About Rome, a thin stratum of soil is, in many parts, spread over volcanic productions, but is not mixed up with them.

"The climate of the Campagna cannot be called fine, for it is seldom the traveller can look around without observing a tempest deluging some part of the plain; and, in the numerous excursions which were necessary for the construction of the Map, an impression almost of destruction has been frequently produced, by the bursting of storms over the capital, or Frascati, or Tivoli. They are often so partial, as to assume, at a distance, the appearance of smoke and conflagration.—Less rain, however, falls at Rome, than in some other parts of Italy. At Rome, the average is twenty-eight inches in the year; at Naples and Leghorn, thirty-five inches; at Pisa, forty-five; at Genoa, fifty-one; at Venice, thirty-three; at Ferrara, the average is twenty-five; but at Altemura, in the kingdom of Naples, and at Teramo, only nineteen or twenty inches.

"At Rome, the expenses of cultivation and the pressure of taxes are scarcely met by the sale of the produce of the soil; and grain from the Black Sea, is often cheaper than that produced at home, in most of the commercial cities of Italy. The ancient Romans, subject to no duties of export or import, must have obtained it still cheaper. The possessors of land in the vicinity of Rome find that hay is the crop producing the greatest amount of rent; as, being early, it seldom suffers from want of moisture:—or, if the crop is bad, the price rises in proportion. That there must, at times, be a difficulty in finding the means of cultivating the soil, is shown by the existence of a law, which, in case of neglect, authorises the interference of government.

"When the Romans had subdued and destroyed the once independent cities of Latium, their attempts to restore the population seem to have been utterly vain. Many of them were colonized twice or thrice, yet at last they were almost all reduced to wretched villages, so as to be only named in derision.

"The ruins indicated in the Map, sufficiently prove that before the domination of the Romans, the Campagna was well peopled. The towns, indeed, were of no great magnitude; but they were thickly scattered over the country. In the time of Diodorus, (*vide* Hist. lib. ii.,) who wrote about B. C. 44, Italy was considered a desert in comparison with its former population and fertility; Strabo also (A. D. 23,) speaks of the state of wretchedness and decay to which this once populous district

was reduced in his time; and Dion, who lived under Pertinax, (about A. D. 230,) while the Roman empire was yet flourishing, says, that in his time vast solitudes existed in Italy.

"The city of Rome, however, always continued great and populous: it was the capital of the world, and the resort of all who had business to transact, or pleasure to gratify—the drain of the population of all the provinces, and the immense receptacle of people from every nation of the globe.

"In the census made by Cæsar, he only found 150,000 who were Roman citizens; hence a large portion of the inhabitants of Rome were foreigners or slaves, who must have resided in the city; but the Campagna was probably not less deserted by proprietors; for though studded with the villas of opulent patricians, they without doubt resided generally in the capital.

"The cultivation of the soil, according to Pliny, was left to overseers and slaves, and in consequence, agriculture languished. The overseers, says Varro, were scarcely permitted to marry, while, among the slaves, celibacy was in every way encouraged. We are apt to look upon the celibacy of the Romish clergy with an evil eye; but their numbers bear no comparison with those of the unmarried slaves of the Romans,—of whom, as Pliny says, one proprietor, C. Cæcilius Claudius Isidorus, had, at his death, 4,116.

"The drain upon the provinces necessary to supply the deficiencies of reproduction in and near the capital, was clearly perceived by the Roman government, and both Cæsar and Augustus endeavoured to promote an increase of population. With this view, women under the age of forty-five, if they had no children, were prohibited from using a litter, or wearing jewels. The evil, however, continued, and even increased; and the city, being deficient in native agriculturists, was supplied with the produce of Sicily, Egypt, and Asia Minor.

"In the time of Theodosius, the Campagna was a desert; and Gregory the Great expressly says, '*depopulati sunt agri . . . nullus in agris incola.*' In the fifth century, the cultivation of Italy was so much neglected, that Alaric was obliged to pass over into Sicily, and thence to Africa, to find sustenance for his army of Visigoths.

"The Gothic kings seem to have encouraged agriculture; but the agricultural population was so much diminished, that Cassiodorus says, it was still necessary to import grain for the supply of the inhabitants. Soon after this, the ruin of Italy was consummated, by the invasion of the Longobardi,—who seem to have been among the most fierce destroyers that ever disgraced humanity.

"It was not before the tenth century that the country began to recover from the afflictions produced by its barbarous invaders. But from the reputation of malaria, established throughout the whole of the Campagna, it would now be extremely difficult to effect the establishment of a new population. Many of the diseases, however, which are commonly ascribed to the malaria, may be traced to other causes. The labourers who till the soil of the Campagna, are already greatly fatigued before the commencement of the labours of the day; for, residing chiefly at Rome, they have, in the first instance, to walk perhaps to a considerable distance, before they can arrive at the scene of their daily labour; they toil all day under a burning sun; their meals are scanty; and, returning in the evening to the city, and throwing themselves down upon the pavement of the streets, in the lowest part of the city, near the Temple of Vesta, they are at night exposed to the baneful influence of the fogs and damps arising from the adjacent Tyber.

"Of villages few or none are named as existing in ancient times; the Vicus Alexandrinus is, perhaps, the only one mentioned: if there were none, the peasants must have returned to the city every evening then, as they do at present; and the Campagna must have been then, as now, comparatively a desert."

Our author here seems to underrate the fatality of the malaria; but we know from very recent accounts, that its progress has reached some quarters of Rome itself; and, if the subterraneous operations of nature still continue, as they have done, Rome will soon be uninhabitable six months in the year. It has been, we think, very successfully proved, from fissures made by the heat of the sun, that a mephitic vapour exhales through the surface of the earth, engender-

ing miasmata peculiarly unfavourable to animal, though friendly to vegetable life. This cause is continually operating, independently of the exhalations from the numerous stagnant lakes, or rather, shallow pools, that abound in these regions; and the banks of the Tyber have ever appeared to be obnoxious to health.

The whole article under the title of Etruria, is one of the ablest specimens of historical research with which we have ever met. Of it we cannot even give a faint outline. Its antique vases, its perished language, and its distorted records, would, if properly considered, form of themselves several volumes. Though we have still the characters which these remote nations handed down to us, it seems that only the signification of two words has been accurately ascertained; and, what is singular enough, there are just two meanings for two words—but which belongs to which, is still a matter of doubt. These words are *kil* and *avil*, and they mean, *annos*, and *vixit*; but whether *annos* belongs to *kil*, or to *avil*, and *vice versa* of *vixit*, we must say, simply enough, if ever shown at all, time must show. One would suppose that there could not be so many difficulties existing in this tongue as in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, yet both are equally as sealed books, and the want of bilingual inscriptions is the stumbling-block to our knowledge of each. For our own parts, from the evidence of Sir William, though he comes to a different conclusion, we think the Etruscans were of Egyptian origin, and we are confirmed in this idea, from the drawings in some of the sepulchral monuments lately discovered, which seem almost to have been designed on the Nile. We are sorry that we cannot spare room for an extract from this valuable article. Indeed, we have but gone through the first volume, and we find that we have almost exhausted our limits, so seductive has the author made his subject.

In the second volume, perhaps the two not least interesting articles are those that treat of Latium, and its capital, Laurentum. Every schoolboy knows that the inhabitants of this district gave the name to that language which has so often given him so much vexation, and that when Æneas fled from Troy, he found them in the occupation of the soil on which he landed. The subject is well treated in this work, and the site accurately ascertained. On the subject of the Pelasgi there is condensed as much learning, as in any equal number of pages it has ever been our fortune to peruse. Yet to us, though it be the triumph of Sir William, its the least satisfactory. Our taste may be barbarous when we say, that in it we find nothing but a string of barbaric names, most likely not one of them rightly spelled, and for which, conjectures, that ought to be historical facts, are created. It is, perhaps, too much to find a nation in the resemblance of a name, or to plant a colony by transplanting two, or perhaps three, ill-deciphered letters. We do not make these remarks in reprehension. This division of the work is, perhaps, the glory of the historical antiquary. We heartily wish that we could have written such a chapter; though, perhaps, had we been able, we should not. What Sir William has said upon Rome is invaluable. Of course, he only enlightens where all before was darkness, and never touches those annals that the world has sufficient reason to believe to be authentic. Early impressions generally

lead us through life ; and the history of Rome, usually put into the hands of youth, is Goldsmith's abridgment, commencing with the absurd legend of having Romulus and Remus wet-nursed by a wolf. Instead of this nonsense, we recommend most forcibly that all future school books on this subject should commence by Sir William's account, in which it will be found that, prior to the time of Romulus, the site of this city was already, and had been for a length of time, in possession of the Siculi, so that Romulus rather usurped, than built and founded the "everlasting city." And there is also the elaborate article on the Veii, and the no less splendid one upon the Tiber, all of which, sparing our own commendation for want of room, we must leave to that of our readers. Had Sir William only written that part devoted to history and to language, it would have been sufficient to establish no common reputation. We are convinced that Sir William is a better Latin scholar, and knows more of the Latin language in all its phases, from barbarism to refinement, than many a Roman writer of the Augustan age ; and this we think is fully proved by the readings he gives to ancient inscriptions found in tumuli, which strike you, when put in pure Latin, with the conviction of being correct, though no one but the profoundest antiquarian linguist could have unravelled them.

We think that our readers will be of our opinion, after the perusal of this work, that a new, and popular History of Rome is called for, in order to rectify the mere inaccuracies that are contained even in those the most esteemed. All who write, and all who read, must ever be under great obligations to Sir William Gell, and one of the most popular authors of the day has been lavish in his acknowledgments. Had it not been for Sir William, the Last Days of Pompeii would have been denied to the admiration of the world. We are but one, among the train of admirers, that will do literary homage to the excellence of this work ; but we do it as unfeignedly as fearlessly, for we predict that not one of our contemporaries will lift up a dissentient voice ; and we are sure that no collection of books that aspires to be called a library, will deserve that title, until this work has its niche of honour upon its shelves.

STRIKE THE HARP FOR BRAVE LLEWELYN!

Air,—“ *Arleyd y Nos.*”

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

STRIKE the harp for brave Llewelyn,
Land of the free !
Breathe the dirge funereal ; telling
(Land of the free !)
How the hero, life disdaining,
When his kingly orb was waning,
Died, his warrior fame maintaining,
Land of the free !

From his Phoenix ashes springing,
Land of the free !
Hark the fearless bird is singing,
Land of the free !
Child of light, through ether flying,
Thou shalt chant thy lay undying,
Long as Snowdon towers defying,
Land of the free !

Though the tyrant's threats assail thee,
Land of the free !
Ne'er shall dauntless spirit fail thee,
Land of the free !
Martyr'd heroes, darkly dwelling
In the dust with lost Llewelyn,
Rise like suns, thy clouds dispelling,
Land of the free !

Strike the harp to thrilling numbers,
Land of the free !
Though thy patriot monarch slumbers,
Land of the free !
Though thy fields are waste and gory,
Thou shalt shine in bardic story,
Nation of excelling glory !
Land of the free !

GEORGE CONWAY; OR, 'TIS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It is now some twenty summers gone since I witnessed the first incident in the little tale I am about to relate. My occupation at that time led me daily into the city, and I was in the habit of constantly taking my lunch at the ——— coffee-house, where many young men of high mercantile standing or connexions used to attend for the same purpose. One among them, a fine spirited fellow, named Conway, attracted my attention by his liveliness, his good temper, his gentlemanly demeanour, and his constant inquiries after the Calcutta papers; and I learnt that he was engaged to a young lady, who had left England about ten months before, to return to her father in India, whither he was to follow her in the course of a few months, to take charge of an establishment there, when they were to be married. My informant, who was intimate with him and knew the lady, pictured her to me as a beautiful, accomplished, and most fascinating girl, but a little the coquette: "at least," he said, "she is too conscious of her influence over our sex; but she possesses the power of attraction to such an extent, and so far beyond every other woman that I ever saw, that it is in a great measure excusable, for she would be purblind not to perceive the admiration she elicits."

Some few days after this, I was taking my customary refreshment at an earlier hour than usual, when Conway entered, and a friend hastened to put into his hands a Calcutta paper which had just arrived; he received it eagerly, and devoured the few lines that acquainted him with the arrival of the ship in which his fair one had sailed, and gave her name in the list of passengers. There were very few people in the room at the time, and as he sat in the remotest corner of the most private box, I saw him, when he thought himself unobserved, press to his lips and heart that part of the paper which bore the blessed intelligence. "But there will be a letter for me at the counting-house," he said to the friend who had given him the paper, and who was the informant I spoke of, "and I have not been there yet—good bye." "Stop," said my acquaintance, catching him jestingly by the skirts as he was whisking through the door; "don't you lunch with us to day?" At that moment two more of his intimates came in. "Here," said my friend, "here Conway has had the most felicitous tidings through the paper, besides a cargo of letters from Calcutta, all spangled with wax kisses; and he won't let us drink his lady-love's health, even in a glass of soda water." "O the scrub!" cried the two, hemming him in. "For God Almighty's sake," cried Conway, half laughing, but really in earnest, "let me go now, and you shall drink it in a dozen of claret." "Done! when? where?" "Here, to-night," was the answer. "A dinner?" "Yes." "And the hour?" "Five." "And who are to make the party?" "The whole set," said Conway, as he struggled to get free. "Remember, it's booked, George," they all cried. "Certainly," he replied, "I'll

meet you, upon my soul ;" and, released from the importunities of his friends, he darted off like an arrow.

By some conventional construction of the word "set," I was one of the party, and a jovial one it was. Conway was all wit, and life, and spirits, and obliged us to pass, by a long line of bottles, the dozen of claret he had promised ; and when we separated at a very late or rather early hour, our last achievement was a half-pint bumper to his fair mistress, the *Pona Dea* of our feast.

Shortly after this I was compelled to go on a journey into Ireland, where I was detained some months. On my return I found Conway in high spirits, as the time nearly approached when he was to sail for India. I was in conversation with him on some passing topics, when the waiter brought in a fresh packet of Calcutta papers. Conway seized them, and hurried into a box with his acquisition, amid the smiles of as many of the by-standers as were in the secret of his attachment, while I joined some other men, who were spelling the papers over their sandwich, and fell into some trifling discussion on their contents, which led our attention from him. Suddenly, however, it was recalled by hearing him dash his open hand against his forehead, with a fearful exclamation, and then mutter, "No, no ; I'll read it again : ' At ———, in this presidency, ——— to Catharine, daughter of Charles Stanley, Esq. : after the ceremony, the happy pair—Damnation ! lost ! O God, O God !'" As he uttered, or rather screamed, these last words, we rushed forward to him, and a spout of blood rained over us. Conway had severed his throat with a small knife that had been lying on the table, and fell as I reached him, to all appearance, in the struggle of death. We removed him immediately to an upper apartment, and having instantly procured him medical aid, I had the satisfaction to learn that there was every probability of his recovering ; this hope was subsequently confirmed, and a few weeks afterwards I learnt that he had been removed to his father's house, and was able to take exercise in the garden.

I did not see him again before I left England ; and a stay of nearly twenty years abroad had partially effaced the circumstances from my mind, when a year or two back, being returned, and happening to be detained late in the city on business, I resolved to take my dinner at the old house where I used to lunch. On entering the coffee-room, I was surprised to find it so much like what I had left it ; and while the cloth was laying, the circumstance I have detailed came with painful freshness over my mind. I had finished my meal, and sate surveying the room and its contents, noting every old peg that had been a former acquaintance, and passing before my mind's eye a panorama of the events of bygone days,—when an elderly man, perhaps about fifty, but looking older from the prim and even pedantic exactitude with which he was dressed, in the fashion of some twenty years ago, entered the room, and seating himself in the box opposite to the one which I occupied, took his hat off with a slow deliberate air, seated himself, and gently rang the bell. The waiter, I observed, answered the summons with great alacrity, and took his commands with unusual marks of respect, and presently placed before him a bound volume of newspapers. The stranger then, with a slow and

mannered movement, drew a red case from his pocket ; and taking out of it a pair of silver spectacles, and from another pocket a clean white handkerchief, carefully wiped and polished the glasses ; and having adjusted them to his eyes, he proceeded to open the book before him.

At this juncture, the observation which the peculiar appearance and manners of this gentleman had attracted, was averted by the landlord's begging to know my commands, for I had sent for him ; and I proceeded to make myself known to him, and to inquire after many of the old set. In the midst, however, of one of his communications, he interrupted himself to wait upon the stranger, who rose to leave, and escorted him with great respect to the door. On his return, he begged my pardon for his abruptness ;—" But," said he, " that gentleman is a very old customer of mine, and a very good one, although for the last twenty years he has neither eaten nor drunk in my house. Every day, during all that period, about this time, when the room is nearly deserted, has he come, and still continues to come, here."

" And to what purpose," said I ; " if he neither eats nor drinks here, what can he want, or how can his visits benefit you ?"

" Pardon me, sir," said the landlord ; " although he does neither, he pays me voluntarily and handsomely for the trifling accommodation he receives : as to himself, the only object of his visits is to open the book you see there, and which is an old volume of India papers, at two places, and to read about a dozen lines. Ah, poor fellow ! he is wonderfully and sadly changed since I knew him, twenty years ago, a gay and dashing youngster. His is a strange and melancholy history ! —but, God bless me ! I forget myself : you know him, sir ; his name is Conway."

EPHRAIM TWIGG.

THE EXILE OF ALBION.

Air—" *Indian Death Song.*"

CAN we say to the bones of our fathers ? " Arise,
 " And go forth from the land ye have lov'd !"
 Can we drown all the sympathies, break all the ties,
 And depart from our country unmoved ?
 Oh ! the thought will be painful, whenever we dwell
 On the home of our happier years,
 That we've bid e'en the ashes of friendship farewell,
 And have nothing of love, but the tears.

'Tis true, there are lands more elysian than our's,
 Skies glowing more brightly to view ;
 But the heart *will* return to those first budding flowers,
 Which the garden of infancy knew.
 We can never forget, if we would, all the past,
 And look cold on the land of our birth :
 We have thought of it first, we shall think of it last,
 As the freest and fairest of earth.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOMENCLATURE OF THE EAST INDIES.

It has been observed that the application of the term Indian to the inhabitants of America originated in error, and its misapplication cannot be doubted when it is considered how little the term conveys any definite idea of the numerous and various objects to which it is intended to refer. The apathetic Hindoo, the energetic Burman, the huge Patagonian, the pliant natives of Paraguay and Para, and the coarser inhabitants of the North, with others too numerous to mention, all come under the general denomination of "Indiano!" Nor is it to this term alone that the modern misapplication of geographical nomenclature has been confined.

In the earlier stages of society, when the objects known were not numerous, and when the difference or similarity of those objects to others was not understood, it is natural to suppose that terms would be used expressive of each object's quality; as, however, the gradual accession of knowledge would tend to increase the number of objects with which mankind became acquainted, more arbitrary, artificial terms would be applied. To this misapplication of some terms, and the absurd change in others, may be traced several serious geographical errors. In South America, for instance, there are numerous "Rio Negros," and still more numerous black rivers; but, taking more particularly the largest river of the globe, the term applied to it by the natives of the country through which it ran, was "Para," a word signifying, in their language, "the great water," and which was peculiarly applicable, inasmuch as even the term "river" does not convey a just idea of the vast body of fresh water that bears the products of many *large* rivers to the ocean. Yet this term, "the great water," has by modern geographers been taken from the river and applied to the *land*, whilst the very meaning of the term "Amazons" is applied to "the great water." If we would remove from West to East, and apply a similar mode of reasoning to Africa, it may, in like manner, be questioned whether there be not Niles and Nigers? This last is a tender subject, and its difficulties and dangers have been fully proved by the innumerable failures in the search, and the melancholy loss of life from the gallant Claperton downwards; but when proof, by immediate facts, cannot be brought, the fairest mode of reasoning is from analogy. *The Niger*, as laid down in the best maps of ancient geography, amongst others in those of Dr. Anville, from the account given by Herodotus, is a river crossing Africa from West to East; and although several rivers have been found by modern travellers, running in various directions, within the limits thus pointed out, the Niger of Herodotus has never yet been traced. If we examine the authority upon which Herodotus described this river, and it is from his authority it has been laid down upon the maps, and from which the recent expeditions for its re-discovery have been planned, we find that instead of having visited the river himself, he describes it from

an account given him by an African chief, who had, in his turn, received an account from some persons who stated they had seen it—a river called the Niger—but even they had not traced its course.

Now supposing a modern geographer, who had not visited the rivers of America, or drawn his information from Europeans who had traced them, were to attempt, as did the ancient geographers from Herodotus, to trace—we will take, a Rio Negro, a black river; there are numerous “Rio Negros” and innumerable “black rivers,” and should the geographer attempt to describe or to lay them down as one, he would inevitably be involved in an inextricable labyrinth.

But it may, perhaps, be objected that the term “Niger” does not mean black. If such be the case, we will quit the “Rio Negros” and “black rivers” of America, and take the “Para” for analogy, and we will give the modern geographer an advantage over Herodotus, if he pleases, by supposing him to receive his information from the people themselves—from the natives of the country through which the river runs. In answer to his inquiries, he might justly be told that it was a river of vast magnitude, having a certain rate of current, a considerable depth of water, and running towards the East, or, in more poetic language, towards the rising sun! This would be important information, and the geographer would probably endeavour to obtain its confirmation, by inquiries of other tribes, or people, from a greater distance, or from different positions; and here, also, we may suppose his endeavours successful, when a pretty similar account would be given, saving as to the river’s direction, its name being the Para-quay. A third set of natives might still be found whose accounts would again accord, the river being called by them the Para-na. If, then, the geographer did not understand, or did not regard the *meaning* of the terms applied, the final terminations might either pass unnoticed or be deemed provincialisms; and if from the information thus obtained, the river should be laid down, as was the Niger of Herodotus, he would have a vast stream indeed running where and as he pleased throughout America.

Had “*the Niger*” of Herodotus been left whence he derived it, and the natural features of the country alone been sought by African travellers, we might, by this time, have possessed more general information of its rivers, be they black or blue, and what is to us, as a commercial nation, of most importance, of the general nature and resources of the country; for, it is scarcely presumption to think that the search for an object which has never yet been found, namely, “*a river Niger crossing Africa from West to East*,” and which Herodotus never saw, has monopolized the attention of travellers, and tortured the information received upon the spot, to suit the object sought.

Geography is properly a science of facts, collected by enterprise, connected by reason, and confirmed by subsequent observations, and the destructive effects resulting from the want of such information may be shown by innumerable instances. It is from a knowledge of the natural resources of countries, of their facilities for, or obstacles to, communication, and by an acquaintance with the state of civilization and character of their inhabitants, that statesmen must form their negotiations in peace, or plan expeditions in war. From similar

information military commanders must judge the positions they ought to occupy, the routes upon which they are to move, the strength and nature of the forces with which they have to contend, and, above all, the *time* required. Nor, without such knowledge, can the merchant calculate either the extent of his risk or probable result of his investments.

If proofs of the losses or difficulty resulting from the want of such information be required, they may be found, amongst more recent events—in Sir John Moore's operations in the Peninsular; in the attempt to retain Bueynos Ayres; and in the increased difficulties of the Burmese war in India. In a mercantile point of view—in the absurd speculations entered into with the countries bordering the Pacific, to which, perhaps, may be added, the present extremely opposed views taken by different parties, with regard to the West Indian colonies, proceeding from a want of consideration as to the comparative resources of those colonies with Brazil, and other South American regions, that have lately been brought into competition.

L. M.

SONG IN THE MASK OF TASSO.

TASSO TO LEONORA.

Air—"Minuet de la Cour."

Ah! see, she moves, in beauty's pride,
 Like Psyche, Love's immortal bride!
 Sportive and dark her tresses flow,—
 Her jewell'd arms like wreathed snow,
 But not for me their pulses glow.
 Ah! lovely star of Tasso's night,
 Turn, turn to me thy beam of light;
 Ah, Leonora! cold as bright,
 Veil—veil those beauties from my sight.
 Yes, 'tis her voice!—that thrilling tone
 Might raise a breathing world from stone;
 As when Amphion swept the strings,
 And Thebes rose on tuneful wings;
 Ah! voice, to which my spirit clings,
 Though coldness blight the hope of years,
 And beauty flies from Tasso's tears,
 Ah, Leonora! 'tis in vain!
 I mourn—but cannot break thy chain.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.¹

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

THE next morning I arose the possessor of eight shillings, a box of playthings, a plumb-cake, and a heavy heart. It is most true, that which Wordsworth hath said or sung, the "Boy's the *father* of the man." When I mingled with my schoolmates, and the unexpected possession of my various wealth had transpired, I found many of them very kind and *fatherly* indeed, for they borrowed my money, ate my cake, broke my playthings, and my heart they left just in the same state as it was before.

But I will no longer dwell upon the portraiture of that saddest of all created things, the despised of many. I was taught the hard lesson of looking upon cruelty as my daily bread, tears as my daily drink, and scorn as my natural portion. Had not my heart hardened, it would have broken. But before I leave what I call the desponding epoch of my schoolboy-days, I must not omit to mention a species of impious barbarity, that had well nigh alienated my heart for ever from religion, and which made me, for the time, detest the very name of church. Christianity is most eminently a religion of love; and, through the paths of holy love only should the young heart be conducted to the throne of grace, for we have it, from the highest authority, that the worship of little children is an acceptable offering, and may well mingle with the sweetest symphonies that ascend from the lips of seraphs to the footstool of the Everlasting. Our God is not a God of terrors, and, when he is so represented, or is made so by any flint-hearted pedagogue to the infant pupil, that man has to answer for the almost unpardonable sin of perilling a soul. Let parents and guardians look to it. Let them mark well the unwilling files that are paraded by boarding-school keepers, into the adjacent church or chapel, bringing a mercenary puff up to the very horns of the altar, and let them then inquire how many are flogged, or beaten, or otherwise evil-entreated, because they have flagged in an attention impossible in the days of childhood, and have not remembered a text perhaps indistinctly or inaudibly given;—let those parents and guardians, I say, inquire, and if but one poor youth has so suffered, let them be fully assured that that master, whatever may be his diligence, whatever may be his attainments, however high his worldly character may stand, is not fit to be the modeller of the youthful mind, and only wants the opportunity to betray that bigotry that would gladly burn his dissenting neighbour at the stake, or lash a faith with exquisite tortures into the children of those whom, in his saintly pride, he may call heretical.

¹ Continued from p. 271.

At church we occupied at least one-third of the whole of one side of the gallery. Two hundred and fifty boys and young men, with their attending masters and ushers, could not but fill a large space, and, of course, would form no unimportant feature in the audience. Mr. Root, and the little boys, were always placed in the lower and front seats. There we sat, poor little dear puppets, with our eyes strained on the prayer-books, always in the wrong places, during the offertory, and after the sermon had begun, repeating the text over and over again, whilst the preaching continued, lest we should forget it, whilst all this time the bigger boys in the rear were studying novels, or playing at odd and even for nuts, marbles, or halfpence. I well know that the mathematical master used, invariably, to solve his hard problems on fly-leaves in his prayer book during the service, for I have repeatedly seen there his laborious calculations in minutely small figures; and he never opened his prayer-book but at church—as perhaps he thought, with the old woman of Smollett, that it was a species of impiety to study such works any where else. Whilst all this was going on in the back rows, Mr. Root, in the full blown glory of his Sunday paraphernalia, and well powdered, attended exclusively to the holiness and devout comportment of his little chapter of innocents. Tablet in hand, every wandering look was noted down; and, alas! the consequences to me, were dreadfully painful.

The absolution absolved me not. The “*Te Deum laudamus*” was to me more a source of tears than of praise,—and, the “*O be joyful in the Lord,*” has repeatedly made me intensely sorrowful in the school-room. In all honesty, I don't think that, for a whole half-year, I once escaped my Sunday flogging. It came as regularly as the baked rice puddings. I began to look upon the thing as a matter of course; and if any person should doubt the credibility of this, or any other account of these my schoolboy-days, happily, there are several now living, who can vouch for their veracity, and if I am dared to the proof by any one, by whose conviction I should feel honoured, that proof most certainly will I give.

I have stated all this, from what I believe to be a true reverence for worship, to make the offices of religion a balm and a blessing, to prove that there is a cherishing warmth in the glory of light that surrounds the throne of Exhaustless Benevolence, and that the Deity cannot be worthily called upon, by young hearts stricken by degrading fears, and fainting under a Molock-inspired dread. Notwithstanding my eccentric life, I have ever been the ardent, the unpretending, though the unworthy adorer of the Great Being, whose highest attribute is the “*Good.*” I have had reason to be so.

The man who has acknowledged his Creator amidst his most stupendous works, who has recognized his voice in the ocean storm, who has confessed his providence amidst the slaughter of battle, and witnessed the awful universality of that adoration that is wafted to him, from all nations, under all forms, from the simple smiting of the breast of the penitent solitary one, to the sublime pealings of the choral hymn, buoyed upon the resounding notes of the thunder-tongued organ in the high and dim cathedral,—the man, who has witnessed and acutely

felt all this, and has no feelings of piety, or deference to religion, must be endued with a heart hardened beyond the flintiness, as the Scriptures beautifully express it, "of the nether millstone."

But my *forte* is not the serious. I am intent, and quiet, and thoughtful, only under the influence of great enjoyment. When I have the most cause to deem myself blessed, or to call myself triumphant, it is then that I am stricken with a feeling of undesert, that I am grave with humility, or sad with the thoughts of human instability. But on the eve of battle, on the yard-arm in the tempest, or amidst the dying in the pest-house, say, O ye companions of my youth! whose jest was the most constant, whose laugh the loudest? Yet the one feeling was not real despondence, nor the other real courage. In the first place, it is no more than the soul looking beyond this world for the real, in the second, she is trifling in this world with the ideal. However, as in these pages I intend to attempt to be tolerably gay, it may be fairly presumed that I am very considerably unhappy, and dull, perhaps, as the perusal of these memoirs may make my readers.

As such great pains were *taken*, at least by me, in my religious education, it is not to be wondered at that I should not feel at all sedentary on the Sunday afternoons after church time. In fact, I affected any position rather than the sitting one. But all the Sundays were not joyless to me. One, in particular, though the former part of it had been passed in sickening fear, and the middle in torturing pain, its termination was marked with a heartfelt joyousness, the cause of which I must record as a tribute of gratitude due to one of the "not unwashed," but the muddy-minded multitude.

I was stealing along mournfully under the play-ground wall, with no hasty or striding step, not particularly wishing any rough or close contact with certain parts of my dress with my person, my passing schoolmates looking upon me in the manner that Shakspeare so beautifully describes the untouched deer regard the stricken hart. My soul was very heavy, and full of dark wonder. The sun was setting, and, to all living, it is either a time of solemn peace, or of instinctive melancholy when looked upon by the solitary one. Of a sudden I was roused from my gloom by the well-known, yet long-missed shout of, "Edderd! Edderd!" and looking up, I discovered the hard-featured grinning physiognomy of Joe Brandon, actually beaming with pleasure, on the top of the wall! How glad he was! How glad I was! He had found me! Instead of seeking the Lord in his various conventicles on the Sunday, he had employed that day, invariably, after I had been taken from his house, in reconnoitering the different boarding-schools in the vicinity, and at some distance from the metropolis. To this, no doubt, he was greatly instigated by the affection of my nurse, but I give his own heart the credit of it being a labour of love. The wall was too high for us to shake hands; but, at my earnest entreaty, he went round to the front; but after having made known his desire—literally, "a pampered menial drove him from the door." Well, the wall, if not open to him, was still before and above him, and he again mounted it. Our words were

few, as the boys began to cluster around me. He let drop to me fourpence halfpenny, folded in a piece of brown paper, and disappeared. Oh, how I prize that pilgrim visit! Forget it, I never can! That meeting was to me a one bright light on my dark and dreary path. It enabled me to go forward: there was not much gloom between me and happier days—perhaps the light of joy that that occurrence shed, enabled me to pass over the trial. It might have been, that at that period I could have borne no more, and should have sunk under my accumulated persecutions. I will not say that so it was, for there is an elasticity in early youth that recovers itself against much—yet, I was at that time, heavy indeed with exceeding hopelessness. All I can say to the sneerer is, I wish, that at the next conclave of personages who may be assembled to discuss the destinies of nations, there may be as much of the milk of human kindness, and right feeling among them, as there was between me, and the labouring sawyer Joe Brandon, the one being at the top, and the other at the bottom of the wall.

The next Sunday, Brandon was again on the wall with a prodigious plum-cake. A regular cut-and-come-again affair: it fell to the ground with a heaviness of sound that beat the falling of Corporal Trim's hat all to ribbons. To be sure his fell as if there had been a quantity of "clay kneaded in the crown of it," whilst mine was only kneaded with excellent dough. The Sunday after there was the same appearance varied with gingerbread, and then—for years, I neither saw, nor heard of him. Poor Joseph was threatened with the constable, and was put to no more expense for cakes for his foster son.

I shall now draw the dolorous recital of what I have termed my epoch of despondency to a close. The fifth of November was approaching; I had been at school nearly two years, and had learned little but the hard lesson "to bear," and that I had well studied. I had, as yet, made no friends. Boys are very tyrannical and very generous, by fits. They will bully and oppress the outcast of a school, because it is the fashion to bully and oppress him—but they will equally magnify their hero, and are sensitively alive to admiration of feats of daring and wild exploit. With them bravery is the first virtue, generosity the second. They crouch under the strong for protection, and they court the lavish from self-interest. In all this they differ from men in nothing but that they act more undisguisedly. Well, the fifth of November was fast approaching, in which I was to commence the enthusiastic epoch of my schoolboy existence. I was now between eleven and twelve years of age. Almost insensible to bodily pain by frequent magisterial and social thrashings, tall, strong of my age, reckless, and fearless. The scene of my first exploit was to be amidst the excitement of a "barring out," but of such a "barring out," that the memory of it remains in the vicinity in which it took place to this day.

I have before said that the school contained never less than two hundred and fifty pupils—sometimes it amounted to nearly three hundred. At the time of which I am about to speak, it was very full, containing, among others, many young men. The times are no more

when persons of nineteen and twenty suffered themselves to be horsed, and took their one and two dozens with edification and humility. At this age, we now cultivate moustaches, talk of our Joe Mantons, send a friend to demand an explanation, and all that sort of thing. Oh! times are much improved! However, at that period, the birch was no visionary terror. Infliction or expulsion were the alternatives; and, as the form of government was a despotism—like all despotisms to my thinking, a most odious one—it was subject, at intervals, to great convulsions. I am going to describe the greatest under the reign of Root the First.

Mr. Root was capricious. Sometimes he wore his own handsome head well powdered; at others curled without powder—at others straight, without powder or curls. He was churchwarden; and then, when his head was full of his office, it was also full of flour, and full of ideas of his own consequence and infallibility. On a concert night, and in the ball-room, it was curled, and then it was full of amatory conquests—and, as he was captain in the — cavalry volunteers, on field days his hair was straight and lank—martial ardour gave him no time to attend to the fripperies of the coxcomb. These are but small particulars, but such are very important in the character of a great man. With his hair curled, he was jocular, even playful—with it lank, he was a great disciplinarian—had military subordination strong in respect, and the birch gyrated freely. But when he was full blown in powder, he was unbearable. There was then combined all the severity of the soldier and the dogmatism of the pedagogue, with the self-sufficiency and domineering nature of the coxcomb and churchwarden.

On the memorable fifth of November, Mr. Roots appeared in the school-room, with his hair elaborately powdered.

The little boys trembled. Lads by fifteens and twenties wanted to go out under various pretences. The big boys looked very serious, and very resolved. It was twelve o'clock—and some thirty or forty—myself always included—were duly flogged, it being “his custom at the hour of noon.” When the periodical operation was over, at which there was much spargefication of powder from his whitened head, he commanded silence. Even the flagellated boys contrived to hush up their sobs, the shuffling of feet ceased, those who had colds refrained from blowing their noses; and, after one boy was flogged for coughing, he thus delivered himself.

“Young gentlemen; it has been customary—customary it has been, I say, for you to have permission to make a bonfire in the lower field, and display your fireworks, on this anniversary of the fifth of November. Little boys, take your dictionaries, and look out for the word anniversary.”

A bustle for the books, whilst Mr. Root plumes himself, and struts up and down. Two boys fight for the same dictionary; one of them gets a plunge on the nose, which makes him cry out—he is immediately horsed and flogged for speaking; and, rod in hand, Mr. Root continues.

“Young gentlemen, you know my method—my method is well

known to you, I say,—to join amusement with instruction. Now, young gentlemen, the great conflagration—tenth, ninth, and eighth forms, look out the word conflagration—the great conflagration, I say, made by this pyrotechnic display—seventh, sixth, and fifth forms, turn up the word pyrotechnic. Mr. Reynolds, (the head classical master,) you will particularly oblige me by not taking snuff in that violent way whilst I am speaking, the sniffing is abominable.” “Turn up the word sniffing,” cries a voice from the lower end of the school. A great confusion—the culprit remains undiscovered, and some forty, at two suspected desks, are fined three-halfpence a piece. Mr Root continues, with a good deal of indignation: “I shan’t allow the bonfire no more—no, not at all; nor the fireworks neither—no, nothing of no kind of the sort.” All this in his natural voice: then swelling in dignity and in diction, “but, for the accumulated pile of combustibles, I say—for the combustible pile that you have accumulated, that you may not be deprived of the merit of doing a good action, the materials of which it is composed, that is to say, the logs of wood, and the bavons of furze, with the pole and tar-barrel, shall be sold, and the money put in the poor-box next Sunday, which I, as one of the churchwardens, shall hold at the church porch; for a charity sermon will on that day be preached by the reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Bristol. It is our duty, as Christians, to give eleemosynary aid to the poor; let all classes but the first and second, look out the word eleemosynary. I say to the poor, eleemosynary aid should be given. You will also give up all the fireworks that you may have in your play-boxes, for the same laudable purpose. The servant will go round and collect them after dinner. I say, by the servants after dinner they shall all be collected. Moreover, young gentlemen, I have to tell you, that the churchwardens, and the authorities in the town, are determined to put down Guy Faux, and he shall be put down accordingly. So now, young gentlemen, you’d better take your amusements before dinner, for you will have no holiday in the afternoon, and I shall not suffer any one to go out after tea, for fear of mischief.” Having thus spoken, he dismissed the school, and strode forth majestically.

O reader! can you conceive the dismay, the indignation, and the rage that the Court of Aldermen would display, if, when sitting down hungrily to a civic feast, they were informed that all the eatables and potatories were carried off by a party, headed by Mr. Scales? Can you conceive the fury that would burn in the countenances of a whole family of lordly sinecurists, at being informed upon official authority, that henceforth their salaries would be equal to their services? No, all this you cannot conceive; nor turtle-desiring aldermen, nor cate-fed sinecurist, could, under these their supposed tribulations, have approached in fury and hate, the meekest spirited boys of Mr. Root’s school, when they became fully aware of the extent of the tyrannous robbery about to be perpetrated. Had they not been led on by hope? Had they not trustingly eschewed banbury-cakes—sidled by longingly the pastry-cook’s—and piously withstood the temptation of hard bake, in order that they might save up their pocket-

money for this one grand occasion? And even after this, their hopes and their exertions to end in smoke? Would that it were even that; but it was decided that there should be neither fire nor smoke. Infatuated pedagogue! Unhappy decision!

The boys did not make use of the permission to go out to play. They gathered together unanimously, in earnest knots—rebellion stalked on tip-toe from party to party—the little boys looked big, and the big boys looked bigger—and the young men looked magnificent. The half-boarders whispered their fears to the ushers, the ushers spoke under their breaths to the under masters, the under masters had cautious conversation with the head Latin, French, and mathematical tutors, and these poured their misgivings into the ears of the awful *Dominus* himself; but he only shook his powdered head in derision and disdain.

On that cold, foggy, fifth of November, we all sat down to a dinner as cold as the day, and with looks as dark as the atmosphere. Amidst the clatter of knives and forks, the rumour already ran from table to table, that a horse and cart was just going to remove the enormous pile of combustibles collected for the bonfire. We had good spirits amongst us. There was an air of calm defiance among a great many. The reason was soon explained, for before we rose from our repast, huge volumes of red flame rose from the field—the pile had been fired in twenty places at once, and, at this sight, a simultaneous and irrepressible shout shook the walls of the school-room. The maid-servants who were attending the table, shrieking, each in her peculiar musical note, hurried out in confusion and fear; and there was a rush towards the door by the scholars, and some few got down stairs. However, the masters soon closed the door, and those who had escaped were brought back. The shutters of the windows that looked out upon the fire were closed, and thus, in the middle of the day, we were reduced to a state, almost of twilight.

Every moment expecting actual collision with their pupils, the masters and ushers, about sixteen in number, congregated at the lower end of the room, near the door, for the double purpose of supporting each other, and of making a timely escape. The half-suppressed hubbub among three hundred boys, confined in partial darkness, grew stronger each moment; it was like the rumbling beneath the earth, that precedes the earthquake. No one spoke as yet louder than the other—the master-voice had not yet risen. That dulled noise seemed like a far off humming, and had it not been so intense, and so very human, it might have been compared to the wrath of a myriad of bees confined in the darkness of their hives, with their queen lying dead amongst them.

Whilst this commotion was going on in the school-room, Mr. Root was active in the field, endeavouring, with the aid of the men servants, to pluck as much fuel from the burning pile as possible. The attempt was nearly vain. He singed his clothes, and burnt his hands, lost his hat in the excitement and turmoil, and sadly discomposed his powdered ringlets. Advices were brought to him, (we must now use the phrase military,) of the demonstration made by the young gentlemen

in the school-room. He hurried with the pitchfork in his hand, which he had been using, and appeared at the entrance of his pandemonium, almost, considering his demoniac look, in character. He made a speech, enforced by thumping the handle of the fork against the floor, which speech, though but little attended to, was marked by one singularity. He did not tell the lads to turn up any of his hard words. However, he hoped that the young gentlemen had yet sense of propriety enough left, to permit the servants to clear the tables of the plates, knives, forks, and other dinner appurtenances. This was acceded to by shouts of "Let them—let them." The girls and the two school servants came in, one of the latter being the obnoxious hoister, and they were permitted to perform their office in a dead silence. It speaks well for our sense of honour, and respect for the implied conditions of the treaty, when it is remembered that this abhorred Tom, the living instrument of our tortures, and, on whose backs we had most of us so often writhed, was permitted to go into the darkest corners of the room unmolested, and even uninsulted. When the tables were cleared, then rang out exultingly the shout of "Bar him out—bar him out!"

"I never yet," roared out Mr. Root, "was barred out of my own premises, and I never will be!" He was determined to resist manfully, and if he fell, to fall like Cæsar, in the capital, decorously: so, as togæ are not worn in our unclassical days, he retired to prepare himself for the contention, by getting his head newly powdered, telling his assistants to keep the position that they still held, at all hazards, near the door.

Before I narrate the ensuing struggle—a struggle that will be ever remembered in the town in which it took place, and which will serve as long as he lives, any one engaged in it, to talk of, even if he has been happy enough to have been engaged in real warfare; with honest enthusiasm, it is necessary to describe exactly the battle-field. The school was a parallelogram, bowed at one end, and about the dimensions of a moderately-sized chapel. It was very lofty, and at the bowed end, which looked into the fields, there were three large windows built very high, and arched after the ecclesiastical fashion. One of the sides had windows similar to those at the end. The school-room was entered from the house by a lobby, up into which lobby terminated a wide staircase, from the play-ground. The school-room was therefore entered from the lobby, by only one large folding door. But over this end there was a capacious orchestra, supported by six columns, which orchestra contained a very superb organ. The orchestra might also be entered from the house, but from a floor and a lobby, above that which opened into the school-room. Consequently, at the door end of the school-room, there was a space formed of about twelve or fourteen feet, with a ceiling much lower than the rest of the building, and which space was bounded by the six pillars that supported the gallery above. This low space was occupied by the masters and assistants—certainly a strong position, as it commanded the only outlet. The whole edifice was built upon rows of stone columns, that permitted the boys a sheltered play-ground beneath the

school-room in inclement, or rainy weather. The windows being high from the floor within doors, and very high indeed from the ground without, they were but sorry and dangerous means of communication, through which, either to make an escape, or bring in succours or munitions, should the siege be turned to a blockade. It was, altogether, a vast, and when properly fitted up, a superb apartment, and was used for the monthly concerts and the occasional balls.

Time elapsed. It seemed that we were the party barred in, instead of the master being the party barred out. The mass of rebellion was as considerable as any radical could have wished; and, as yet, as disorganized as any Tory commander-in-chief of the forces could have desired. However, Mr. Root did not appear, and it having become completely dark, the boys themselves lighted the various lamps. About six or seven o'clock there was a stir among the learned guard at the door, when at length Mr. Reynolds, the head classical master, having rapped the silver top of his great horn snuff-box, in a speech, mingled, very appropriately, with Latin and Greek quotations, wished to know what it was, precisely, that the young gentlemen desired, and he was answered by fifty voices at once, "Leave to go into the fields, and let off the fireworks."

After a pause, a message was brought that this could not be granted; but, upon the rest of the school going quietly to bed, permission would be given to all the young gentlemen above fifteen years of age, to go down the town until eleven o'clock. The proposal was refused with outcries of indignation. We now had many leaders, and the shouts of "Force the door!" became really dreadful. Gradually the lesser boys gave back, and the young men formed a dense front line, facing the sixteen masters, whose position was fortified by the pillars supporting the orchestra, and whose rear was strengthened by the servants of the household. As yet, the scholars stood with nothing offensive in their hands, and with their arms folded, in desperate quietude. At last, there was a voice a good way in the rear, which accounts for the bravery of the owner, that shouted, "Why don't you rally, and force the door?" Here Monsieur Moineau, a French emigré, and our Gallic tutor, cried out, lustily, "You shall force that door, never—*jamais, jamais*—my pretty *garçons, mes chers pupils*, be good, be quiet—go you couch yourselves—*les feux d'artifices!* bah! they worth noding at all—you go to bed. Ah, ah, *demain*—all have *congé*—one, two, half holiday—but you force this door—*par ma fois, loyauté—jamais*—you go out, one, two, three, *tout*—go over dis corps, of Antoine Auguste Moineau."

We gave the brave fellow a hearty cheer for his loyalty; and, I have no doubt, had he been allowed to remain, he would have been trampled to death on his post. He had lost his rank, his fortune, every thing but his self-respect, in the quarrel of his king, who had just fell on the scaffold: he had a great respect for constituted authority, and was sadly grieved at being obliged to honour heroism in spite of himself, when arrayed against it.

Let us pause over these proceedings, and return to myself. As the rebellion increased, I seemed to be receiving the elements of a new

life. My limbs trembled, but it was with a fierce joy. I ran hither and thither exultingly—I pushed aside boys three or four years older than myself—I gnashed my teeth, I stamped, I clenched my hands—I wished to harangue, but I could not find utterance, for the very excess of thoughts. At that moment I would not be put down; I grinned defiance in the face of my late scorers; I was drunk with the exciting draught of contention. The timid gave me their fireworks, the brave applauded my resolution, and, as I went from one party to another, exhorting more by gesture than by speech, I was at length rewarded, by hearing the approving shout of “Go it, Percy!”

I am not fearful of dwelling too much upon the affair. It must be interesting to those growing amiabilities called the “rising generation,” the more especially, as a “barring out” is now become matter of history. Alas! we shall never go back to the good old times in that respect, notwithstanding we are again snugly grumbling under a Tory government. Let us place at least one “barring out” upon record, in order to let the radicals see, and seeing hope, when they find how nearly extremes meet, what a slight step there is from absolute despotism to absolute disorganization.

Things were in this state, the boys encouraging each other, when, to our astonishment, Mr. Root, newly-powdered, and attended by two friends, his neighbours, made his appearance in the orchestra, and incontinently began a speech. I was then too excited to attend to it; indeed, it was scarcely heard for revilings and shoutings. However, I could contain myself no longer, and I, even I, though far from being in the first rank, shouted forth, “Let us out, or we will set fire to the schoolroom, and, if we are burnt, you’ll be hung for murder.” Yes, I said those words—I, who actually now start at my own shadow—I, who when I see a stalwart, whiskered and moustached-fellow coming forward to meet me, modestly pop over on the other side—I, who was in a fit of the trembles the whole year of the comet.

“God bless me,” said Mr. Root, “it is that vagabond Percy! I flogged the little incorrigible but eight hours ago, and now he talks about burning my house down. There’s gratitude for you! But I’ll put a stop to this at once—young gentlemen, I’ll put a stop to this at once! I’m coming down among you to seize the ringleaders, and that good-for-nothing Percy. Ah! the monitors, and the heads of all the classes, shall be flogged; the rest shall be forgiven, if they will go quietly to bed, and give up all their fireworks.” Having so said, he descended from above with his friends, and, in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, armed with a tremendous whip, he appeared among his satellites below.

The reader must not suppose that while masters and scholars were ranged against each other as antagonists, that they were quiet as statues. There was much said on both sides, reasonings, entreaties, expostulations, and even jocularities passed between the adverse, but yet quiescent, ranks. In this wordy warfare the boys had the best of it, and I’m sure the ushers had no stomach for the fray—if they fought, they must fight, in some measure, with their hands tied; for

their own judgment told them that they could not be justified in inflicting upon their opponents any desperate wounds. In fact, considering all the circumstances, though they asseverated that the boys were terribly in the wrong, they could not say that Mr. Root was conspicuously in the right. When Mr. Root got among his myrmidons, he resolutely cried, "Gentlemen assistants advance, and seize Master Atkinson, Master Brewster, Master Davenant, and especially Master Percy;" the said Master Percy having very officiously wriggled himself into the first rank. Such is the sanctity of established authority, that we actually gave back, with serried files however, as our opponents advanced. All had now been lost, even our honour, had it not been for the gallant conduct of young Henry St. Albans, a natural son of the Duke of Y——, who was destined for the army, and at that time studying fortification, and to some purpose—for, immediately behind our front ranks, and while Mr. Root was haranguing and advancing, St. Albans had ranged the desks quite across the room, in two tiers, one above the other; the upper tier with their legs in the air, no bad substitute for *chevaux-de-frize*. In fact, this manœuvre was an anticipation of the barricades of Paris. When the boys came to the obstacle, they made no difficulty of creeping under or jumping over it—but for the magisterial Mr. Root, fully powdered; or the classical master, full of Greek; or the mathematical master, conscious of much algebra, to creep under these desks, would have been *infra dig.*, and for them to have leapt over was impossible. The younger assistants might certainly have performed the feat, but they would have been but scurvily treated for their trouble, on the wrong side of the barricade. When two antagonist bodies cannot fight, it is no bad pastime to parley. St. Albans was simultaneously and unanimously voted leader, though we had many older than he, for he was but eighteen. A glorious youth was that St. Albans. Accomplished, generous, brave, handsome, as are all his race, and of the most bland and sunny manners that ever won woman's love or softened man's asperity. He died young—where? Where should he have died, since this world was deemed by providence not deserving of him, but amidst the enemies of his country, her banners waving victoriously above, and her enemies flying before, his bleeding body?

Henry now stood forward as our leader and spokesman: eloquently did he descant upon all our grievances, not forgetting mouldy bread, caggy mutton, and hebdomadal meat pies. He represented to Mr. Root the little honour* that he would gain in the contest, and the certain loss—the damage to his property, and to his reputation—the loss of scholars, and of profit; and he begged him to remember that every play-box in the school-room was filled with fireworks, and that they were all determined, and sorry he was in this case to be obliged to uphold such a determination, they were one and all resolved, if permission were not given to let off the fireworks out of doors, they would in—the consequences be on Mr. Root's head. His speech was concluded amidst continued "bravos" and shouts of "Now, now!" Old R——lds, our classic, quietly stood by, and taking snuff by handfuls, requested, nay entreated Mr. Root to pass it all off as a joke, and let the boys, with due restrictions, have their will. Mr. Root, with a

queer attempt at looking pleasant, then said, "He began to enter into the spirit of the thing—it was well got up—there could be nothing really disrespectful meant, since Mr. Henry St. Albans was a party to it, (be it known, that Henry was an especial favourite,) and that he was inclined to humour them, and look upon the school in the light of a fortress about to capitulate. He therefore would receive a flag of truce, and listen to proposals.

The boys began to be delighted. The following conditions were drawn up, and a lad, with a white handkerchief tied to a sky-rocket stick, was hoisted over the bench into the besieging quarters. The paper, after reciting (as is usual with all rebels in arms against their lawful sovereign) their unshaken loyalty, firm obedience, and unqualified devotion, went on thus—but we shall, to save time, put to each proposition the answer returned:—

1. The young gentlemen shall be permitted, as in times past, to discharge their fireworks, round what remains of the bonfire, between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock.

Ans. Granted, with this limitation, that all young gentlemen, under the age of nine, shall surrender their fireworks to the elder boys, and stand to see the display without the fence.

2. That any damage, or injury, caused by the said display to Mr. Root's premises, fences, &c., shall be made good by a subscription of the school.

Ans. Granted.

3. It now being nearly eight o'clock, the young gentlemen shall have their usual suppers.

Ans. Granted.

4. That a general amnesty shall be proclaimed, and that no person or persons shall suffer in any manner whatever, for the part that he or they may have taken in this thoughtless resistance.

Ans. Granted, with the exception of Masters Atkinson, Brewster, Davenant, and Percy.

Upon the last article issue was joined, the flag of truce still flying during the debate. The very pith of the thing was the act of full amnesty and oblivion. Yet so eager were now the majority of the boys for their amusement, that, had it not been for the noble firmness of St. Albans, the leaders, with poor Pilgarlick, would have been certainly sacrificed to their lust of pleasure. But the affair was soon brought to a crisis. All this acting the military pleased me most mightily, and, the better to enjoy it, I crouched under one of the desks that formed the barricade, and, with my head and shoulders thrust into the enemies' quarters, sat grinning forth my satisfaction,

The last clause was still canvassing, when, unheard of treachery! Mr. Root, seeing his victim so near, seized me by the ears, and attempted to lug me away captive. My schoolfellows attempted to draw me back. St. Albans protested—even some of the masters said "shame!" when Mr. Root, finding he could not succeed, gave me a most swinging slap of the face, as a parting benediction, and relinquished his grasp. No sooner did I fairly find myself on the right side of the barricade, than, all my terrors overcome by pain, I seized an inkstand, and discharged it point blank at the fleecy curls of the

ferulafer with an unlucky fatality of aim! Mr. Root's armorial bearings were now, at least on his crest, *blanche* chequered *noire*. "On, my lads, on!" exclaimed the gallant St. Albans; the barricades were scaled in an instant, and we were at fisty cuffs with our foes. Rulers flew, obliquely, perpendicularly, and horizontally—inkstands made ink-spouts in the air, with their dark gyrations—books, that the authors had done their best to fasten on their shelves, peacefully for ever, for once became lively, and made an impression. I must do Mr. Root the justice to say, that he bore him gallantly in the *mêlée*. His white and black head popped hither and thither and the smack of his whip resounded horribly among the shins of his foes. Old R——ds not, even in battle, being able to resist the inveteracy of habit had the contents of his large snuff-mull forced into his eyes, ere twenty strokes were struck. He ran roaring and prophesying like blind Tiresias, among both parties, and, as a prophet, we respected him. The French master being very obese was soon borne down, and there he lay sprawling and calling upon glory, and *la belle France*, whilst both sides passed over him by turns, giving him only an occasional kick when they found him in their way. It is said of Mr. Simp—n, the mathematical master—but I will not vouch for the truth of the account, for it seems too Homeric—that being hard pressed, he seized, and lifted up the celestial globe, wherewith to beat down his opponents, but being a very absent man, and the ruling passion being always dreadfully strong upon him, he began, instead of striking down his adversaries, to solve a problem upon it, but, before he had found the value of a single tangent, the orb was beaten to pieces about his skull, and he then saw more stars in his eyes than ever twinkled in the milky way. In less than two minutes, Mr. Root to his crest added *gules*—his nose spouted blood, his eyes were blackened, and those beautiful teeth, of which he was so proud, were alarmingly loosened.

For myself, I did not do much—I could not—I could not for very rapture. I danced, and shouted, in all the madness of exhilaration. I tasted, then, for the first time, the fierce and delirious poison of contention. Had the battle cry been "A Percy!" instead of a "St. Albans!" I could not have been more elated. The joy of battle to the young heart, is like water to the sands of the desert—which cannot be satiated.

In much less than three minutes the position under the gallery was carried. Root and the masters made good their retreat through the door, and barricaded it strongly on the outside—so, that if we could boast of having barred him out, he could boast equally of having barred us in. We made three prisoners, Mr. R——lds, Mr. Moineau, and a lanky, sneaking, turnip-complexioned, under usher, who used to write execrable verses to the sickly housemaid, and borrow half crown of the simple wench, wherewith to buy pomatum to plaister his thin, lank hair. He was a known sneak, and a suspected tell-tale. The booby fell a-crying in a dark corner, and we took him with his handkerchief to his eyes. Out of the respect that we bore our French and Latin masters, we gave them their liberty, the door being set a-jar for that purpose, but we reserved the usher, that, like the American Indians, we might make sport with him.

When we informed him that he was destined for the high honour of being our Guy Faux, and that he should be the centre of our fireworks, promising to burn him as little as we could help, and could reasonably be expected, his terror was extreme, and he begged, like one in the agonies of death, that we would rather bump him. We granted his request, for we determined to be magnanimous, and he really bore it like a stoic.

The beauty of the scene is to come yet. Scarcely had we finished with the usher, than Mrs. Root, "like Niobe, all in tears," appeared with out-stretched arms in the gallery. Her out-stretched arms, her pathetic appeals, her sugared promises, had no avail,—the simple lady wanted us to go to bed, and Mr. Root, to use her own expression, should let us all off to-morrow. We were determined to stay up, and let all our fireworks off to-night. But we granted to her intercession, that all the little boys should be given up to her.

It now became a very difficult thing to ascertain who was a little boy. Many a diminutive urchin of eight, with a stout soul, declared he was a big fellow, and several lanky lads, with sops of bread for hearts, called themselves little boys. There was, as I said before, no communication from the school-room with the orchestra; we were, therefore, obliged to pile the desks as a platform, and hand up the chicken-hearted to take protection under the wing of the old hen. Our captive usher respectfully begged to observe that, though he could not say that he was a little boy, if it pleased us, he would much rather go to bed, as he had lately taken physic. The plea was granted, but not the platform. That was withdrawn, and he was forced to climb up one of the pillars; and as we were charitably inclined, we lent him all the impetus we could, by sundry appliances of switches and rulers, in order to excite a rapid circulation in those parts that would most expedite his upward propulsion, upon those principles that cause us to fire one extremity of a gun, in order to propel the ball from the other. He having been gathered with the rest round Mrs. Root, she actually made us a curtsy in the midst of her tears, and smiled as she curtsied, bidding us all a good night, to be good boys, to do no mischief, and, above all, to take care of the fire. Then, having obtained from us a promise that we would neither injure the organ, nor attempt to get into the orchestra, she again curtsied, and left us masters of the field.

Now the debate was frequent and full. We had rebelled, and won the field of rebellion in order to be enabled to discharge our fireworks. The thought of descending by means of the windows was soon abandoned. We should have been taken in the detail, even if we escaped breaking our bones. We were compelled to use the school-room for the sparkling display, and, all under the directions of St. Albans, we began to prepare accordingly.

Would that I had been the hero of that night! Though I did not perform the deeds, I felt all the glow of one; and, unexpected honour! I was actually addressed by Henry St. Albans himself, as "honest Ned Percy, the brave boy who slept in the haunted room." There was a distinction for you! Of course, I cannot tell how an old gentleman, rising sixty-five, feels when his sovereign places the blue ribbon over

his stooping shoulders, but if he enjoys half the rapture I then did, he must be a very, very happy old man.

Revenons à nos moutons—which phrase I use on account of its originality, and its applicability to fireworks. Nails were driven into the walls, and Catherine wheels fixed on them; Roman candles placed upon the tables instead of mutton dips, and the upper parts of the school windows let down for the free egress of our flights of sky-rockets. The first volley of the last-mentioned beautiful firework went through the windows, amidst our huzzas, at an angle of about 65°, and did their duty nobly; when—when—of course, the reader will think that the room was on fire. Alas! it was quite the reverse. A noble Catherine wheel had just begun to phiz, in all the glories of its many-coloured fires, when, horror, dismay, confusion!—half a dozen firemen, with their hateful badges upon their arms, made their appearance in the orchestra, and the long leathern tube being soon adjusted, the brazen spout began playing upon us, and the Catherine wheel, amidst the laughter of the men, in which even we participated, whilst we heard the clank, clank, clank, of the infernal machine working in the play-ground. Mr. Root was not simple enough to permit his house to be burned down with impunity, and, since he found he could do no better, he resolved to throw cold water upon our proceedings. The school-room door was now thrown open, to permit us to go out if we pleased, but we chose to remain where we were, for the simple reason, that we did not know whom we might meet on the stairs. We had agreed, under the directions of St. Albans, to let off our fireworks with some order, but now, instead of playthings for amusement, they were turned into engines of offence. Showers of squibs, crackers, and every species of combustible were hurled at our opponents above us. It was the struggle of fire with water; but that cold and powerful stream played continuously; wherever it met us it took away our breath, and forced us to the ground, yet we bore up gallantly, and the rockets that we directed into the orchestra very often drove our enemies back, and would have severely injured the organ, had they not covered it with blankets.

We advanced our desks near the gallery, to use them as scaling ladders to storm; but it would not do, they were not sufficiently high, and the stream dashed the strongest of us back. However, we plied our fiery missiles as long as they lasted, but the water never failed—its antagonist element did too soon. Whilst it lasted, considering there was no slaughter, it was a very glorious onslaught.

In one short half hour we were reduced. Drowned, burnt, blackened—looking very foolish, and fearing very considerably, we now approached the door: it was still open—no attempt to capture any one—no opposition was offered to us; but the worst of it was, we were obliged to sneak through files of deriding neighbours and servants, and we each crept to bed, like a dog that had stole a pudding, any thing but satisfied with our exploits, or the termination of them. St. Albans would not forgive himself. He heaped immeasurable shame upon his own head, because he had not secured the orchestra. He declared he had no military genius. He would bind himself an apprentice to a country carpenter, and make pigstyes—he would turn usher, and the boys

should bump him for an ass—he would run away. He did the latter.

Leaving the firemen to see all safe, Mr. Root to deplore his defaced school-room and his destroyed property, Mrs. Root to prepare for an immensity of cases of cold, and burnt faces, and hands,—I shall here conclude the history of the famous barring out of the fifth of November, of the year of grace 1799. If it had not all the pleasures of a real siege and battle, excepting actual slaughter, I don't know what pleasure is; and the reader by-and-by will find out that I had afterwards opportunities enough of judging upon these sort of kingly pastimes, in which the cutting of throats was not omitted.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEAD BRIDE!

Dr. Clarke's Air—" *Shall I, wasting in despair ?*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

STREW about the bridal bier,
Where my young espoused lies,
Snowdrops, fairest of the year,
Violets that match her eyes.
Lay her gently in the grave;
Flow'rs shall spring where beauty sleeps,—
O'er the lost I could not save,
O'er the loved my spirit weeps.

Bring me relics of my fair,—
(All is dear and hallow'd now !
Ringlets of her golden hair,—
Rosy bands that wreath'd her brow,—
Gems that on her bosom shone,
Stars of light on purest snow ;—
Bring them all, (now she is gone,)
Mute companions of my woe.

Here's the first fond pledge I gave,
Worn in love's unwedded hours,
Worn by her that's in the grave!
Here the bridal veil and flow'rs ;
This, my senseless image, she
Sanctified with kiss and vow :
She can come no more to me,
All that loved have left me now.

THE MAGIC DANCE.

"Come, Brittle, have the kindness to spin us one of your yarns, as they say at Portsmouth, about the West Indies," said Dick Curtis, Esq., second in command in a quill-driving establishment in Mark-lane to Tom Brittle, Esq., of Cassonade estate, in the island of Jamaica, sitting all three of us round a glorious bowl of punch one fine evening, not a century ago, enjoying the flavour of Manillas, innocent of customs, excise, or any dutiful brass-buttoned, blue-coated land-sharks,—“keep us awake, do.”

Thomas Brittle, Esq. happens by some chance to be a cousin of mine in the nineteenth remove, who, having been stumbling about foreign parts for twenty years, in order to raise a competency, returned to his fatherland exactly as he had left it, with one exception, that of being twenty years older. Some good angel, however, urged him again to the West, and, it being leap year, an olive-green-coloured lady, *d'un certain age*, looking at his square shoulders and red whiskers, asked him to accept her hand, and she being blessed with a piece of the world in the shape of a sugar plantation, evidently was not an improper match for Tom, who, after blushing a little, and ogling, with a fluttering heart consented to be her's for ever.

I seconded the request of Dick Curtis, who never having indulged in the practical part of travelling farther than an occasional trip to a watering-place, is pleased with accounts of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and asked Tom to begin.

Tom's countenance brightened. It was a shade between yellow-ochre and mahogany-colour—none of your wizened, half-dried faces, albeit as the head of an old drum—but a round, solid, rum-punch, brick-dust visage, that had braved a thousand storms, seated without a neck upon two brawny shoulders, from which were suspended arms like sledge hammers, that could enforce most powerful and weighty arguments—his countenance, I say, brightened as he exclaimed—“Well, my story is called the Pee-pee dance.”

“The what?” said I.

“The what?” said Dick Curtis.

“The Pee-pee dance,” said Mr. Brittle, tossing over a glassful of the veritable Glasgow; “Don't you know?”—we grinned.—“Now, do not interrupt me,” said Tom, “and I'll tell you, you white-livered spalpeens, that never saw further than your noses; and don't look so confoundedly foolish. This happened when I was a book-keeper, mind ye, and a young one, just arrived in Jamaica, therefore it was excusable. You must know, I suppose, that I had charge of the slaves, not your factory slaves and cotton spinners, but fine healthy negroes that live in good substantial huts, thatched with palm-leaves, with gardens shaded by the cashew, and the lime and the lemon tree, and the handsome, lofty cocoa-nut tree, and the breadfruit and the orange tree, and fifty others, that are not to be met with in your potato-fields; and I had also to look over the sugar-houses and travel in the island on business for the owner of the estate.

“One evening in the country, after a long and fatiguing ride, I looked out for some place where myself and horse might have shelter for the night, and bent my way to the house of a gentleman, named B——, with whom I was acquainted, though in a slight degree. It was situated in one of the most healthy spots in Jamaica, and elevated on the flank of one of the branches of the Liguanea range, where the air is comparatively pure and cool, after leaving the hot parching climate of the sandy streets

of Kingston. The scenery around was remarkably beautiful, and I well recollect the air of delightful freshness and fragrance imparted by the luxuriance of the foliage of the magnificent trees that skirted the road, interspersed with thick bushes and blossoming shrubs. The rugged and shaded masses of limestone, thinly covered, and in some places entirely exposed, contrasted well with the luxurious green around, and added to the pleasing effect. I was, however, glad to reach the house, which was situated in the midst of a level spot, built with piazzas round the lower part, and having a large balcony above, shut in with verandahs, through which the cool breeze was allowed to circulate. As is usual in the West Indies, he received me with kindness; allotted a stable for my horse; and ordered a most excellent supper to be laid before us, to which I sat down with considerable relish. Hospitality, Dick, is not yet an obsolete word in Jamaica; many a 'lustiger Brüder,' many a good-fellow, still lives there to keep up the good old system. Mutton, and cold duck, and salted fish, and yams and plantains, wine, rum and water, all had charms for me which I could not resist. Refreshed by the good cheer, I joined B—— in several hearty caulkers of rum and water, 'home-brewed,' keeping up a running-fire on all the topics most familiar to us, as the sugar-crops, the price of liquors, the sickness of the negroes and such like, and I found him more and more sociable as the evening advanced. He was a neat, little, middle-aged man, with a grave face, but with a confounded leer in his left eye, that left you rather doubtful as to the ultimate and true expression of the *tout ensemble* of his physiognomy. 'Come, Brittle, fill your glass,' he would say every ten minutes, and it was some little time, '*ayont the twal*,' before I recollected that early-rising was indispensable in the morning. 'My dear fellow, be easy; do *not* distress yourself, I'll see you're all right,' said he, with a roll of his left eye; 'I'll make the necessary arrangements.' Devilish fine fellow, thought I, pleased and delighted. He went out, and I could hear talking, and now and then a half suppressed laugh outside, denoting, as I imagined, the innocent outbursts of a mind at peace with itself and with all the world.

" 'Do you know, my excellent friend,' said B——, as the door opened and he walked in, followed by a negro, grinning from ear to ear, and displaying a most complete set of ivories, 'I'm sorry, d——d sorry, but it can't be helped; all the rooms in this house are in such a confused state, at this moment, that there's not one fit for you; but I have an old house, a few hundred yards off, to which Tomby will escort you, with an apartment comfortably furnished, where you can tumble in, and breakfast shall be brought you at five o'clock.' I, of course, could not reasonably object to this new arrangement, and, although not exactly sober, could not resist his pressing kindness to take a jug of hot liquor with me, to swallow before lying down, in order to counteract the chilling influence of the night air. I had some idea that he was longer in mixing the toddy than usual, but, in my clouded state of intellect, this of course was attributed to his anxiety to render it palatable. Away, then, we sallied in the darkness of night, Tomby, the negro, taking precedence, armed with the flagon, and a lantern whose dim rays only increased the darkness around, and which he was every moment in risk of breaking in his antic gestures, while he kept singing,

I've lost my shoe in an old canoe,
O! my brave boys do ye likey me;
Ee, Ee, Ee,
O! my brave boys do ye likey me!

'O, Massa! if me had him bones of him dead horse head to rattle on de teeth—'

'Jigrum Footy Goosy liver,
Tommy, Johany, lived for ever,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Ay! Ay! Ay!
Poor man kill cow, cow run away,
Hey Johnny Grey,
Ay! Ay! Ay!

And so he went on, dancing and whining, till he stopped short at the door of an old mansion, the hinges of which croaked cursedly, as we entered a large hall, the wood-work of which, as far as I could observe by the obscure light, had been long in a state of decay. My room was at the further extremity of this, and after handing me the jug, with a scrape and a most laughable bow, old Tomby's face grew serious, although a sparkle still remained in his eye, as he approached me and said in a low tone—

“‘You be please, massa, you lockey your door; Tomby hope very much you will, massa.’

“No, I won't, said I, angry at his strange manner. ‘Me very much love you, massa, de duppy (ghost) p'rhaps come,’ said he, again relaxing his features into a demoniacal grin, which was intended for a winning smile, to show his anxiety for my welfare. ‘Quit instanter,’ said I, suiting the action to the word, by reading him a practical lesson on the motion of falling bodies, his head describing an arc of a circle which had his feet for a centre, and, banging to my door, the old adage, ‘Second thoughts,’ &c. crossed my brain, and I took the precaution of bolting it. After swallowing hastily the hot potation, which seemed very sweet, I rolled into bed to forget, as I imagined, the cares of the day in the arms of Morpheus.

“But how uncertain are our fondest hopes! I had fallen into a slumber, and cannot tell how long I had been down, when I was roused by a strange whispering, that made me listen attentively. A conversation was taking place between a male and a female voice, and apparently at the head of the bed. ‘Is him sleep yet?’ whispered the female. ‘If him no snore soon,’ answered the male voice, ‘we'll break de door and murder him.’ The devil you will, thought I, throwing myself out of bed in a fit of desperation. Thump, thump, went my heart against my ribs, as if trying to escape; and my brain seemed strangely excited, for though straining every sense to listen, I could only hear a loud buzzing noise, as if caused by millions of gnats, and bees, and mosquitoes, flying round the room, and the tinkle, tinkle of thousands of small bells, and the hissing of a hundred yellow snakes. I walked, though very unsteadily, to the door; and, placing a chair against it, sat down, and waited the result. ‘Shall we cut him throat or smother him?’ whispered a voice. ‘Both, to be sure,’ said another. At that instant the voice seemed to come from underneath the sofa; the buzzing in my ears continued,—I stooped down, but nothing met my hand. A rustling noise at the end of the room became more and more audible; and, as it seemed to grow nearer, I felt as if some one, in a silk dress, swept past me, and the ringing in my ears was redoubled. I knew that I was strangely excited, but still had not the feeling of intoxication. The rustling of the silk increased—a cool breeze fanned my burning temples—I rushed forward with hands outstretched to seize, if possible, the intruder; but my head came in contact with a beam, or piece of furniture, and I fell, suffering the most intense pain. The room now echoed with the most horrid and discordant yells, mixed with blasphemous imprecations; the whispering of many voices; the confusion of bells and gongs innumerable, and loud as a thousand thunders now sounded in my ears, and I lay for some time in an intense state of excitement. Torments like these racking my brain, could no longer be endured, and, in a fit of consciousness, I got up, and after considerable difficulty I gained the door, unbolted it, and rushed towards that which

opened outside, against which I threw myself. Fragile from long exposure to the weather, it burst open, with a loud crash, and at the same time I heard the yells of a thousand demons behind me.

"I have heard the war whoop of the Potowatomies, Mr. Curtis, echoed from hill to hill, but it was the cry of a child compared to these unearthly vociferations. Rushing down the avenue, it was some time before I ventured to look behind me to ascertain if any pursued me, when I perceived indistinctly two figures clothed in white, close at my heels. Fear now urged me to distraction; I thought I flew, but they took a nearer cut by some old palings, and appeared to me as if they would cut off my retreat, but I had time to enter the garden-gate, and push it to before the figures came up. I saw two faces, infernal they seemed to me, grinning revenge through the palings. Breathless and faint, it was the work of a moment to knock with reiterated violence at the portico door of my friend's house. Again and again the door was battered by the knocker, and my feet, and I even called into requisition the well-known mechanical powers of the battering ram, although reversing the point of attack. At length one of the 'jalousies' of one of the windows above the portico was slowly opened, and my host's voice demanded, 'Who's there?' 'It's myself,' I roared out, 'that house is haunted!' 'Ha, Ha, ha! a good joke, young man, you're dreaming.' 'Dreaming or not,' said I, half-choked with anger, 'don't you see their faces through the palings?' He tried to suppress a laugh. 'You are dreaming, but I shall open the door, and you can remain in this house if you think yourself safer from ghosts and hobgoblins.' Irritated and peevish at this remark, I threw myself on a sofa, and he retired to his room. Here, at last, I shall have some peace, was my inward exclamation, when I felt as if a sharp instrument were run into my back that threw me into torture. The indistinctness of the light when I started up prevented me from seeing any one, but I now placed myself on a chair in the middle of the room, thinking that in this position no one could approach without my perceiving it—like the sand spider, who waits quietly at the bottom of his conical pit, till the rolling grains of sand, touching his body, tell him of the sliding of some devoted insect. I had not been long in this position before I heard the door open, and a voice say in a low tone, 'I want your money!' I could dimly see the outline of a black head staring at me, and then rolling its eyes in every direction. Despair now made me spring forward to catch my tormentor, when I again fell and hurt myself in no slight degree. Thousands of blacksmiths seemed hammering their anvils around me, as, stunned by the blow, I lay confused for a long period. I had sense enough left to think the air might prove of service, and scrambling to the outer door, I seated myself under the portico, with my head reclining against one of the pillars. Suddenly my hair was seized by an invisible hand behind me, and my head was thus firmly fixed to the pillar. I could move my head neither *ad dextram* ad *neque*, *sinistram*, and besides, my hair was held so unmercifully tight, that I screamed with pain, and entreated the tormentor to relieve me. Nothing, however, in the shape of kind words or arguments was of any avail, and I was resigning myself to this pillory, when of a sudden my head was dashed violently forwards, and my nose met mother earth, with no tender greeting.' (Here Mr. Brittle pointed to his proboscis, which certainly did not belie his description, being all to one side, albeit, as the handle of a pump.) 'Numbers of birds, if numbers it could be called, when they were innumerable, seemed hovering about me and on the house top, fluttering and chirping a peculiar sound, like Pee-pee, pee-pee, pee-pee. It would be tiresome, my boys, to enumerate every particular of this wretched night; how a ship was seen to move across the field before me, and then burst with a loud explosion; and how this ship was made of several pieces of bamboo, filled

with combustible materials, and how I was plagued with the eternal pee pee-ing in my ears, until my returning senses told me that I must have been played upon by my *hospitable* landlord." Dick Curtis here recollected some of Tom's former dicta, and whined out "Hospitality, my dear Tom, is not yet an obsolete word in Jamaica; many a lustiger Brüder."

"O, hang you!" said Tom, "you interrupt one so. By knocking, and bawling, and entreaty, I got the servants to saddle my horse, and I started at full speed. Even as I went along the road I saw the trees changing into turkeys and running before me, while at every opening in the road, blacks appeared discoursing on the probability of my having money, and wishing to stop my progress, in order to obtain it. Pale and exhausted, I arrived at a friend's house, about seven o'clock, and threw myself on a sofa, where I remained for several hours. I was now informed that mine was not the first case of this nature lately observed, and it was generally believed, that from the knowledge of the stimulant and narcotic properties of herbs possessed by the blacks, B— had derived some information respecting some root, an infusion of which had been given me at bed-time, for the sake of a little practical amusement to himself and household. Two or three blacks were ordered to whisper near the person, and otherwise to torment him. It was called the Pee-pee dance, from the peculiar sound which whistles in the ear, and from the strange excitement which influences the victim. The agony of that night will never be effaced from my memory, and for a cool thousand it should not be repeated."

"You were only drunk, Mr. Brittle," I said.

"No, not drunk, but certainly overtaken in liquor, ye'r honour."

The above is the substance of my cousin's story, and he assured me that it was no romance. After another bowl of punch, we stole quietly to our respective apartments, and in my sleep my mind again recalled all the incidents of the Pee-pee dance.

B.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

I HAVE a melancholy joy in seeking
 The embower'd retreat that Henry loved so well;
 When some lone song-bird is its vigil keeping,
 Waking sweet music in the moonlight dell;
 For there the lost and mourned one nightly strayed,
 His young warm fancy, busy with bright dreams;
 Loving each tree, each flower, the peaceful shade,
 The wind's soft breathing, and the voice of streams—
 Oft in the quiet hour Adele would meet
 Her lover there, and tune her gentle lute,
 To notes of joy, while he lay at her feet—
 Alas! her voice and lyre alike are mute!
 Seest thou those grave-stones in the starlight dim?
 'Tis there he sleeps, and Adele sleeps with him.

M.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF PRESENT GERMAN LITERATURE.

Philosophy.

THERE is certainly in Germany less individual liberty than in any other country ; but no other nations are suffered to express their opinions with greater freedom. The intellectual productions of the Germans—a people governed by despotic rulers—are grounded on the most audacious republican principles. Their literature is a confused chaos of new words and overdrawn phrases. There is, properly speaking, no school of Goethe nor of Schiller. Into what hands has not the sceptre of metaphysics fallen since Kant ! Even the star of Hegel grows dim, and in the present day all eyes seemed to be fixed on Herbart, whose pretensions are to apply rigid mathematical demonstrations to the solution of the great problems of nature ; but then comes another philosopher who challenges the calculations and reasonings of all his predecessors :

Beneké, who has lately produced a work, styled—“ *On Philosophy, as it relates to Speculation and Life.*” Berlin.

According to Mr. Beneké, the labours of German metaphysicians will fall to nothingness, and thus in no way contribute to the universal philosophical science which is yet to come, and be acknowledged by every civilized nation. “ Although by profession a philosopher,” to use the author’s own words, “ I never could thoroughly comprehend the system of Fichté, Schelling, and others ; I learnt much from Kant, Jacobi, and still more from Bacon, Locke, and Hume ; but must say that Hegel, in no degree, contributed to my stock of knowledge.”

All philosophical researches must, in the first instance, be proved from our natural senses ; philosophy is nothing more nor less than the natural history of the mind, morality is the natural philosophy of our manners ; these are the fundamental points of the doctrine elicited by Mr. Beneké ; and, as we have before mentioned, he erases the word *reason* from his philosophical vocabulary ; according to him, *reason*, or at least in the sense which Hegel gives to it, does not exist. Observe, above all, that Mr. Beneké wrote his book with a view of drawing together his colleagues, of uniting them among themselves, and reconciling them to life !

Guide to the Holy Truth. Leipsic.

This work treats of cosmogony, and teaches us most marvellous things. The universe rests on the *duclisme primitif* of principles, of which the continual struggle is the necessary condition of life. It has its primeval, worldly principles, the waters, the earth, darkness ; and opposite to these, air, fire, and light. There exists the same opposition between fire and the earth, as between the body and the mind. All bodies go through every degree of existence ; we have been successively of stone and vegetable substance, and, in due time, we shall be

transmuted into seraphs! The moon, that chaste queen of the heavens, who, with her wreath of white roses, her veil of vestal whiteness, excites such tender sensations in our bosom, that self-same (male) moon is Satan! Certain it is, that hitherto his Satanic majesty has been greatly calumniated, and the kindness of his disposition has never been properly made manifest to us; he is our *father* in goodness, and will take us unto himself with gladness. The moon again, that is, the *full* moon, is also God!!! the new moon being Satan! The creation of the world is renewed every successive month. The History of Jesus Christ is a mystery, an allegorical poem in honour of the moon; the moon is our redeemer, the principle of all things. *Ohe jam satis!* The author is anonymous, and promises a second volume!!!

History, Political and Statistical Science; and on the Initiative in Matters of Legislation. By M. MURHARD. Cassel.

Mr. Murhard has written a great deal: he is one of the most fertile authors of Germany. His works are mostly compilations; but they are composed with care, and are the result of long and attentive studies. Mr. Murhard is a man of most liberal opinions, and in the present crisis, it is truly a trait of courage to propagate them by the press. The work which we have before us, is an accurate analysis of all that has been said or written on the initiative in legislative matters. According to the author, this initiative ought to be the exclusive privilege of the representatives of the nation. We are much surprised that Mr. Murhard's work has not been ere this prohibited by the Diet of Frankfort.

Historical and Statistical Annual. By WEBER. 1830-31. Breslaw. 1834.

The author purposes collecting and compiling, every year, the most important facts and documents relative to the progress of political economy and scientific industry in Europe. His undertaking may prove of great utility; but we fear Mr. Weber will not find at Breslaw the matter which he will require; this important publication ought to be arranged in London or in Paris. However, Mr. Weber's work contains much highly interesting information. In Bavaria, Prussia, Sweden, territorial property is encumbered by enormous debts; particularly in the latter kingdom, where they amount to 61 millions of crowns banco. The property of the Jews in Europe is estimated at 3,000 millions of thalers. The total loss sustained by the manufacturers of Paris, from 29th July 1830 to 20th December same year, amounts to no less than 2,100 millions of francs. In Germany there is one author to 511 inhabitants. In the year 1830, there was imported into Prussia 49,803 quintaux of books. The total weight of books exported from that country, in the same year, amounted to 28,104 quintaux. According to Mr. Weber, the increase of population in a country must not be regarded as a sign of prosperity.

On the Missions to the Southern Seas, as a Companion to the History of Polynesia. By FREDERICK KHRON. Hamburg.

It is only since 1812 that missionaries have been settled in Polynesia. In 1817, a printing press was put in activity. In the following year was printed the first edition of the Testament of St. Luke. The language of the country, which was formed by foreigners, will be brought to a state of perfection by the natives only. In 1826, was founded a college, where they are instructed in the following branches of education—grammar, history, mathematics, natural history, chronology, geography, and drawing. In 1830, there were twenty pupils in the establishment, who were studying to be school-masters.

Scenes in Greece and the Levant. By M. C. DE BYERN. Berlin.

M. de Byern served, in 1812, in the Russo-German Legion; later he fought against the Turks, under the standard of the cross. This is all we know of M. de Byern; and should hardly think it worth while reproducing here what he relates to the Philhellenists, of the coolness and little cordiality with which they were received by a nation whose cause they came to defend, of their adventures and misfortunes; but hasten to that part of the work which speaks of the natives, whose manners the author seems to have studied with care. The Mainotes—those so boasted-of defenders of their ancient Spartiates—are ferocious and courageous brigands, who spread terror by their depredations throughout the Peloponnesus. M. de Byern, who had been invited to the residence of one of their chiefs, was near being assassinated. The inhabitants of the islands are more active, and have made greater progress in civilization. The Greeks bear the greatest hatred to Catholics; and if they are better disposed towards Protestants, it is only because they are aware that the Lutherans have, like them, delivered themselves from the yoke of Popery. Possessed with religious and superstitious frenzy, they strenuously oppose innovation when introduced by foreigners. The head of a family possesses absolute power over its other members; he hardly ever condescends to consult his spouse on family matters. Mothers keep up a certain ascendancy over their sons. The Greeks are dirty about their habitations, but are in general exceedingly hospitable, and of sober habits; a repast of salted olives, and a glass of wine, is looked upon as a luxurious comfort. The women have no pretension to beauty; and we should not advise strangers to be forward in their attentions to them, for the men are excessively jealous, and fond of making use of a sharp-edged poniard, which they always carry on their person.

At Smyrna, the author saw whole battalions of Turkish troops disciplined as in Europe; but their uniforms are too strait, too heavy, and generally not in harmony with the excessive heat of the climate. Discipline is maintained by means of the stick, which the general-in-chief himself handles very dexterously. The troops are comfort-

ably barracked, well paid and fed; but still the constraint and want of zeal with which they seem to execute their duty, the indifference and displeasure evident on their countenance, lead the author firmly to believe that they will voluntarily disband on the first favourable opportunity.

On the Actual State of Greece, and the Means of attaining the Restoration of that Country. By FREDERICK THIERSCH. Leipsig. Brockhaus.

This is a work of importance. It is not framed on the simple information to be obtained from previous writers on the same subject; the author has himself visited the country, and is well acquainted with the contending factions of its national assembly, in which, although without any particular diplomatic mission, he seems to have taken a somewhat active part. The leading characters of these different factions are known to him; he is aware of their plans and their resources. We will detail, in Mr. Thiersch's own words, the motives which occasioned his return to Europe, which was not till after the acknowledgment of King Otho.

"There were certainly means of extricating myself from my embarrassing situation. I was to have placed myself at the head of the affairs of the state, to have framed the king's government, and was urged to this step by all, but particularly by the Deputies of the Congress. Once in power, I could with little difficulty have baffled the intrigues of the enemies, and conquered any force they could have put into action to back their plans; but for this, two things were indispensable—the authorisation of his Bavarian majesty, and some pecuniary resources. Only two lines from the king, and a hundred thousand crowns, and the pacification of Greece might have easily been maintained; but being without this authorisation, without the required pecuniary means, I foresaw the impossibility of keeping the upper hand, and could not, under these circumstances, interfere with the affairs of the state without compromising them."

These few lines will show the distinguished station which Mr. Thiersch held in Greece, although only a professor—a Hellenist, who visited the country out of curiosity, without any official mission. We regret that in this limited sketch we cannot give the complete analysis of his work; but we will detail some of the most striking facts, those which will excite the greatest interest.

Mr. Thiersch is of opinion, that in making a kingdom of Greece, a glorious future was laid open to that country, perhaps a career into which it may yet be gradually drawn by necessity and its critical situation, which has always been predominant over the accidental combinations of its policy. The extension of its territory will always be in accordance with the general interests of Europe. But the distressing dissensions which afflict that unfortunate land, prevent its carrying its views beyond the frontiers.

In its present state, the population of the kingdom amounts to 811,435 souls. The superficies of its territory is eleven hundred geographical square miles. Greece is rich in mines, which remain unexplored. There is gold, silver, copper, and lead in Attica, and the islands of Syphnos and Scriphos; iron in the island of Euba, and in the isthmus of Taenaron. The most fertile ground lies in the valleys,

because they are inundated during the winter months. The men are well made and agreeable, with expressive countenances. Among the women occasionally, but rarely, are seen features which recall to memory the classical beauty of Helene and Aspasia. Activity, energy, and intelligence, are more generally to be met with among the peasantry. The labouring classes form about one hundred and twenty thousand families; among these, twenty thousand possess manor property. Agriculture is very backward; the draining of the immense marshes in the neighbourhood of the lake of Copais, would produce land to provide for two hundred thousand families. Much progress is yet to be made in the different branches of industry. Their gold and silver embroidery is tasteful; and they have skilful armourers. There seems to be every where a great want of the first necessities of life. Trade is always in a flourishing state. The kingdom contains at least thirty thousand commercial establishments; more than one hundred thousand Greek merchants are continually travelling in foreign countries. The annual commercial circulation is at least three hundred thousand francs; of this two-thirds belong to Syra. At all times the trade with Turkey was in the hands of Greeks. The mercantile shipping has at least a thousand good vessels; Syra, whose population is thirty thousand inhabitants, will very shortly become one of the most important commercial places in the world. The corn trade occupies more than two hundred vessels. The regency has created a national coin, the drachme, which contains one hundred septas, and is equivalent to the Spanish crown, which is in circulation throughout the Levant, and eighteen French sols. A precise scale of weights and measures is talked of; it will be in the decimal system, similar to that of France. The coins called phexis, which were struck under Capo d'Istrias, and which are under their nominal value, and also the Turkish money, are almost entirely out of circulation. According to the most recent accounts, the quarantine system has been almost totally abolished. But in the event of a plague, in every part of the Levant an extraordinary quarantine would be established. It is still planned to cut through the isthmus; but this operation would require twenty millions of francs.

L.

MEMORIALS OF COURTENAY SEYMOUR.

"On that my power kept pace with my spirit, then should I grasp the corners of the earth, and be immortal!" Such was the exclamation of Castruccio Castrucani, *et depuis que le monde est monde*: how hackneyed has it been on the lips of youthful presumption, how often has it burst from characters, which, unlike that of the ardent Italian, have estimated the mere desire of distinction as equivalent to the capability of earning it! By few, however, has a knowledge of the fallacy of this supposition, been bought more dearly than by my valued friend Courtenay Seymour, a few scenes in whose life I here intend to describe.

Circumstances, which do not require repetition, procured for me, during my residence at Berlin, an introduction to the Baron Hasseling, a Prussian officer of high rank, in whose family, consisting of two sons and a nephew and niece, to whom he was the kindest of guardians, I became much interested. The baron had married in early life an English heiress, who had given him her hand on condition that their second son, who was to bear his mother's name and arms, unmixed with any German quarterings, should be the sole heir of her ancestral wealth. In earnest expectation of the infant, who she considered would be thus so peculiarly endeared to her, the baroness was an indifferent mother to her eldest boy. But, alas! for the vanity of human wishes; the first day of Courtenay Seymour's existence saw him an orphan—his mother was no more!

Singularly handsome and intelligent, her death did not, however, prevent his acquiring that decided pre-eminence over his elder brother, which she had so evidently marked out for him. His father's idol, the kindness of friends, the homage of dependents were lavished on him alone, while Wilhelm Hasseling remained forgotten by all. When I first became acquainted with them, I scarcely indeed wondered at it. It was impossible to know Courtenay Seymour without loving him: his ready wit, bold spirit, and cheerful disposition, rendered him as pleasing as a companion, as his candour, good temper, and warmth of heart made him invaluable as a friend. It was only after the lapse of some time, that the charm of qualities so dazzling, became familiar enough to enable me to discover, how unsolid were their foundation, and that I convinced myself, that strong and ill-regulated passions, a mind far more imaginative than profound, unsettled principles, and a vanity the most intense and inordinate, were the real bases of my young favourite's character. The brilliant prognostications which I had indulged respecting his future career, were now of course considerably darkened, and I mourned the adulation he received, as injudicious to himself, and unfair to his brother. Time proved, alas! that it was more—that to both it was fatal. A conversation which occurred shortly before my departure, and which subsequent events have deeply impressed upon my memory, might of itself have warned me of all that followed; but it only struck me then as being a proof, how equally pernicious to each of their characters had been the very unequal distinction shown to these brothers. We, that is, Wilhelm, Courtenay, their cousins Ludovic and Bertha von Willenburg, and I, were seated one day in a summer-house, belonging to the baron's villa on the banks of the Oder, when our attention accidentally turned upon the subject of fame.

"Let it be mine at any risk," exclaimed the enthusiastic Seymour; "for it I would sacrifice whatever is dearest to me; *my* life shall never be an obscure one."

"That is a dangerous resolution," I answered.

"How so?—I thought the desire of fame had been the spring of our noblest virtues."

"Ay, occasionally; but as often of the worst; connect yourself with the imagination of men, that is the secret of immortality. And the impassioned votary of fame, whose principles are in entire subservience to his end, often finds the path of vice as conducive to it, as that of virtue, and, for the purpose of present distinction, perhaps even more so."

"As to that, living neglect, and posthumous celebrity, are certainly not to my taste, though it might be a consolation to be certain of the latter on a death-bed."

"I hope that on a death-bed the soul of the truly virtuous man, would rise superior to all such vanities and frailties of earth, and that a remembrance of a well-spent life would be then cherished merely as the purchase of the happiness of heaven. And after death, do you think the good or evil report of mortals will have power to give or take away the felicity of an immortal?"

"And yet, from the earliest time, have not the greatest men of all countries bowed to the same goddess whom I worship?"

"Not with the same utter prostration of mind. Genius and virtue sought and found, in the exercise of their own powers, in the cultivation of that capability of happiness which is their noblest gift, a higher and purer gratification than any which depends on the breath of man, and one which maintained them under the neglect, the injustice, the misappreciation which are too often their lot. Witness Milton in his latter days—poor, sick, blind, old, slandered, persecuted by men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself in the distance, still listening with holy content to the music of his own thoughts. Warriors, and conquerors too, always take care to secure to themselves more substantial rewards than the mere fame of their exploits. Witness the whole race, from Nimrod to Wellington. Believe me, Courtenay, if you wish to become really great, you must check this vanity. The greatness of your aims blinds you to the lowness of your motives. Even ambition is better, for that excites you to soar above your fellows—this passion keeps you chained to their feet."

"For me," said Ludovic, "let me live the life of Washington, and I care not how namelessly I die. It will be but sharing the fate of thousands of others, whose names are forgotten, while the benefits they have bequeathed are undying."

"I am more modest than either of you," said Wilhelm, whose vanity, (never having been fed and excited like that of Courtenay, but, on the contrary, mortified by continued neglect,) had hardened him into a sullen self-relying pride, that rendered him entirely indifferent to the opinions of others. "Give me the power of Metternich but one day, and I consent to be a slave ever afterwards."

"What can possibly be your motive?" said Courtenay.

"Revenge!" answered Wilhelm, with a look of hate so dark and deadly, that I shuddered. I read in it the confirmation of my worst fears. Prone as he naturally was to error, what would be Courtenay's fate with that fiercest of all enemies—a jealous brother, on the watch to profit by his faults? We soon afterwards separated; but as I left the summer-house, I could not help looking back on the two, who still lingered within. They would have formed a striking picture as they sat. Both young men were handsome, though in a very opposite style of beauty. The one, tall and symmetrically formed, with luxuriant hair and dark eyes, and an expression of mingled intelligence and vivacity, always reminded one of Rogers' lines—

"Ah, there was cherish'd many a wild desire,
And vain imagining, and thought of fire,
While from within, a voice exclaim'd 'aspire!'"

The other fair, pale, serene, with a brow whose calmness amounted almost to melancholy, and a look of intellect rather than intelligence, would have made a good study for a St. John. The maiden, too, who sat between them, the link as it seemed which bound together natures so different, was fair as a painter's dream, with long golden ringlets, faultless features, and an eye blue and clear as the mirror of truth. Fit inhabitants were these of the Paradise around; but, alas! Cain dwelt there also.

Time passed; and as I had not wished to inflict on my young friends the burthen of a correspondence, I heard nothing of them, until, (three years after I left Berlin,) I met Courtenay Seymour at Paris. He was so much improved and altered—handsome and graceful he had ever been, but there was now a repose, an aristocratic finish in his appearance, which was extremely striking. He greeted me very cordially, and before he would answer my inquiries, insisted on my entering into a brief explanation of my own concerns. That done, he consented to satisfy my curiosity.

"My father," he began, in a tone which grated on my ear—it was unlike that which I yet remembered as being so singularly soft and musical—"has retired from the scene of public life, in kindness to us of the rising generation. For two years he has not passed the boundaries of Carlstein; and I need not weary you with the minute details concerning such a vegetation. By means of his imaginative fits of gout, rheumatism and spleen, he is constantly occupied, and was, when I last heard of him, in excellent health. Wilhelm, thanks to the family interest, (this was said with a haughty smile,) has been so fortunate as to procure some eighth or ninth secretary-of-stateship, and will, of course, be very shortly prime minister; *en attendant*, his very soul is ground down to the toils of office. He looks like an embodied red tape dispatch, and is only known to his valet."

"And dear Ludovic?—be serious now, Seymour, I beg," for the tone of levity and satire which he assumed, was very displeasing, and seemed to me heartless.

"There is no occasion for it, I assure you; besides I hate to be serious, that does only for *les gens avec qui il faut mettre les points sur les i*." As for the Prussian liberator, the enlightener of Europe, the regenerator of mankind, in short, the Baron von Willenburg, he is now residing on his estate, where, by his own exertions and the help of his worthy coadjutors, his hereditary bondsmen, hereditary bondsmen no more, promise to be as fair a specimen of Owenism, Saint Simonianism, and all other liberalisms, as even *you* can desire. How astounded you look! but let me now tell you about myself. I have kept my word, and have not been idle; witness all those eager young fashionables crowding yonder, aspirants for the honour of a nod." He then, with the piquancy and humour which, so fatally for himself, concealed the extent and true nature of his errors, detailed to me all the adventures, perils, exploits, and triumphs, in which he had been engaged. Thank God! I am neither by age nor disposition an ascetic; I can always make allowances for the impetuosity and fire of youthful passions, but I must confess, that during this recital my patience well nigh failed me. Even his former persiflage was more bearable than the self-satisfied manner in which he related how he abused and squandered away the noble gifts of nature—the splendid endowments of fortune. Could three years have thus entirely perverted his character? were there no traits left of the man I had loved with almost paternal fondness? I looked earnestly at his countenance; the perfection of feature, the glow of youth was still there, but I missed the expression of candour which had once so pleased me. The animation too appeared

forced and sustained with effort, as if some secret discontent lurked within, and ruffled the calmness of the brow. "He is not happy," I thought, "his heart is not totally hardened, but now in the very flush of gratified vanity, remonstrance would be vain." At length, totally wearied, I exclaimed, "Upon my word, Seymour, your road to distinction is a new one."

"Ah, do you think so? it is a very successful one, I assure you. For some time after you left Carlstein, I had a literary mania. Night and day I laboured to emulate the fame of Schiller, Goëthe, and Wieland, and wrote *con furore*, novels, poems, tragedies. What was my disappointment, on finding that though sufficiently talked about, no two persons agreed in their opinion concerning me. I was at one and the same time, immoral, yet too sanctified; profane, yet too serious; impassioned, yet without fire; satirical, yet too mild. I was sought after and stared at like a wild beast, from curiosity, but my intimacy was shunned for fear of my claws. My gay friends looked shy,—my serious ones frowned—and I was perplexed. At length I discovered, that if *properly* employed, (why do you start?) my rank and fortune were sufficient without any literary prestige to distinguish me. I acted accordingly, and ... (this was said with much mock seriousness,) you see the results. I am followed, imitated, applauded by all; princes are covetous of my society, and the envy of the men only equals the adoration of the women."

"Pshaw! when do you leave Paris?"

"Alas! in a fortnight, *mes beaux jours sont finis*, I return to be married, *et alors comme alors*."

"Good God! you married?—to Bertha?"

"Too great an honour, doubtless? No!" And his countenance darkened. "Our characters did not agree... and....but, in short, you understand...."

"Madman!" I exclaimed, sorrowfully, laying my hand on his arm, "for what have you sacrificed your happiness?"

He started and changed colour, but unfortunately for better feelings, at that moment the Duchesse de G——'s carriage passed. Seymour was instantly at her side. I saw her place her ungloved hand on his, as they met—he bent forwards, his dark curls almost touching her glossy ringlets, while he whispered words which must have been very sweet, to judge from the yet sweeter looks which answered them. At length they parted, he pressed her hand, she smiled, the carriage passed on, and he rejoined me.

"There it is," I said, bitterly, "for the smiles of coquettes, the approbation of fools, you have bartered what ought to be dearest to you—true love, sincere friendship, and even your boasted reputation; for, believe me, it is only one class of people who can consider such folly aught else but vice."

He drew up haughtily, and muttered something which I did not hear, and then in a voice of concentrated rage, which not even my abruptness could warrant, added, "Mr. ———, as long as you confine your comments on my behaviour to your own thoughts, you are of course at liberty to reprove or remark what you please; but let me advise you never, at least in my own presence, to extend that liberty to speech;"—and bowing coldly, without waiting for an answer he galloped off.

I was vexed and hurt, but with pride equal to his own, sought no further explanation, and we afterwards passed and repassed each other, without any acknowledgment of acquaintance being made on either side. I heard and saw, however, sufficiently of misconduct to corroborate his own account; yet, flattered and idolized as he was by the *élite* of Paris, I scarcely wondered at it, and often caught myself framing excuses for him, from the seductions and allurements held out to him on all sides, which

alas! perhaps, only proved how deeply-rooted was the partiality which neither time, absence, nor his own unworthiness, could conquer.

“ A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.”

The wanderer returned.

And after six years beneath India’s scorching sun it was with feelings of sincere pleasure that I again found myself in my native England, conscious that it was now to be my permanent home. Since our parting at Paris, I had heard nothing of Courtenay Seymour, nor, indeed, of any of my German friends, and I must own that during that long interval, my affection both for him and them had faded into very dreamlike indistinctness. I little imagined, that under circumstances of the most unforeseen and painful nature, I should again become connected with them.

It was a sunny glowing morning in May, when having, in common with most bachelors, a habit of early rising and walking before breakfast, I strolled, as usual, into Hyde Park. There is something in that spot, the oasis of the crowded desert, which, in my mind, especially at these times, is peculiarly affecting. Visit it at that hour, and note the contrast which it presents. On the one hand is solitude, but solitude shared by a lone man’s metest companions, the massy foliage, the dewy turf, the graceful wild flowers, and, above all, “the exulting and abounding river” greeting with sparkling delight the first virgin streams that have mirrored themselves in its bosom—on the other, the gigantic city stretching out around you, and rearing its stony front through the veiling mist. On the one side, reigns the breathing calm, the sweet silence appropriate to the early morning, broken only at intervals by the carol of the mounting lark, or the gentle murmur of the water,—on the other the bustling, toiling, striving sons of traffic, have already commenced their busy hum. Here you are environed by the silent historians of the past, the fair yet undying witnesses of former centuries; there you are surrounded by the transitory, ever-changing, ever-renovated records of the present, swept away in an instant, and leaving no traces behind. Filled with these thoughts, I stretched myself beneath the shade of the patriarchal oaks, and yielded myself up entirely to the charm of the moment. In a few minutes I saw a gentleman approach, and seat himself on the bench on the other side. He was reading, and could not see me; I did not therefore disturb myself. All now remained tranquil as before, for a short space, when suddenly the sound of rapid and advancing footsteps were again heard. My meditative companion looked up, and seemed, in spite of the dark mantle and slouched hat, to recognize the person who approached, for he flung down his book, and started to his feet. I saw his form literally tremble with emotion as he paused to gaze upon the stranger, and then, as if impelled by a contrary feeling, he turned to pass on.

“Willenburg, we part not thus,” said a voice which was but too familiar to me; “since we parted, I have lived but in hope of this hour; day and night I have laboured for it, and I *will not* be foiled.”

Arrested by the frenzy of these words, the person to whom they were addressed remained for a second motionless; but quickly recovering himself, he again attempted to move forward. It was in vain. Seymour, for it was indeed he, stood in the very centre of the path.

“I will soon release you,” he continued, in a hoarse and broken tone; “in a few days I leave England; but I could not go without seeing you once more; without telling you that in one instance you misjudged me; without making you one last request. Grant it. It is the last prayer of one who will soon be dead to you, and every one else.”

"Perjured traitor, is it to *me* you make a request? Dare not to breathe it, coward! Stand out of my path, or—"

"I am prepared for all—revile, curse, strike—but hear! On my father's death-bed, he pardoned me, on condition that when you were . . . when I next saw you, I should yield to you the rights and possessions I have so deservedly forfeited. Take them; they are yours: grant me that boon, I ask no other. I am not worthy" (with great humility) "to ask your forgiveness; and I have injured you too deeply to hope for forgetfulness. O Ludovic," he added wildly, observing with what scornful and shuddering impatience the other listened to him, "by all that is dearest to you, do not cause my father's curse to reach me from the grave. Remember what we once were to each other."

"Villain, had I forgotten it, think you, you would stand there to poison the air I breathe with your accursed presence? Do you think any other man but *you*, would have lived an hour after he had exposed Bertha Willenburg to . . . Ay, you *may* groan. Great God! what hinders me.—" He raised his arm, as if to fell him to the earth. "No; you are too vile. Begone!"

"Ludovic, by my soul, you wrong me there."

"Liar, be silent; or tell me what *you* remembered when you slandered, betrayed, beggared, and exiled us. Murderer of my sister! dying as she is, I would not save her, if your miserable atonement were the price of her life."

"Dying!" echoed Seymour, with a fearful cry, and, as if struck by a sudden blow, he staggered back, and Von Willenburg passed on.

For three days after the scene to which I had, at first unwillingly, but afterwards with an interest which chained me to the spot, become a witness, I rested not in my researches after Ludovic von Willenburg. That he was in distress, brought on in some manner by Courtenay Seymour, only urged me to stronger efforts in pursuit of him. It was in vain. He had concealed his name, and description was of course useless. At length I returned home in utter despair, and found on my table an invitation from my charming friend Mrs. G. for one of her brilliant soirées. I declined it; for I was certainly in no mood for gaiety. In the course of the afternoon Mrs. G. herself came, to insist upon my coming.

"I assure you, I will take no excuse: for it is to meet a young Prussian whom you will be charmed with. He is an old friend, though we met to-day for the first time.—No, I will not tell you his name; for if by chance you know him, you will, I suppose, persist in your ungraciousness. A hope dawned on me; I assented, and that evening, with a conviction, amounting almost to certainty, that I should meet Ludovic, I entered my friend's crowded rooms. After going through the usual series of nods, smiles, and monosyllables, consequent to a first entrance, I seated myself in the most obscure nook I could find; and repelled all attempts at conversation, by fixing my eyes with great earnestness on some prints, which lay near. In the recess of the window near which I sat, a lady and gentleman, who appeared to share my taste for retirement, were conversing. The lady, whose cheerful voice I occasionally caught, was Miss B—, the accomplished editress of —; but her companion leant so back, that I could not see his features, and spoke so low, that I could not distinguish the tones of his voice.

"You are right," he answered, "if literature is pursued but for the sake of present distinction, I am not surprised that the lowness of the motive neutralizes the talent. To what worthy end can even genius be led by vanity?"

I started, and listened more attentively.

"Ah, there are exceptions of course, but generally speaking, this is why the present race of authors, in their mighty efforts to please the public of to-day, run a chance of being forgotten by the public of a hundred years hence. And the reason of this is, that they mistake the word public. The novel-reading lords and novel writing ladies, who are commonly called so, are essentially short-lived themselves. How then can they give to others a passport for immortality? Authors should appeal to the *people*; sooner or later *their* decrees have always been registered in the records of fame. Homer, Shakspeare, Tasso, found, in *their* hearts, that approbation, which, transmitted from father to son, became in future generations—immortality. But let me now fulfil Mrs. G's wish, and introduce you, by description at least, to the '*personnages marquans*,' with whom you are surrounded. That gentleman with fair hair and blue eyes, talking so earnestly to—but—good God! how ill you look! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, only tell me the name of that person who is seated near us."

"Colonel —— x."

Astonished at producing such an effect on a person, who, unless he was Ludovic Von Willenburg, must have been an entire stranger, I bent forwards to examine him, if I could, more closely, but supper was at this time announced, and in the confusion attendant on the general move, I lost sight of both speakers. At the foot of the stairs I met Mrs. G—— "Where have you been?" she exclaimed, "I did not know you were here, but better late than never. Let me introduce you, my dear Colonel —— x, to my particular friend Mr. Seymour; Courtenay, this is Colonel —— x."

My heart sprung to my mouth, but Mrs. G—— had placed her arm within mine, and I was compelled to master my emotion. How I cursed my own stupidity; but the fact was, I had always accustomed myself to think and speak of Seymour as an Englishman, and nothing else, and at the time of Mrs. G——'s visit, I was too earnestly occupied by Von Willenburg, to imagine for a moment the existence of any other Prussian. In my eagerness, I had forgotten, that, at present, he was the very last person to attend a party of pleasure. He watched over his dying sister—such diversions he left to her murderer. I shuddered; the darkest suspicions filled my mind, for I remembered Seymour at Paris. Ludovic's words rung in my ears, "You slandered, betrayed, beggared, and exiled us," and I knew that nothing but the greatest injuries could have thus excited one, naturally so mild and forgiving. Good God! how difficult it is at times to act one's part in life's drama! I endeavoured to fix my attention on what was passing round me; but, in spite of myself, my eyes remained fixed on Seymour. How dreadfully changed he was! Pale and emaciated, with haggard cheek, sunken eye, the ravages of disease and mental suffering, were fearfully marked on those once beautiful features.

"Courtenay," said Mrs. ——, "do sit down, and be human; you have acted the part of the commandant in Don Juan sufficiently for one evening." He obeyed—his pale lips parted; but no effort could produce a smile; at that instant our eyes met, he coloured deeply, and turned away. "You may thank this gentleman, Colonel," resumed my lively hostess, "for having saved me, this morning, from the stupidity of my coachman and the fury of my horses. In the true hero style, he wished to disappear immediately the deed was done, but a cut in the arm, suffered in my cause, made me peremptory, and I brought him here. He would not even tell his name, but my heart told me it was my dearest Emma Seymour's son. I love him as mine already, for he has his mother's very voice." I saw Seymour's hand tremble, as he hastily raised a glass to his lips; he then rose, bowed slightly, and left the room.

I did not wait to hear Mrs. G——'s comments on his abruptness, for I went home myself soon after.

"Here is a gentleman, sir," said my servant, as he opened the door, "who called a few minutes ago, and said he would wait to see you."

I sprung into the room. "Sir! how dare you pollute the hearth of an honest man?"

Seymour started backward, and began with something of the fire of former days. "I came," but a sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered him, he sunk back and covered his face with his hands.

"Yes, weep; you do well to weep, but tears will not restore the past; can they blot out the treachery; can they cancel the misery you have caused?"

"You are right," he repeated mournfully, "I am fallen too low; repentance is now too late."

I was touched; there was something so humble and deprecatory in his sorrow, that it seemed unmanly to add reproaches to it. "I was your friend once, Seymour, but now!"—

"No, no!" he grasped my hand convulsively, "do not say you hate me; I deserve it, but"—he paused, and by a mighty struggle, which seemed to agonize body as well as mind, became calmer.

"Listen to me! I need not tell you that the fault, against which you used to warn me, has been my ruin. Let me be quick—the mere detail unmans me! At the time I became the heartless wretch you saw me at Paris, flattered, pampered, caressed into perdition, Ludovic refused to trust his sister's happiness to my care. I vowed revenge—at Wilhelm's suggestion he, the—but I will not reproach others. I seduced the affections of Ida Seyfurt, Ludovic's betrothed—we fled together, and I married a woman I despised. My heart, alas! was but too truly Bertha's, and to drown remorse, I plunged into excesses, which not even the Parisian world could sanction, and I lost my dearly-bought popularity. I next became a courtier and politician. My wife, whom I utterly neglected, was at this time with her father; Ludovic was also there, and pitying her too much to retain any angry feelings, did not avoid her. Wilhelm, 'my brother,' with a pertinacity of purpose, which appals me when I look back upon it, was ever by to excite and spur me on in the path of guilt. Roused by him to suspect I know not what, I set off one night for Carlstein. I was as keenly alive to a sense of dishonour as if I merited aught else at my wife's hands. I waited in the adjoining wood until I knew my father had gone out; I did not wish to meet him in my present mood. At the gate I met Willenburg's horses and servants; he was to leave Carlstein that day; my accursed pride rose, at being, as I thought, duped. I entered Ida's room—she was alone, weeping convulsively over a picture; I waited for no more, I knew it was not mine. That evening I was before the council board detailing Ludovic's most private political opinions; all the acts, (secret to all but me, in whom my father so fondly confided,) by which the liberal parties in Europe could command arms, money, and men from his funds. When I told all, and I felt in my inmost soul that all was irrevocable, my brain reeled; I grew sick and dizzy, and—I can scarcely connect the events of this hideous dream—he was arrested—tried—merciful Father! they spared me that—sentenced to imprisonment for life! My father's heart was broken; he sent for me, but when he saw me, the curse died on his lips; he pitied and forgave; on my knees, by his death-bed, I swore to compensate as far as I could my black treachery, but I was too stunned by all that had passed to act for myself. Wilhelm agreed to assist me; the sentinels were bribed by him; Ludovic was already in the court-yard with his sister, the horses were waiting—suddenly a shot was fired—we were surrounded by soldiers—

I heard Bertha's agonizing shriek—"The unfortunate young man paused. Those blinding, heart-searing tears which manhood can shed but once, could no longer be repressed, they now burst forth freely. At length, in a low and broken tone, which contrasted sadly with the frightful rapidity with which he had before spoken, he continued, "I remembered no more for months—in the affray I received a dangerous wound, and was ill, delirious, mad. When recollection returned, they told me—for Wilhelm could not rest until I had drained to the very dregs the cup which, alas! my own guilt had filled—that Bertha was under strict surveillance at Carlstein—that she was forbidden all intercourse with her brother—they told me, too, that it was universally believed, that instead of assisting in the escape, I had betrayed it—that Ludovic believed this. I verily thought my senses would fail me, but forgetfulness would have been too great a blessing. All creation seemed a blank—the present and the future were annihilated, and I lived but in the past. Good God, what a retrospect it was! from the hell into which my own crimes had plunged me, I could no where escape—I stood a *traitor*, and the sneers of society—the reproaches of my own conscience in solitude equally maddened me—I knew not how that time passed; at length, there were rumours of a change of ministry; I flew back to Berlin—saw those who were candidates for the different offices; prayers, entreaties, gold, bought Ludovic's pardon, but exile was coupled with it. You know the rest."

He ceased, and never in our days of happiest intimacy did my heart yearn so tenderly towards him. He had erred, it is true; but his punishment had been greater than his faults; besides, he had been the tool and victim of one so immeasurably more guilty, that *his* errors were lost in the comparison. I saw him as he now stood before me, disgraced, friendless, heartbroken, exhausted in body, shattered in mind. I thought on what he had been, and my eyes filled rapidly. My sympathy seemed to soothe and gratify him, and his countenance gradually relaxed its expression of utter despair. I promised him to seek Ludovic again on the morrow, and, if I found out his residence, not to delay a moment in rendering him all the services I could, and also to consult the best physicians on Bertha's case, and spare no expense in surrounding her with every comfort. He entreated me not even to allude to him, but I was determined to explain all to Ludovic; at present, however, I consented to all he wished, for I was anxious that he might rest. "Rest," he echoed wildly, laying down his head on the couch upon which he had flung himself, "when shall I rest?—say, does memory pause even in sleep?"

It was a hot summer evening—the shades of twilight were rapidly closing over the busy town, and fainter and fainter grew the echoes of the retreating footsteps, in the now deserted street, as I sat by the dying couch of Bertha von Willenburg. Yes, on every lineament of that wan countenance, death had written its defacing characters; but its pure and sweet expression still lingered, immortal as the soul from which it sprang. She had passed the day in great pain, but now, as the noise and heat subsided, appeared better; the flush of fever had faded from her cheek, and she had closed her eyes as if in slumber. I looked upon her as she thus lay, the fair, the good, the early-doomed, and yet I felt tears were not for her. The beautiful repose of that death-like sleep was a type of the holy calm to which she was hastening, and grief would have seemed a mockery. But for the bereaved brother my tears flowed freely. I knew that it was no common link that bound him to her. As the last of a lordly line, the pride of lineage, and the early privation of other objects of love, had bound closer the ties of blood, and then, disappointed in love, betrayed in friendship, his high heroic nature had sought a resting-place for its rich affections in the heart of that gentle girl, and had centred in her their mighty store. She had shared and soothed all his misfortunes, she had been—

“ The life and light
That rose where'er he turned his eye,
The morning star of memory.”

But that star was even now about to set, and then how dark would the stormy sky close around ! I literally did not dare to think of it.

At length Bertha roused herself. “ Ludovic,” she murmured. He was instantly at her side, smoothing, with all a woman's tenderness, the ruffled pillows.

“ What is the time ?” she asked. “ This has been a weary day, but O how sweet will be the night ! And have you too remained with me during all my fretfulness and impatience ?” She gave me her hand, and added, with a sigh, “ This is indeed fidelity !” She paused, and I thought of the lone-watcher without, for Courtenay had persisted, immediately I had discovered Ludovic's residence, to pass his days and nights in hovering round it. He acknowledged no purpose, but said it was a sort of pleasure to watch the lights in the sick chamber, and to observe the figures of the attendants, whom I had persuaded Ludovic to let me engage, glide by the windows.

For a moment former feelings held their brief dominion, and Bertha's eyes glistened, but they passed away, and she again turned to her brother.

“ My poor Ludovic,” she said, passing her thin hand across his feverish brow, “ how changed you are !—your's has been the suffering, and mine will be the deliverance. My bitterest thought in death is that I shall never be able to repay you all your care and tenderness. I sometimes think my weak repinings have hastened my fate, and yet I did struggle. Ah ! can you forgive me, dearest, that it was in vain ?”

Her brother answered by the tears which fell fast on her hand.

Her lip quivered, she threw her arms round his neck. “ Be comforted, my own brother, our's is a holy hope ; we part not for ever ; there, where the Lord God hath wiped away all tears, we shall meet again.”

“ But until then, Bertha, where can I look for comfort ?”

“ I forgot,” she answered plaintively, “ we are orphans, you are an exile.”

She was again silent for a few minutes, and then with the unconnected wandering of thought, so often perceptible in the dying, asked him to support her on his arm, that she might gaze once more upon the night. He obeyed, she raised her eyes, clear with the unnatural light of fever, to the clouded heaven, then, as if disappointed, turned away mournfully and burst into tears.

“ How cruel,” she murmured, “ to abandon me, and then to tear me from my home !”

There was an infantine imploringness in her tone, which rendered such a complaint, at such a time, infinitely touching. Ludovic trembled so violently in his efforts to suppress his emotion, that he could scarcely support her : she saw it, and instantly composed herself.

“ I have wandered, but it is now past ; my moments are numbered, and now, at this hour, I need not fear, Ludovic, to bid you give my pardon and dying blessing to—to Courtenay. You will, I know,” she added, with an angelic smile, “ obey your Bertha's last request.”

I saw that a mighty struggle was passing in Ludovic's bosom, but his noble spirit conquered ; the crimson flush of resentment passed from his ashy cheek, and he faintly articulated, “ I will.”

She answered not, but laid her head on his bosom, as a child would on that of its mother ; for a space all was still, when suddenly a low hurried knock was heard ; the unuttered prayer died on Bertha's lips ; she started up—the sound of rapidly ascending footsteps was now distinct—“ He is come,” she murmured ; “ my God ! why is it too late ?”

She was right: alarmed at my protracted absence, and fearing the worst, with the agony of despairing impatience, Seymour had gained admittance. He entered—he could not see Bertha's face, but her position was scarcely that of death. He knelt by the couch in humble gratitude: she might speak perhaps once more; he might hear her blessed lips breathe forth a pardon; and for the rest, in a spirit similar to that of the unfortunate heroine, in that pathetically told tale, "the Admiral's Daughter," he bowed his head in acceptance of sorrow. I dared not dispel the illusion, though Ludovic's heavy sobs told *me* the truth. At length they seemed to rouse Seymour also, for he started up and approached nearer—the flush of joy had scarce faded from her cheek; the smile of pardon yet lingered on her lips; her arms were still clasped round her brother's neck; but life was not there—the spirit of Bertha was with her God! That was enough—all the past, heartbreaking as it was, sank into insignificance before this blow. Patience, fortitude, resignation, were mere unmeaning words in the first violence of such an affliction. She, his first and only love, lay a corpse before him—murdered by his hand. . . . And now what availed his late repentance! With a cry, almost piercing enough to have awakened her on whom he gazed, Courtenay threw himself on the corpse. It was terrible to see the withering tears of mortal passion bedew that pure brow, which never more would throb with human feeling—that bosom, whose fount of sorrow was for ever sealed, pressed to one which beat so wildly—and that form, extended in the rest of utter lifelessness, shake beneath the writhings of such agonizing despair. But exhausted by sickness and long and wearing vigils, nature was powerless to endure such a paroxysm. Seymour was fast sinking into insensibility, when Ludovic's voice broke the spell. Shocked at his abrupt appearance, and at the excess of a grief which seemed to neutralize even his own, he had, at first, remained silent; but, as he looked upon the heartbroken mourner, early remembrances, sacred associations, thronged across his mind, and buried the recollections of later years. "Courtenay," he said, "let us cancel the past; desolation has been the work of a fiend, who made you his tool, and me his victim. I wronged you in believing otherwise; but let it soothe you to know that Bertha's last prayer was for you." The unfortunate young man looked up; he could not speak—he—but let me drop the Grecian's veil over what followed. My aged eyes, though all unused to tears, stream at the thoughts of that reconciliation!

T. T. G.

SICILIAN FACTS.¹—No. XXIX.

THE CONFESSOR.—A PALERMITAN FACT.

A MONK belonging to a convent, situated in the capital of Sicily, was one evening summoned in great hurry to hear the confession of a sick person said to be at the point of death. A carriage was waiting at the door: but no sooner had the good man taken his seat, than he was blindfolded. Receiving assurance that no harm was intended him, he remained tranquil, conceiving that it was one of those mysterious events which often occur in this, the most romantic country in Europe. In rather less than half an hour the vehicle stopped, and the priest alighting, was conducted up several flights of stairs into a superbly furnished chamber, where the bandage being removed, he was surprised to see not a sick man near his last moments in bed, but two young women in great distress, sitting near each other on a sofa, whilst a gentleman of imposing mien and deportment, but whose eyes were sparkling with rage, and whose every gesture betokened excess of fury, was impatiently pacing from one end of the apartment to the other. This person, as soon as he was aware of his presence, thus addressed the astonished monk, pointing to the weeping females on the sofa. "There are the persons who have occasion for your services, confess them as if on the very verge of death. Lose not an instant in proceeding to your office. Two hours are the utmost that can be allowed for the purpose." In vain the terrified priest prepared to remonstrate; the gentleman, without awaiting his reply, left the room, carefully locking the door on the confessor and his penitents, remaining himself, it appeared, sentinel over his intended victims, as his rapid strides continued to be heard in the adjoining apartment.

When the females, who proved to be the daughter of the Duke of C—— and her attendant, found themselves relieved from the presence of the irritated parent, they threw themselves at the feet of the pious minister of religion, exclaiming that they were irremediably lost, and at the expiration of the short time allotted them, would be put to a cruel death, unless he could devise the means of saving them. "Alas! my daughters," replied the monk, "how can I, old, feeble, timorous, avail in assisting you in these unhappy circumstances? I will, however, prove what intreaties can effect in your behalf."

"Prayers and tears, father, have already been tried and failed; intercession will perhaps only provoke him to anticipate the time of his dreadful sentence. There is but one chance of escape, and that is by descending from the window; high as it is, we shall perhaps reach the ground in safety. In all cases, any fate is preferable to that of perishing by the hand of a father. Once without these dreadful walls, Providence will discover to us a place of refuge."

¹ Continued from p. 286.

The good man, trusting to his sacred character for escaping or averting the resentment of the duke, charitably resolved to brave the risk of his vengeance for the sake of preventing the commission of so horrible a crime, and of saving the lives of two fellow-creatures thus strangely thrown into his hands. The window was lofty and remote from the ground; but the sheets, coverlids, and other articles of furniture, happily formed a line of length sufficient for the descent of the females, who were safely lowered by the priest into the street. Having effected the escape of the condemned pair, unable to follow them, he resolutely remained, with the consciousness of having performed his duty, to abide the consequences of the disappointment and rage of the infuriated father.

What took place between the priest and the parent was never made known, the former was probably engaged to perpetual secrecy. It is certain that before morning he was re-conveyed, as before, to his convent.

The females, in the mean time, fled on the wings of terror from the dangerous vicinity. The night was chill and rainy, they were slightly and unsuitably clothed. After wandering through a variety of streets until ready to drop from fatigue, they at length, not knowing where to find an asylum, took refuge in the porch of one of the palaces with which Palermo abounds. It was not long before a gentleman, returning from the theatre, happened to pass, seeing two females, a rare sight in a Sicilian town at that hour, shivering with cold, and audibly testifying their affliction, he stopped to inquire the cause of their distress. The daughter of the duke, summoning all her courage, addressed the stranger, informing him that she was a person of rank, and intreating him to procure her a place of refuge, in which she might at least be safe from a danger which, at the moment, threatened her life. The cavaliere collecting from her manner that she was really a person of quality, professed his readiness to serve her, and promised his protection against the evils apprehended by her. He accordingly escorted her to his own residence, and conducting her to the second story of the building, told her that the suite of apartments were entirely at her disposal, and that he would take care to furnish her with every thing necessary to her comfort and convenience as long as circumstances might render his services necessary to her. Having given his domestics the requisite instructions, he retired to his chamber to ruminate on the strange adventure of the evening.

On visiting his guests next morning, he found the young lady, whose age might be between eighteen and twenty, and who was favoured with no ordinary advantages of person, overwhelmed with sentiments of gratitude for his disinterested kindness. She had prepared a letter for an officer quartered in a country town at some distance, which she begged her host would have the goodness to forward according to the superscription, informing him that in the time sufficient for the return of the messenger, she hoped to be enabled to relieve him from the inconvenience which her presence necessarily imposed on him. The cavaliere dispatched the letter as directed. In five days the courier returned with the reply. As she took the

letter from the hand of the cavaliere, "What," said she, a deathlike pallor overspreading her countenance, "is it so? is he not come himself?" and then trembling with agitation, threw it on the table without breaking the seal. Her host, conjecturing she wished to read it in private, politely withdrew. On hearing afterwards that the communication she had received had thrown her into an agony of grief, he begged she would request her mistress to favour him with her company at supper that evening, hoping thus to ascertain the cause of her affliction, and, if possible, to alleviate it; for it must be observed, that the cavaliere was by no means insensible to the captivating beauty of his fair guest. She accepted the invitation, came down to supper, behaved with composure, and, to all appearance, had succeeded in overcoming the violence of her emotions. When she retired, the cavaliere betook himself to rest. He was in the habit of bringing on sleep by reading; whilst thus engaged, a noise like that of water falling on the floor aroused his attention; he at first imagined that it was the rain beating in at the window; but the sound continuing, he at length arose to ascertain from whence it proceeded. To his horror he perceived that it was occasioned by large drops of blood, which, penetrating through the ceiling of the apartment above, that occupied by his unfortunate guest, fell on the floor of his own chamber. Terrified beyond description, he flew up stairs, and knocking at the outer door, awoke the lady's maid, who slept in a room contiguous to that of her mistress. Hearing the alarming cause of his visit, they hurried to the chamber of the unhappy lady. No answer being returned to their inquiries, the cavaliere forced open the door which was slightly fastened within. Entering the room, his eyes instantly fell on a spectacle the most horrid. The wretched girl lay on the floor; in her struggles she had fallen from the bed. A knife, which she had secreted at supper for the purpose, was buried up to the handle in her bosom; a river of blood had poured from the ghastly wound, and flowed to the extremity of the apartment; the bed furniture and her apparel were saturated with the crimson stream, which had formed a lake around her, and penetrating, as we have said, through a crevice in the ceiling, had first announced the terrible catastrophe to the cavaliere. She was already breathless. On the table lay a note, that sent in reply by the officer, and a scrap of paper, hastily traced with a trembling hand by herself, in which, after thanking her host for his benevolence and humanity, she earnestly conjured him, if in time, to procure the sacred rite of baptism for the unfortunate offspring to which she was on the point of giving birth.

The letter of the officer, which was without signature, was found to be couched in the most indifferent and guarded terms. He stated that he was much concerned at her unhappy situation, that it was not in his power to meet the wishes manifested in her communication, that she was in error respecting the circumstances alluded to by her, and finally, he intreated her not to draw down on him, who was perfectly blameless, by persevering in a forbidden correspondence, the formidable indignation of a person so powerful as the duke her father.

The unfeeling letter of this dastardly wretch had manifestly driven

the unhappy young woman to suicide. The attendant told the cavaliere, that despairing of obtaining her father's consent to so unequal an alliance as that with the cold-blooded monster who had thus so cowardly abandoned her, she had, in an unguarded moment, surrendered her honour to him. The duke, remarking her changed appearance, discovered her situation. Enraged and mortified at the dishonour entailed on his family, he used every effort to induce his daughter to reveal the name of her seducer, whom he undoubtedly would have caused to be immediately dispatched. The high spirited and faithful girl, animated by the same stern resolution as her parent, determinedly refused to preserve her own life by exposing that of her unworthy lover. The father, irritated to frenzy, at being thus defrauded of his vengeance, resolved on washing out in her blood the stain cast on his daughter's honour.

With the remainder of this melancholy tale, the reader is already acquainted.

No. XXX.

ANECDOTE OF A CERTAIN SOVEREIGN.—EXECRABLE
BARBARITY.

A NOBLEMAN, who had taken an active part in the disturbances of 1820, having been put to death; his wife, who during his life had been greatly attached to him, giving vent to the acuteness of her feelings, broke into violent reproaches and unmeaning menaces; for these expressions, the mere ebullitions of grief and despair, the unfortunate lady was thrown into prison, tried by the sanguinary commission then existing, and condemned to suffer death. Supplications were sent from all quarters, and the greatest interest was made to procure a pardon. Her youth, her beauty, her sex, her birth, her conjugal affection, all pleaded in vain to a heart never open to the impressions of humanity, and grown old and callous in the practice of cruelty. It happened, however, that the lady had been left pregnant, a circumstance which extorted a respite from the unwilling tyrant. Months rolled on, she was safely delivered, and all hoped that either she had been forgotten, or that the hoary despot no longer thirsted for her blood. Among others who had warmly interested themselves in behalf of the unfortunate victim, was the consort of the hereditary prince, at the time in the family way herself. After her confinement, a memorial drawn up in favour of the prisoner, earnestly suing for mercy, was placed in the bosom of the infant princess, when first presented to her grandfather, who seeing the paper, took it, and read it with great complacency to the end. The anxious bystanders fondly imagined that they perceived something like pity and commiseration in the old man's eye. A secretary was called for; when coolly observing that the affair had escaped his memory, the Christian Djeddar commanded him to write in his name, directing the instant execution of the hapless female.

No. XXXI.

THE NOVICE.

SOME time since there resided in a Sicilian city a prince, left early master of himself and a large fortune. Opposite his mansion lived a professor of the healing art, called Don Ambrosio, who, the reader will please to observe, in order to keep his curious neighbour from prying into his secrets, kept in his windows vases, some filled with flowers, others with sweet herbs, such as parsley, thyme, marjorum, and the like. The doctor was an elderly man, verging close on sixty-five, and exceedingly avaricious. It happened that one morning, the prince rising earlier than usual, caught a glimpse of one of the loveliest faces he ever beheld, peeping out behind the flowers. Naturally of an amorous disposition, he felt himself at once deeply in love, and could not rest until he discovered who this beautiful creature was, for he knew Don Ambrosio had neither wife nor daughter. He inquired of his domestics and the neighbours, but none of them were in a condition to gratify his curiosity. As the doctor never admitted any one into the house except an old hag, who served him as house-keeper, and was so crusty and ill-tempered, that he was as likely to get information from one of the doctor's anatomies. But the prince having read at school how Danæ was tempted by a golden shower, shrewdly conjectured that a similar fall might allure an older woman. Watching his opportunity, one day, when she left the house, he introduced himself to her acquaintance, by softly slipping a few zechins into her withered hand, when, instead of a dry, surly old creature, as she had been depicted, he found her one of the most complaisant and communicative of her sex. He learnt from her that the young lady was a ward, lately left by a deceased relative to her master's charge, that she was entitled to a good round sum when she came of age, which she believed had more charms for the doctor than her person, lovely as she was, for he proposed marrying her himself, and was ever pestering her with his solicitations, which it will be readily conjectured were not altogether to her taste. He led her a sad life, for, fearful of younger rivals, he kept her a close prisoner, never allowing her to pass the threshold, not even to mass on holidays. To the prince's pressing entreaties for an interview, the old lady said that the doctor never stirred out, and had even given up visiting his patients; that the only opportunity he would have of seeing his charmer nearer, would occur on Christmas eve, which was fortunately close at hand, when Don Ambrosio had, as a great indulgence, promised to take her to church, that she might see the ceremonies usual on the occasion; but, not to discover the secret of his having a ward, or give cause for suspicion, the jealous doctor intended to disguise her as a capuchin. The prince then dismissed his informant with another present, and an impassioned message to her beautiful mistress, who sometimes found an opportunity of eluding her guardian's vigilance, and showing herself at the windows, giving the prince to understand by signs, that she

was not insensible to his passion. If her beauty had at first kindled a spark in his breast, it now fanned it into a devouring flame. The expected evening at length arrived. The prince carefully watched the doctor's door, until, sure enough, he saw him leave the house in company with a monk. Losing not a moment in following, he entered the church close behind them; then, pretending to fall in with them by accident. "Ha! Don Ambrosio, are you here? and who is this young friar in your company?"

"Only a capuchin novice, a relation, whom the prior has permitted to pass the evening with me," replied the disciple of Esculapius, stifling his vexation at the unwelcome rencontre; and as he spoke he drew the hood closer over the face of his companion, wishing his excellency a good evening, and trying to shuffle off into the middle of the crowd. But the prince was not so easily taken leave of, he kept his post at the side of the young novice, condescendingly explaining to him all that was novel or extraordinary in the scene, not without slipping in a tender word at intervals, when the doctor was looking another way, intending to snatch a favourable opportunity of bolting with his fair companion; but the other was always on the alert, changing from right to left as the agonized doctor shifted the novice, on various pretexts, from one arm to the other. At the conclusion of the ceremony he made another desperate effort to get off, but his neighbour, always prepared, declared he had received so much pleasure in the doctor's company, that he was resolved to take him and his young charge to supper with him. The alarmed doctor was in no hurry to accept the suspicious honour, saying that it did not become a person in his situation to sit at table with a prince.

"Pshaw!" said his companion, "this is nothing but prejudice; we are all of the same flesh and blood, all sprung from the same forefather, cousins in the thirtieth or fortieth degree at farthest, and much nearer, if all family secrets were brought to light. However, if you will not sup with me, I swear I will with you. Here," said he to one of his domestics, whom he recognized in the crowd, "order my supper to be carried over to the house of Don Ambrosio; we'll make a night of it."

The doctor not knowing to what length so wild a young man might carry his frolic, of two evils, chose what he esteemed the least, and agreed to accompany the prince home, on the express proviso that they should not be detained more than an hour.

"As for that," said his noble host, "I, perhaps, shall not keep you half so long." Soon after they arrived, supper was announced, and the prince, the doctor, and the novice, took their seats. It being the vigil of Christmas, the meal was, of course, entirely meagre, consisting chiefly of fish. No sooner were the covers removed, than the prince, casting his eye from one dish to the other, getting into a fury, which increased at every article until he reached the bottom of the table, when no longer able to restrain himself, he started up in an ecstasy of rage. "What!" he roared in a voice of thunder, "all without parsley! that villain of a cook shall pay for his neglect." So saying, he ran about like a madman, heedless of the entreaties of Don Ambrosio, until at length, spying his sword in a corner, he

seized it, and rushing down stairs, swore he would send his careless cook to his mortal account without more ado. A tremendous uproar was heard below which made poor Ambrosio tremble for the life of the unlucky offender. Just then a dozen servants hurried into the room. "Don Ambrosio! Don Ambrosio! are you not ashamed to let the prince cut all our throats for a little parsley, when you have so much growing in your window? for heaven's sake run over and fetch some, or we shall all be murdered." With these words they laid hold of him, one pulling, another pushing, until they got him fairly down stairs, shouting all the way for the novice to follow. "What!" they said, "are you afraid of our eating him before you return with the parsley?" Finding there was no remedy, the doctor made the best of his way to his own house, tore up the parsley by the roots, and was back in less than a minute. But short as was his stay, there was quite time enough, it appeared, for the prince and all his household to have retired to rest, for the huge doors of the palace were fast locked and barred against his ingress. In vain, Doctor Ambrosio knocked and knocked, shouting and crying to the servants to open for the love of all the saints, bawling till he was hoarse, that he had brought the parsley; the ponderous portals remained firm on their inexorable hinges. Still Don Ambrosio, almost beside himself with rage and jealousy, continued his cries and his knockings. A full hour passed in this manner. At length the porter, a surly old fellow, was heard behind the door, asking who dared to disturb his master at that unseasonable hour.

"It is I, Don Ambrosio; open, as you hope to be saved; I have brought the parsley."

"The parsley!" cried the other, in a tone of wonder.

"If you don't want the parsley," gasped out the supplicating son of Galen, "at least let me have my novice."

"Your novice!" repeated the porter, in a tone of still greater surprise; "this must be a stratagem of thieves to effect an entrance in order to plunder the palace. Holloa! there, bring me my blunderbuss."

At this instant one of the windows opened, and the shower which was wont in more classic days to follow the thunder of Xantippe, now irrigated the less patient and philosophical head of Don Ambrosio. Long did the desperate doctor besiege the princely residence with exclamations, curses, and thundering raps at the door, in defiance of missiles wet and dry. It was a plain case; the neighbours all saw that poor Don Ambrosio had lost his senses.

Finding how matters stood, the doctor at length thought that his best plan would be to proceed to the capitano di giustizia. Late as it was, his importunity procured him admission. Hearing the strange tale of Don Ambrosio, who, still bent on preserving his secret, never hinted that it was no capuchin, but his ward who was thus unlawfully detained, the magistrate, who is always a nobleman, resolved himself to accompany the doctor to the prince's mansion, conceiving it one of his customary frolics. The capitano having narrated the complaint of Don Ambrosio, begged the other would finish the affair, by giving the capuchin back to the poor man, that he might return him to his convent.

"A capuchin!" said the prince, in feigned surprise, "in my house! Don Ambrosio has lost his wits. The whole neighbourhood can testify to the disturbance he has this evening made at my door. You are at liberty to search the house from roof to cellar, and if you find monk or friar, capuchin or carmelite, young or old, you may take him and welcome; but if all this should turn out to be merely the effect of Don Ambrosio's disordered brain, it will only be charity to him, and satisfaction to me, to lodge him in the madhouse, for fear he should give into greater excesses. Come, gentlemen, begin your examination."

Just then a lady, superbly attired, and beautiful as a houri, passed through the apartment. No sooner did she catch the eye of the doctor, than pointing to her, "There, there!" he exclaimed, "that is the capuchin."

"Poor man!" said the capitano di giustizia, crossing himself, "mistake a lady for a capuchin! he's quite gone, and must be looked after. Don Ambrosio was accordingly, without more ado, hurried off to the hospital, where his vehement assertions and protestations being taken for the ravings of a deranged intellect, his professional brethren kindly consigned him to the strait waistcoat, and soon in reality cupped, bled, shaved, and blistered him out of his senses, which perhaps he would never have recovered, had not his fair ward, become the wife of the enamoured prince, considerately interfered in his behalf, and procured his release.

SPANISH SERENADE.

Air—"Hush every breeze."

WAKE, Magdaline! the wild birds sing,
The nectar'd bee is on the wing;
From ocean's bed the sun is up,
And drinks the dews from nature's cup;
O'er purpling hills the shadows break,
And blushing skies to morn awake.

Wake, Magdaline! the convent's chime
Proclaims the hour of roseate prime;
O'er salient fount and haunted spring,
Those holy bells their music fling;
Ah! why so slow to bless these eyes?
From golden dreams of love—arise!

BURNT ALMONDS.

LETTER II.

TO CORNELIUS CROWQUILL.

" HONERD SIR,

" Bean arivd at Cape of Good Hope, take the opertunity of hopeing you are quite wel as this leves me at presant, thang God for it. But to begin at leving off. Soon after we left Madeara cum on a very stif gal a wind, anuff to blo 1's nose off, and the waves riz up to sich a hi degree as maid me quite nervus, tho' the comon salers said it was nothink to them as was ust to the hi seas. Owever, nothink or no nothink, I'm sure it was verry orrid, and threw menny of us off our legs and maid others go down of their nees. But, as I say, them as gos a broad must xpect menny narrow escapes.

" Soon after this we lost our wind, and was going along at a hand galop wen the lookout man as lays in the cros' nest diskovered a vesel, wich we coodent think what it was at 1st, but turnt out to be ful of yung wimmen goin a hemmigratin to Noo Sow Whales. It was verry od to sea a ship load of maid servants, and I must ad they seamd to be quite out of place. Owever the capten woodent consent to us keepin cumpny with em, and we gev em a salute and stole away down wind. N. B. Forgot to say, bean washing day wen we cum up with em, they was up to the elbows in bisence; and the shifts, and stokins, and shimmees, and setra, hanging out to dri on the dex, had a verry curus affect. And my his! if you had but a seen em runnin to fetch em al in wen they seed us a cumin. It maid us laff very much, as allso did the kernel, who sed he dus say it was all along of them confoundid cleer starchers we had sich a stif gale.

" Soon after we past the yung wimmin goin out on activ service, we met a Ginny man homewood bound, but am sory to say, from what I cood lern, the mines doant yeeld so well as they did, not perducing ginnys anny hunger, but only sovrins and 10 shillin peaces. After pasing the Ginny man nothink ocured worth spekin off til we cum to the equinoxious line, at wich time days and nites was equal al over the whirld. It was the best thing I seen sinse we left home, and I only wish you had bean worthy to be there. There was Nepshun the god of al the sea, and his wife, Hamfitryty by name, or rether Dick Lanyard, as good as a play every bit. Nepshun had his tridents atendin on him, of wich my frend Ben Boltrope was 1, and al maner of trix suckseeded, xept 1, wich was to sous me in a tub of water, wich I pervented it by geting among the ounds, wheve non on em, not even Nepshun hissself dust seas me, and so cum off without a sous. Owever to make short of my tale of a tub, most of our chaps escapd the same way as I did, and the others ather by swarin theyde bean in befour, or by paing the useual forefeet of rum, wich was maid into grog by the salers, and geting drunk on the strenth of it realy becum as coarse as grogrum itself.

" Flighing fishes ar as comon as carrots—wich, by-the-bye, are verry scace—yesterday we put up a large covey on em, but coodent get a fair shot bycause the ship woodent stand. The kernel wingd 1, and maid the fethers fly rarely, and I think broke its leg, but it's not evry body as can shute flighin fish. We allso sea a great menny sea lions and unicorns,



A RUM COVEY.

but quite diferant to the king's arms, tho' I bleav offen met with in the arms of the sea. Maids and cavaliers are allso uncomon comon, (I'm not romanceing—doant you think it,) and what do you think, this verry morning I cort a most bewtifull maid with a botel nose. Ass for eels they go verry grate lengths indeed: no longer sin than last Friday I tuk sum verry strung Congo wich maid me quite nervus, and I shoold hav cort as menney agen yestoday only they sea me cuming, and tuk to there eels. Allso observd 1 morning sich numbers of fine lively turtles swimming about the ship as maid the sea look jist like a long basun of turtle soop.

"Deer sir, arived at sent Heleana, sellibratid by Bonyparty, who lies under a weping withy, of wich we al cut of a larg bransh a peace for the sayso of the thing, and carvd our names and shew soles on the tom stone. You wil be sirprizd to ear that tho' it was only the later end of Orgust wen we cum hear, it was the debth of winter—no leavs on the tres, and evry think jist like Crismas, xept rost beaf and plum puding, and tost and ale, and frost and sno, and slitherin and skating, and al that sort of thing. We sea a grate menney gum tres, but never an oposum up em, and fern 4 teen foot hi, consequensially no lieing for foxs, of wich I bleav their is non in the ireland. We tuk the ounds out 1 day in the feelds, wich was over run with rats, and the ounds bean so long in kenel coodent be kep of runing on em. I realy wunder the natifs doant cat-ch em. We likewise maid a xcursion up Lader ill, and as most of us was fond of singin, we had staves all the way up. But bean verry bad out of practis in walkin, we most of us begun to flag before we cum to the flag staf, wich I am told is 22 thousand feet from the sea, tho' I must say it seamd a gud deal more to luk at. Owever, be that as it may or may not, Lader ill is verry lofty, and Ben Boltrope was induced to rite a sonet on its Hi brow, wich I am sory to ad, I hav quite forgot it, and ass for Ben he has quite forgot himself.

"After leving sent Heleana, nothink partickler ocurd woth namein til we com to here, namely Cape of Good Hope, xept catching a few potato burds, wich we did with a hook. Allso sea a grate menney of those rum covys of flighin fish, but coodent catch nare a 1, oing to not havin anny takkel fit for fli fishin. But to hark back to the Cape—Da Cape—

o, as the musicianers say—we had scarce got into Outs bay before the sea begun to be verry ruff and reddy to swallow up any think it cood cach, wich maid us quite delited to hav got into 1 of them fine green baize, wile we cood sea the mad waves, as Shakspear cals em, literally foming at the mouth. In enterig Cape Town, were we was hushd in with ringing of bells, we met a ridgement of lite troops, al of wich was quite black. I was close to one of these hotentot chaps, whose head was as curly as a ship's bak, and I have bean creditably informd their hair is wooly of that discription. What struk me as verry od was they dident seam at al ashamed of the coler of their skins, but went along craking their black jokes just like Cristins, wich serves to show 1 thing, and thats not 2, that owever hard a man's case may be, he may get case hardened.

"Deer sir, in coarse you have herd of the Table Mounten, so called by cause of its resemblin a table, wich I coodent see it at al, for it has got nather legs nor claws. If it resembles anny sort of a table it is a dinen table with boath leavs down. Owever, table or no table, I detemind to mesure the hite, there bean disputs en the subject; and bean informed by frend Ben Boltrope the most fillosoffical way of doing on it was with a borrowmeter, tuk the libberty of borrowin the captens, and tuk my mesures according. I maid it 1 thowsan 2 hundred and 72 barrommeters from the bottom of the table to the top, but am sory to say in turning the wether glas over and over, spilt al the quik silver, and broke the tub. I xpected the captain wood be reddy to kill me at hearing this tale of the tub, but insted of wich was reddy to kil hiself with laffin, and kindly informd that Ide quite mistuk my way, and O to hav set the wither glas at the top of the mountain, and tuk notis of the quick silver at that hite. According I got another borrowmeter and tuk it up verry careful, and having found it stand at Seteld Fair, I think the question may be considered as fairly seteld.

"Yesterday we had a pick nick to the same place. We got up in the morning; namely, me and the kernel and the capten, who is very musicle,



ATLASS ASSURANCE.

and 6 or 8 of the griffins, bowld boys at the larses, and the same number of young ladys, and the servants: the gentelmen walking fust with ech a yung lady hanging on his arm, and us servants behind with ech a basket of vitals hanging on ourn. Ad to which was a blak hotentot, to cary our musicle instruments; namely, a peddle arp belonging to Mis Seleana Simkins, and the captens key bugel, and a fife and gittar belungin to 2 frends of the kernels as jined from Cape toun. The ill was very bad to clime, partly oing to the climeate, and part to the wait of the baskets, wich, tho' they contaned nothink but lite dishs, was verry hevvy to carry. At last we got to the climax, as the kernel cald it, and al of us sot down at the top of the table. It was agrede to begin by music; namely, a solo on the captens horn, but poor gentleman, bean quite out of wind, am sorry to say was oblegee to giv up his air. It was then perposd to amews usselvs by lukin out of tellescopes, but their being nothink to luk at only the sea and the ski, wich we'd sean anuff of them already, the tellescopes dropt to the ground. After the tellescopes cum "I spy," at wich the ladys and gentelmen plaid til dinner time; wile us servants amewsd usselvs by a game at blind man's buf, makein the hotentot be always blind, bycause as we sed he was dark by natur. Owever it was too hot to keep this up lung, so the kernel ordered us to lay the vitals on the table mounten, wich in coarse we did, and I must say, a nicer diner I nevver sea servd up, tho' praps sum peple mite object to sich hi dishs. I must allso own the mete was rather 2 much dun; but as Shakespere says, 'its no use grumblin, for whats overdun carnt be underdun.'

"After dinner music was again perposd, and Mis Seleana Simkins, and the capten, and the 2 gentelmen from Cape toun, kindly undertuk to open with the overture to Lot o' whisky, on the peddle arp, pipe, fife, gittar and kentish bugel. They had scacely plaid it more than $\frac{1}{2}$ threw, when they discoverd their was sumthink rong, and on compareing notes found the arp wasent up to concert pich, and the gittar 2 notes abuv, and the fife plaing only in the key of Gee, wile the captans bugel coodent go only on Sea. After abuv an our spent in putin on em in tune, it was found they was wurs out then ever, beside Mis Simkins having broke $\frac{1}{2}$ the strings of her arp in trying to bring em up to the gittar: so it was perposd to go a bottanizing into a oak wud as was near at and, to wich the ladys reddily consentid, tho' I strongly suspect they thort more about sweteharting than bottanizing. We had scarcely got into the hart of the



THE FIRST STEPS TO BOTANY.

oaks, and begun pikkin up the geraneums as was lying evry where about under our feets, which his kald bottanny, wen a herd of buffellows

was herd close at our hellbows, at wich we al tuk to our legs, both rite and left, leving them devvles of buffellows to take the indmost. As it turnt out owever, they was nothink of the sort, but only comon cows wanting to be milkt. Owever, as I sed before, we al skurrid of rite and left, or rather rite and rong, for sum lost their ways and didnt reach ome till 12 a klok at nite, of wich I am sorry to ad I was 1 of the number. But as I say, axidents wil appen in the best reggilated pick nix, and am appy to ad nothink else ocured woth noticing xcept the black hotentot runing away with the prog, wich betwene you and me, I allways prog nosticated he wood.

" In regard of the orses and ounds we hav had 2 or 3 terrible kik ups with the former, but nothink consequensial: and as to the later, wich you know was bit by a snake in 1 of them confoundid serpentine walks at Madeare, they ar al recovering, and sum past recovery allreddy; only xept 1 wich dide an unnatural deth, by bean throwd into the sea, to try wether he was in his senses or no, and got chopt by a shark. We set sale toomorro without reserve, so xpect to rite my next letter with Indy ink, and on Indy paper. In the mean time xcuse my foolscap. With wich I conclude myself,

" Your humble servant,

" BILL BULLFINCH.

" P. S. Luv to farther and mother, and pleas tell my later I sharnt forget to try and mach her tea things wen we unt in the chany cuntry. Allso sister Suky the same, and doant forget poor old grandmother."



WHAT A BEAU MY GRANNY WAS!

THE METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri. By THOMAS HAWKINS.
London.

The title of this work is not exactly correct. Memoirs would imply a history or biography collected from actual knowledge, or some oral or written communication. Now where Mr. Hawkins may have obtained his memoranda, to compile the biography of pre-existent animals, is rather puzzling. It rather ludicrously occurred to us, that any old lady who was not well versed in natural history, upon reading the title, might exclaim, as she peered through her spectacles, "Well, I wonder who can those two young gentlemen be with such hard names."

But now that we have had our joke, we must inform the readers that this is a most splendid folio volume, with twenty-eight admirably executed plates; nay, it is more than this, it is a work, the perusal of which the reader will rise from with feelings of mingled awe and pleasure. We have been geologists in our day; we say we have been, for latterly the turmoil of the world, and other pursuits, have obliged us to neglect all those *ologies* with which we once were well acquainted, and from which we received so much pure delight. When we do occasionally fall in with our once favourite studies, we find that research has been so busy, and that we are so far in arrear of the present knowledge, that we dare not drink again hastily at the stream; but we run and lap as we may, like the dog on the banks of the Nile, fearing the jaws of the alligator. Feeling like it, that to drink deep would endanger our falling into the jaws of science, and being held fast by the teeth of curiosity, we have therefore abandoned it, leaving it to those who can devote their whole time to follow up the glorious research, to dive into the past, and analyse and portray the pre-existent world; while we content ourselves with portraying and laughing at the existing follies of those who now people the globe. But what a world does Mr. Hawkins describe, and how beautifully does he describe it! How the mind turns inwards and dwells with wonder and deep thought upon that *which was*, and which may be supposed to have existed when the globe was in a state of chaos, before that it was prepared by the Almighty, or that man was fashioned in the image of his God! For such must we conjecture to have been the case; or there might have been a state of the globe in which the world was and chaos was not—a world not vacant, yet without a soul existing for the eye of mercy to look down upon—a world inhabited only by monsters preying upon each other, and whose existence being no longer adapted to the views of the

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divine Architect, when he changed the world into a paradise for man to live on, were destroyed and replaced by the beautiful and infinite variety with which it now is graced. But we are "weary of conjecture."

We wish Mr. Hawkins had written more, that he had given full and uncontrolled vent to those thoughts and feelings with which his mind is so evidently replete—to those imaginings so grand and even majestic—to that beautiful dependance on, and veneration of, the Deity, which so enhances the value of his work. His language is poetry, and sometimes approaches to the sublime. The difficulties which he had to encounter from ignorance and superstition, in his laborious and indefatigable pursuit, are told with much humour. We can imagine his horror and indignation at the wanton mutilation of such precious relics by the ignorant peasants. He is not the only lover of science who has had to complain; and we really believe, that if all which has been destroyed by ignorance and wantonness were recovered, it would more than compensate for all that we now possess, and which has been preserved by energy and science. But notwithstanding that Mr. Hawkins had to contend with such barbarous Iconoclasts of pre-existing remains, what he has collected must be most beautiful, if we are to judge by the plates accompanying his delightful work. Fully entering into the ideas and feelings of Mr. Hawkins, we not only thank him for his present publication, but trust that his future attempts may be the occasion of his bringing out another. We envy him his pursuit, we admire his talents and his perseverance, and we cannot conceive a more happy being in existence than the author seated on the Lias rock, indulging in the speculations of his ardent mind, and following up a study in which evidently consists the whole pleasure of his existence.

England; an Historical Poem. Vol. I. By JOHN WALKER ORD. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court.

Mr. John Walker Ord commences his work with a dedication to his majesty, full of full stops; in which he informs King William that in former times poets sat at the right hand of royalty. This, we presume, is a very broad hint for his majesty to ask him to dinner; and we trust his majesty's commands for his appearance at Windsor will be issued forthwith.

After the dedication comes the preface, in which we are made acquainted with the author's reasons for travestying the History of England, and a very odd reason it is. We will quote his own words:—

"I was first induced to the task by seeing the *dreadful* and *terrible* state of insubordination and dissatisfaction into which England has fallen by a long continuance of seditious and revolutionary measures on the part of ministers bred in the school of French and anti-national politics."

Now if this was really Mr. Ord's intention, we can only say that we are afraid his work will not succeed in its object. The history of England is but a history of *revolutions*, of intestine war, of "battle, murder, and sudden death." How he is to quell the spirit of innovation at present abroad, by turning revolution into verse, we cannot imagine. If poetry is to have that power, we advise him to try his hand at the "*Coercion Bill*," and see if, like another Orpheus, he cannot tame the Irish savages. When he has succeeded in that, he may take up the riot acts, which may then be "said or sung" in high places with wonderful effect. After that, he may labour upon the other acts of parliament *seriatim*. The author next falls foul of Dibdin, for which we shall fall foul of him. Speaking of that poet, Mr. Ord says:—

"What could be expected from one who had such a contemptible notion of the dignity of the subject?—the author of such rubbish as 'The Jew and the Doctor;' and from the writer of those villanous TAR songs, that make us so eminently disgusting in the eyes of all Europe; and drove, for many years, all the fine old legitimate music from our theatres and drawing-rooms?"

What this friend of legitimacy means by legitimate music, we cannot pretend to explain; but we will tell Mr. Ord that he has, in this paragraph, made a trifling mistake. One of those villanous tar songs is worth more than the whole of his book, and contains more beauty, more pathos, and more spirit, than are to be found in his 250 close pages; and so far from rendering us eminently disgusting, they did more to rouse the native valour, to call forth the energy, to inflame the patriotism, of the British seamen during our late arduous contest, than any thing else; and may be said to have assisted most materially in the achievement of those naval victories, which, instead of rendering the nation eminently disgusting, rendered her the wonder, the terror, and the admiration of the world. With this foolish paragraph we must say we are eminently disgusted.

Now to the introduction. Mr. Ord commences with "*perchances*."

"Perchance I mount the sky on languid wing,
Perchance to history I give foul wrong,
Perchance my soul is feeble as a reed."

Now, as Mr. Ord is in doubt on these subjects, we will relieve him. We have no doubt on the subject; let him erase the word "*perchance*," at the head of each of these lines, and the truth will stand confessed, as follows:—

"I mount the sky on feeble wing,
To history I give foul wrong,
My song is feeble as a reed."

Then we have his poem, entitled "*England*," which he commences in an address to Spenser *on his knees*, and which the reader will agree with us appears more appropriate to the Deity.

"Great spirit, let me worship on my knees,
With earnest adoration, thy great name."

In this part, we leave doubt and have *facts*; for instance, in the following stanzas we have somebody shaking her wings.

"She shook her wings, and prophecy arose;
She shook her wings, and mighty cities then;
She shook her wings, and Spenser's name rose bright."

Notwithstanding all this *shaking*, the poem is no *great shakes*. Here and there, to do justice to Mr. Ord, there is a good stanza or two; but, like Gratiano's reasons, they are "like two or three grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff; very hard to pick out, and, when found, not worth the trouble."

Memoirs of Monsieur H. de Latude. By S. M. CALCRAFT. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, London.

There never was perhaps a narrative penned which will be read with such painful interest as this—never a history of villany and diabolical cruelty which will so excite feelings of pity for the sufferer, and contempt for his persecutors. The very blood curdles at the recital, the hand is

unconsciously clutched, and the teeth are closed with indignation and horror, which accompany you as you turn over every page. The Marchioness de Pompadour, the base harlot of the despot, Louis XV., Monsieur de Sartori, Le Noir, Rougemont, and other miscreants, are here exposed in their true colours, and no one, when he has read this little book, will be at all surprised at the French revolution, or rather, will be astonished that it did not sooner take place—and we will say, but will feel inclined to acknowledge that it was a *glorious* revolution, and as such, to be justified before God and man—although the subsequent enormities which were committed can admit of no palliation. But these were the consequences of the revolution, and may be put down to the account of those, who, by their despotism and barbarity, forced a gallant nation to throw off their bonds; and heavy must be the account which they will have to settle, when they are summoned before their Judge. If there is one place in hell hotter than another, it must be reserved for such royal wretches as Louis XV., and for such painted sepulchres as his paramour the Marchioness de Pompadour.

The offence of M. Latude was more an act of folly than an act of wickedness, an attempt by false pretences to gain the interest of the then all powerful courtesan. There was a meanness in it which deserved punishment, but it was no offence against the laws. Trivial as it was, he was thrown into the Bastille—escaped in a manner almost incredible—gave himself up to his enemies—was again imprisoned—escaped and fled to a foreign state, but the enmity of the prostitute followed him even there, and for a bribe of 9,000*l.* sterling, he was given up by the Dutch ministers. He escaped a third time, and was again immediately imprisoned. The marchioness died, but had left a legacy of enmity against Latude to Monsieur de Sartori, a double-dyed villain, whose name must be registered with the list of those who are held up for eternal execration. After a series of sufferings, which it would appear the mortal frame could not endure—after a captivity in the most loathsome dungeons for thirty-five years, M. Latude obtained his liberty.

But if this book acquaints us with what villainies may be practised, what wretches there are in existence, it also proves of what the human mind is capable, when its ingenuity is required, and what resources it contains. The inventions of M. Latude to effect his wonderful escape, will be read with much interest. It further proves, that if there are such diabolical monsters as those whose names have been handed up in these pages, that there are also, as a counterpoise, heavenly and angelic natures to be still found on earth. The conduct of Madame Legros, and many others, is a pleasing relief to the unheard-of tissue of barbarity employed by the pampered minion of royal lust, and her cringing, base confederates. This book will be of great service; it will in future times of precipitate and thoughtless innovation, make every Englishman feel not only proud, but thankful that he lives in a country where property and person are safe even from the king himself, provided he offends not the laws established for all; and it will make some who have been rashly led away, pause ere they permit a constitution to be endangered, under which, imperfect as it may be in some points, he finds that no *lettre de cachet*, no titled strumpet, no servile minister—in short, that the king himself dare not, if he value his crown, (and perhaps his life,) interfere with the greatest blessing of existence,—liberty.

Belgium and Western Germany in 1833. By MRS. TROLLOPE.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Although Mrs. Trollope was not very fair in her remarks upon the Americans, we shall not follow her example in our review. It is evident

that Mrs. Trollope set off on this expedition in high good humour, and thus a *couleur de rose* is imparted to every thing about her. She is pleased with every thing, and every body, and that is the way in which we wish Mrs. Trollope, who certainly is a very clever woman, would write for the future. This work has raised her cent per cent in our estimation; and if she will only write one or two more like it, we will be really good friends with her. There is a very just remark of Mrs. Trollope's at the commencement of the tour, which is, that travellers hasten through Belgium as if it were nothing more than a high road to other countries, leaving behind them in their haste what is quite as well, and very often better, worth seeing. This is actually true, and from our knowledge we assert, that the towns of Ghent, Bruges, and Brussels, abound with objects of great interest, and the more so, from the very peculiar associations connected with them. On the whole, this is undoubtedly an interesting work, and so useful to those who follow up Mrs. Trollope's route, that we should recommend no *Pilgrim on the Rhine* to be unfurnished with it.

Mrs. Trollope, however, cannot give up her *crusade* against tobacco. She preaches like Peter the Hermit, exhorting all ranks and conditions to take up arms against it. This is not fair, either to America, of which it is the staple production, or to Belgium, whose broad acres are covered with it. In future let her not war against customs—there is no perfection in this world, and she cannot expect that inveterate habits and national customs will yield to her delicacy of sight and smell. She must acknowledge, that although there is a certain degree of snuffing, smoking, and chewing of the obnoxious weed going on, it is not a bad world after all.

There are occasional carelessnesses of style throughout these pages, which evidently prove that Mrs. Trollope has not corrected her own proofs. We recommend her to be very careful on this point, if ever she writes again, as, although she may think them of little consequence, yet we can tell her, that to our delicate *literary eyes*, they are quite as offensive as the stains of ejected tobacco juice upon the white deck of a steamer are to her very susceptible organs of vision. But we will set the example to her, of bearing and forbearing. Her work is a good work, and we heartily recommend its perusal.

Tours in Upper India. By MAJOR ARCHER. 2 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

This is an unpretending yet very lively itinerary of several tours taken by the author in various parts of India. To those who are unacquainted with barbaric pomp and splendour they will be found interesting: the routes are not over any very novel country, with the exception of the Himalaya Mountains, which still offer a harvest not yet reaped by the few that have written upon them. Major Archer accompanied Lord Combermere in his visit to the king of Oude, upon his obtaining permission to assume that title, and here we have a most animated description of the pomp and ceremony, splendour and meanness, of an oriental court. The following specimen of the well-known style of complimenting among the Hindoos amuses us. Lord Combermere appears to have fully imbibed the national style of hyperbole.

“The Begum Sumroo, of whom more hereafter, some days subsequent to her quitting the camp at Bhurtpore, in 1826, wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, that she had had no rest by day or night since she had parted with him. His Excellency in reply, said,—That on his arrival at Cawnpore, he found the boats which had been prepared for him, high and dry, from the lowness of the river, but that the tears he had shed when he thought of the period he should be absent from her presence, were so abundant as to float the vessels, and to enable him to proceed on his voyage.”

This was taken as a matter of course, and not considered otherwise than what it should have been.

But, in our opinion, the most valuable part of this work is the remarks upon the Indian Empire, with which the second volume is concluded. They are *true* and well worth the attention of those who legislate for this possession, so distant and so difficult to retain. Much as we dislike throwing patronage into the hands of government, we consider it highly expedient, that if the country is to be retained, it should not longer remain in the hands of the East India Company, who have proved themselves as incapable as they are arrogant, as paltry and mean as they are insolent and contemptible.

Chemical Recreations ; a Series of Amusing and Instructive Experiments, which may be performed with ease, safety, success, and economy : to which is added the Romance of Chemistry, with an Inquiry into the fallacy of the prevailing Theory of Chemistry, with a New Theory and a New Nomenclature. By JOSEPH JOHN GRIFFIN. Seventh Edition. Tegg and Son, London.

This is a very cleverly written book, written by a scientific and sensible man. The experiments are what the title designates them to be, and the Romance of Chemistry is really an exciting part of the book. A few more such writers as Mr. Griffin to devote their time and their energies to this science, and we should soon make discoveries that now even the most sanguine would not dare to dream of. His new theory and new nomenclature are really worthy of general adoption. We have not time to expatiate on the theory, but we will just say a word or two on the nomenclature. Mr. Griffin wishes, instead of using compounds that convey only a vague meaning, that we should use initial letters, one only, generally, but sometimes two, and even three, if the same single letters have been before appropriated to any other substance, and affixing to each of these letters numbers, that show the comparative parts of the compound ; thus he would write, or express in characters the bisulphate of potash, $K H S^2 O^4$, by which means not only is the word expressed, but also the comparative quantity of the component substances : thus we have of Kali K and of Hydrogen H , each one part, whilst of sulphur S^2 , there are two, and oxygen O^4 , four parts. This is a concise and beautiful arrangement, and no future discovery, whatever it may be, will hereafter want an accurate name, understood by all the world. But we think, when Mr. Griffin wishes to make this $K H S^2 O^4$, a pronounceable name he fails—what memory could retain, or what palate enunciate, at least with one breath, a word like this, Kalihydrosulinoxintetra, which is the $K H S^2 O^4$, put into pronunciation. The bisulphate of potash is the less accurate though much the better term. When we wish for accuracy let the letters be displayed, but the old terms will do as yet for common parlance. We dismiss the book with our hearty admiration.

Illustrations of Taxation. No. V. *The Scholars of Arneside, a Tale.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Charles Fox, Paternoster Row.

Miss Martineau has been for some time most ably illustrating the absurdity as well as the impolicy of our complicated system of taxation. Indeed, it would seem, that in many instances taxes were invented not so much, or at all, to assist the revenue, as to annoy the subject, make trade almost impossible *legally* to be carried on, to provide for co-

horts of functionaries, and to rear up a horde of persons that they may become hereafter very apt and efficient spies. She has done society at large great good by these exposés, and been teaching, not the government, for that is beyond tuition, but the governed, how much their resources have been exhausted, their exertions paralyzed, and their wealth wasted, by a ridiculous fiscal system. All this must be altered, were it only for the very shame of the exposure. These our remarks apply principally to the "Jerseyman," which, we believe, the author has not yet finished—at least, we have not received the concluding part. The "Scholars of Arneside" has for its moral the wickedness of ignorance, and the folly of increasing that wickedness by taxation upon knowledge. The case is well made out. There are three examples given—the almost totally ignorant—the wrongly and imperfectly informed—and one instructed to the extent of what now constitutes a tolerably educated man. The last of course only succeeds, and even his success is embittered by the dreadful fate of the two former, his brother and sister. The whole is well worked out—perhaps the profundity of the ignorance of one of the actors is overdone, for the sake of effect—but all the rest is decidedly good. Whilst Miss Martineau writes thus she ought not, as she threatens, to suspend her labours.

The Book of Butterflies, Sphinxes, and Moths, illustrated by one hundred and forty-four Engravings, coloured after Nature. By CAPT. THOMAS BROWN. 3 Vols., Volume III. Whittaker and Co., London; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.

We will first speak of the great merit of this little stray volume, that has somehow wandered to our library table, and afterwards of the great mistake that has been somewhere committed. In perspicuity of diction, in happiness of arrangement, and in elegance of execution, this volume may, for its size, challenge any other treatise on the same subject. Even the colouring has been delicately as well as brilliantly laid in. It must become a favourite with all classes, and more particularly with the ladies. The remarks upon the nature and habits of the various silkworms has reduced that subject almost to a science. The all-providing care of the great Architect of nature is displayed in a wonderful manner in its various changes of this portion of the insect tribe, and in this light, the volume may be looked upon as an excellent moral sermon, extolling the omniscience of the Creator. So much for the book, now for the mistake. When Hodge, as the story goes, fell asleep in his cart, and some rogue stole his horse, on awaking he exclaimed—"Odds fizzigigs! If I be Hodge, I've lost a horse, but if I ben't he, I've found a cart." So we may say, at seeing this poor little isolated volume, the only one out of eighty of Constable's Miscellany, finding its solitary way to our shelves, "Bless us! we have either lost seventy-nine volumes, or, we have no right to find the eightieth."

An Analysis of the Literature of Ancient Greece, commencing with the Origin and Formation of Languages, &c. &c. By M. BRAILSFORD, T.C.D. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.

Festus exclaimed to Paul, "Much learning hath made thee mad." The taunt was undeserved. Indeed, it can be rarely applied to any one. Yet much learning, heaped upon a weak understanding, is certain to beget a confusion of intellect, not amounting to madness, but certainly to monomania. We can easily conceive the sort of hallucination that must visit

a feeble mind, that has spent the greater part of a life in the acquirement of a dead language. Now to such a mind, and such an one our author would seem to possess, every letter of the work of a favourite author must have a recondite meaning, every word its attendant mystery, and every sentence a sanctity hidden from the vulgar eye, like the strange phantasma that have visited us, when we are rather feverish, as we are about to slumber, after having contested a severe game of chess. Men and women become bishops and pawns, and events move on the board. There is nothing real in life but chess; in fact, it is the microcosm. A like illusion seems to have visited Mr. Brailsford. There is nothing genuine but Greek literature. In it, is contained all the arts and sciences, all the elements of knowledge, and all the means of happiness. Such is the man that will assuredly build up a theory, and Mr. Brailsford has built one. When a man is enthusiastic, he does not scruple at a little alteration of the Scriptures, and most liberal and startling assertions, such as the Greek letter Delta was made in that form (Δ) to preserve the memory of the Delta of the Nile being drained, as the said form represents a door or opening, used in the draining of swamps; that the confusion of language was not general, but only applied to the tribe of Anakites; that the fabled expedition of the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece, was nothing more than a search after a book covered with parchment; and, that the siege of Troy was said to be defended by Neptune, because its walls were composed of conglomerate sea shells. A theory, erected in this manner, it is not necessary for us to attempt to overthrow. We quit the work, by giving it all the commendation we can, in saying that it evinces great learning and but little judgment, though we will not go the length to assert that it justifies the simile of an ass staggering under the load of a pannier filled with excellent books.

Thoughts on Materialism, and on Religious Festivals and Sabbaths.

By HENRY BRADSHAW FREARON. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.

Mr. Frearon sets out with asserting, that materialism is a scriptural doctrine; and so it is, but not that materialism that derides God, but a materialism by which God works out his glory, exemplifies his power, and exhibits his all-pervading and all-preserving love. We humbly think, that it is impossible to conceive an immaterial soul. It is a contradiction of terms—an absurdity. Properties and qualities we can conceive, and that hardly, to be immaterial, but that which possesses properties and qualities, and is recognizable by some sense, even beyond those which we possess, must consist of matter—refer it to what extent you will, a recognizable must be a material essence. We cannot conceive either, what religion or Christianity gains by stigmatizing doctrines that are no ways opposed to revelation, but are upheld by it, as may be proved by a thousand texts, and by the whole tenor of both the Old and New Testaments. If solar light be matter, resolve some such matter to a substance a million times more ætherialized, but it will be matter still; and surely, if such a thing were done, or it were possible to be done, let the immaterials take what quantity they like of it, wherewith to make up a soul to their satisfaction. But how vain are all these speculations! Let us attend only to the Word of life—we there find that we shall rise again in the body—and that is sufficient for us. Mr. Frearon has handled this subject learnedly, temperately, and piously. We think that he has reason on his side, and reason and true religion are convertible terms. As to the second part, treating on the Festivals and the Sabbaths, it is quite the affair of the clergy. It is a bold and open attack, and should

be met, for the honour of the church, and for the comfort and satisfaction of its members, boldly and openly. The Bishop of London is called upon personally to account for holding different doctrines, in different publications, in order to serve present circumstances. There are the quotations, and, as they stand in juxtaposition, they call aloud for explanation. Time-serving opinions are but a meaner species of lying.

The Romance of History. France. By LEITCH RITCHIE. 3 vols. Bull and Churton, Holles Street.

This, the third volume, contains "The Magic Wand," "The Rock of the Fort," "The Dream Girl," and "The Lottery of Jewels," all forcibly written tales, and well adapted to the illustration of the various epochs in which the scenes are laid. In the "Magic Wand" much of sterling romance is mixed up with historical fact; and the amalgamation is done in a manner so artist-like, that we can barely discover what is fiction, and what history. "The Rock of the Fort" is a mere historical fact, most beautifully told; and a fact of that startling nature, that may well make the apology for any the wildest creation of the imagination. "The Dream Girl" is an affecting little incident, that would dramatize beautifully. But we think that the "Black Mask, or the Lottery of Jewels," is the most effective of the series. It is the history of that pious adulteress, Madame de Maintenon. Out of the materials that the elevation of the lady has afforded, there is worked up a most diverting and probable by-plot, that will irresistibly command the attention of the reader. This is altogether an excellent volume, and we are sorry to find that it concludes all the romance that Mr. Ritchie so well knows how to extract from history.

A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems; including the Ode lately addressed in the Theatre to the Duke of Wellington. By JOHN GRAHAM, of Wadman College. W. and J. Boone, New Bond Street.

This volume abounds in genuine poetry. When a work demands our unqualified approbation, we can only express that approbation, and conclude. The panegyric must always be more brief than the condemnatory critique, at least with us; not that we do not delight to linger over the act of measuring out our laudation; but we find, when we are compelled to reprehend, that the author, the public, and justice to ourselves, require that we should make out our case, by specifying particular faults, and proving individual failings. These poems of Mr. Graham are good, because they are unaffected, imaginative, and highly polished. They do not attempt much, but they achieve even more than the author intended; for his mind is naturally so buoyant, that he often rises above his subject. The ode about Wellington was a hard subject, and he has got well through it. A hundred years hence, when the great captain will have become a principal feature in our history, and that time shall have worn away the homely and the ridiculous that hang about the idea we have of him, odes may then be written on his acts and himself with safety; but now—the most sublime would be apt to provoke more laughter than any other nobler feelings. Reflecting on all this, we think that Mr. Graham has done wonders—only in not being absurd. "The Vision of Fair Spirits" is an unvarying vision of beauty; and all the minor poems teem with elegance, and are expressed with the best graces of writing.

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A Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy. By B. G. HUME
WEATHERHEAD, M.D. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall
Court.

This is a volume full of pleasantries and pleasantness. The author has travelled with a light and healthy heart, however heavy and sore his foot may, at times, have been from his manner of journeying. The diction is easy and unaffected, the remarks full of vigour and vivacity, and though the adventures that he met with, have in them nothing singular or romantic, yet is the whole tenour of the narrative highly amusing. The doctor has proved himself no mean proficient as a connoisseur in the fine arts. Whenever he viewed a picture, and he has visited most that are worthy of notice in his route, he has given that description of it that proves that he has a high relish for the beautiful, and a considerable power of language in giving elegant expression to what he feels so keenly. When we tell the reader that our author reached Rome, travelling through Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Montpellier, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, and Florence, visiting every thing of note by the way, he may well understand what a fund of amusement the perusal of this book must procure for him. Let him understand that, what he will read, will not be the dull prosings of a dogmatizing tourist, but the witty observations of a gentlemanly, pleasant companion, with a mind well imbued with classic lore, and, therefore, fully alive to the classical associations that the ground over which he travels will so naturally call forth. We recommend this book as an elegant relaxation from severer studies, from which much information will be imbibed with much amusement.

Valpy's Edition of Hume and Smollett's England. Continued by
the REV. T. S. HUGHES, to 1835. Volume Seventh. London.

This volume embraces the principal part of the life of the first Charles, and the beginning of the Commonwealth, and, perhaps no parts of our history abound more in instruction than these. Notwithstanding Hume's monarchical bias, we do not think that there exists, upon the whole, a better account of those eventful times than that which we find in this history. The whole of Charles's history is full of strange anomalies: our sensible forefathers made war upon him in his own name, to prove their loyalty, and with the maxim fully acknowledged that the king can do no wrong, tried him, the head of the law, him who has the power of pardon against any sentence of the law, by the law for rebellion against his own subjects, and then, notwithstanding his prerogative of pardon, cut off his head, by a finding of the law. All these contradictions were the effect of deep hypocrisy. The republicans dared not openly avow the latitude of their principles in the first instance, and therefore pretending to preserve the forms of the constitution, they destroyed it, and its head together. May we never see a repetition of such scenes.

The Art of being Happy, chiefly from the French of M. Droz. By
BOURNE HALL DRAPER. William Darton and Son, Gracechurch
Street.

We have read this volume with a great deal of satisfaction. We really believe that we are somewhat the happier for it; or, at least, we intend so to be. We already profit by the art, as the principles of it are here

laid down. However, among all the various aphorisms, excellent rules, and sterling moral regulations, that are here offered to us, we do not see one, that we have always found of most service to us in any affliction; and as we are very generously disposed, we give it gratuitously to the public; and that is, of making the present moment bear no more than its own share of misery under our misfortunes, neither increasing that misery to it on the one hand, by anticipations, or on the other, by retrospections. Let any one seriously try this, even under physical pain, and he will be astonished how much it will assuage his anguish. The pain of the moment, or of the grief, is never more than we can bear; but the looking forward to the aggregate of moments of suffering, it is this that makes visitations horrible. It may be said that the mind is not under our controul. We deny it. Imagination is almost every thing, both in our pains and pleasures. We recommend the book before us. It cannot be read without advantage, for its principles are founded upon sound morality and cheerful piety; for when we have learned how to bear with our evils, we may safely look upon them as more than half vanquished.

Lays and Legends of various Nations, illustrative of Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c. By WILLIAM J. THOMS. George Cowie, 312, Strand.

This, the sixth number of this interesting periodical, gives us a few of the "Legends of Tartary." They are most amusing, and highly characteristic of the country which gave them birth. We really think, that of all the preceding numbers, we like this the best. When we give up the reins of our judgment to the fancy of our entertainer, we like the flight to be high, vast, profound, and wonderful. All this we find in the little volume before us. So much do we revel in the marvellous of these tales, that we really begrudge Mr. Thoms the space that he occupies with his very erudite comparisons and analogies between the various fairy tales of all nations; the more especially as these fictions must be nearly alike, modified of course by the national habits in all countries. We pronounce it as an indubitable fact, that if a person, never having read or heard a fairy tale in his life, were to sit down to compare, he would not miss an unconscious imitation of some half dozen already extant in as many communities. Indeed, so ample is fairy lore, that you cannot lie out of it, any more than a man can swear out of the chapter of curses, so humorously recorded in *Tristram Shandy*. We hope, in the next number, to see more tales and less commentaries.

Remarks on Forest Scenery, &c. By the late W. GILPIN. Fraser, Edinburgh.

We must apologise to the publishers for having so long delayed our opinion as to this very interesting work; but it was borrowed without our consent, and, in a double sense, we lost sight of it, until it was returned. Perhaps there is not any work which, from its title, has received such injustice. Forest scenery has charms, it must be acknowledged; but we imagined, before we opened it, that it was a dissertation upon trees, planting, &c. On the contrary, although it contains every requisite direction on that head, it is at the same time a most valuable book of reference. It is full of historical anecdotes, which might otherwise have been lost. That of the New Forest is particularly interesting; and we

have an admirable account of all the indigenous animals who frequent our woods. The plates with which it is embellished are very correct and spirited; and we laid down the book, resolving in our own mind to return to it again whenever we felt that we had an odd half hour which we wished to while away in an agreeable manner. We earnestly recommend this work as an addition to every gentleman's library.

The Turnip Fly. Report of the Committee of the Doncaster Agricultural Association. James Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

This publication is premature. It is useless to tell the world that the committee have discovered nothing. The labours of this committee, however, have been well directed; and if prosecuted with similar spirit and talent henceforward, cannot but effect great good, not only as regards the extirpation of this devastating insect, but also, collaterally, into the habits and haunts of many other tiny plunderers of our fields, and devourers of our harvest. We think that the labours of our first entomologists should be secured. They are the most likely, by their researches, to trace the evil up to its origin, and the remedy will then be easy from the hands of the agriculturist. It is a national question, and its importance will warrant our notice of the matter before us, though contained only in an unpretending pamphlet.

The Ethical Magazine. Volumes III. and IV. William Strange, Paternoster Row.

We are glad to find that this Magazine continues to prosper, and still more so that, altogether, it continues worthy of such prosperity. The prose is very good, and there are *many* fine poems in its pages; among these we cannot refrain from noticing a beautiful one, entitled "the Idol of Memory," by Mr. Clarke, the author of "Stray Flowers." We wish that *all* the poems were in keeping with this, and, without being too critical with an infant publication, we would recommend the editor to be more particular in future; as in these days of poetry, a Magazine, with claims like the Ethical, should be entirely free from such *rhimes* as "manhood" and "childhood," "run" and "gone," no less than from the abomination of *sickly sentiment* and *maudlin affectation*. That we take the trouble thus severely to criticize, is an evidence that we do not think lightly of the object of our labours.

The Popular Encyclopedia; being a General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy. With various Original Dissertations by Eminent Authors. Blackie and Son, East Clyde Street, Glasgow.

This volume, the second, is introduced by an able, spirited, and sterling dissertation on "The Rise and Progress of Literature," from the pen of Sir Daniel Sandford. The Encyclopedia then proceeds in its alphabetical course as far as the word "Congress." We have opened this volume, at several parts, and we have found every article well, scientifically, yet succinctly treated, and expressed in a manner that really does honour to the compilers. The plates are among some of the finest specimens of the burin. This undertaking will vindicate its title of "Popular," and we feel assured will also verify as well as vindicate it. The type, binding, and the getting up of the work, are in accordance with the excellency of its contents; and we hope that it will speedily reward all concerned upon it by a deserved success.

Rodwell's Geography of the British Isles, with Maps. 2 vols.
Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

The best arranged school-book, on the subject, that we have yet seen. The information is conveyed in the manner of question and answer; there is a well engraved map of each county to elucidate the explanations, and the accessory intelligence is certainly most important, and must have cost the lady as much reading to collect, as she has shown good taste in the selection. From the historical notices attached to the various places, with which she has enlivened the whole of the work, we think her equally capable of giving to the juvenile world a history of England, upon the same excellent plan as she has adopted in this her Geography. We sincerely recommend the work to schools and tutors, and we would not have it neglected by those who fancy that their education is finished.

Curiosities in Literature. By J. D'ISRAELI, Esq., D.C.L., and F.S.A.
Ninth Edition, revised. 6 vols. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

This convenient and well got-up edition is now completed, by the sixth and last volume having made its introductory bow to the public. These curiosities have now established themselves as standard classics of English literature. Edition after edition will still be continually called for, whilst any thing approaching to good taste remains in those many and vast regions that communicate by means of the English language. We can have but little to say, except to exhaust ourselves in eulogium, which on this subject would be but common place, and we do not much affect to be the echo of an echo, however universal, but shall conclude, by saying that, as it is imperative on every gentleman to possess a copy of this work, he cannot do better than procure one of this, Mr. Moxon's, edition.

Auto-biography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay. ANON. Hookham,
Old Bond Street.

This book contains a very unpleasing subject unpleasingly handled. The circumstance upon which the plot turns is by no means original, though very painful to contemplate, that of a half-brother marrying his half-sister, in ignorance of the consanguinity. The attendant suicide on the part of the husband, and the madness on the part of the wife, are very unnatural, and abhorrent to all reason and good feeling. These mistakes, much as they are to be commiserated, do not produce such very violent effects. The pair had but recently married, and there was not cause sufficient to induce that sudden convulsion of horror that brought about such terrible consequences. At best, it is surely in bad taste to work up such materials—bad in the thing itself, and bad because it is so easy to invent or to borrow like incidents. The most readable parts of the book are those descriptive of Indian scenery and manners. The life itself is but a confession of disgraceful amours, that, notwithstanding the melancholy issue that they have, do as little service to morality, as the author has to his literary reputation, in the manner of relating them.

Northcroft's Parliamentary Chronicle. Northcroft, Chancery Lane.

This useful publication fully upholds its character in this, the twenty-seventh part. The debates are given fairly, as to comparative length, to all parties, and well condensed. The number is agreeably enlivened by some good critiques at the end of it, which are no small recommendation to the publication.

London at Night, and other Poems. By LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. Longman, Rees, and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

These poems are very irregular, but, as we are told that "we should not break a butterfly upon a wheel," we shall not hurt this little moth, which appears, by the following verse, to be in some danger from fluttering too near the flame.

"This love, this deep, this mighty love,
Which makes my heart such transports prove—
To thee an empty dream may seem,
To ME, it makes all else a dream."

Sketches of Natural History. By MARY HOWITT. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.

Facts of natural history are, in this pretty little book, naturally and delightfully impressed upon every reader, in strains of real poetry. It is not only the very young that will borrow delight from this work. Beauty is appreciated by all eyes. Some of these poems approach to the majestic, and breathe a spirit of inspiration that will be felt by the child, and be both felt and understood by those of maturer years. The "Nettle King" is a specimen of this.

Ella, an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. By JOHN MORRISON, A.B.C.D. Printed for the Author, Dublin.

This play is an inimitable satire upon those namby-pamby dramatists, who borrow their ideas of grandeur, poetry, and propriety, from the amateur actors that charm themselves and novel reading milliners at private theatres. So covert is the ridicule, that we read a great deal of it before we discovered it, and only thought the author to be a fool, but when we came to "Great god of war," and other sounding expressions, our eyes were fortunately opened, and we enjoyed the exquisite quiz amazingly. It really beats the bombastic play in Sheridan's "Critic."

The Poetical Works of the Rev George Crabbe, with his Letters and Journals. By his SON. 8 vols. Vol. VII. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This volume is solely occupied by the "Tales of the Hall." We cannot possibly have any remarks to make upon so well known and highly appreciated a work. The externals of the volumes still preserve their high character, and they appear in a costume almost worthy of their sterling contents.

The Looker On; a Note Book of the Sayings and Doings at Cheltenham. H. Davies, Montpelier Library, Cheltenham.

The editor of the above spirited little periodical has been so polite as to send us a series of the numbers of the "Looker On," which we have looked through, and would have none residing at Cheltenham or its vicinity overlook, but carefully look them over, and they will find in them much to amuse, and something to instruct.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Description of Ely Cathedral, with Engravings, 20s.
 Genlis's *Manuel du Voyageur*, three languages, 19th Edition, 6s. 6d.
 The Precepts of Jesus, and Three Appeals in their Defence. By the late R. Roy. 8vo. 12s.
 Daily Monitor. By C. Brookes. 8vo. 7s.
 Rev. Archdeacon Parry's Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
 Tarver's French Exercises. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 O'Neil's Dictionary of Spanish Painters, Part II. royal 8vo. 21s.
 Hankinson's Sermon against Unitarians. 8vo. 2d.
 Selby's attempted Examination of ditto. 3d.
 Hodgson's Charge to the Clergy of Stafford. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 A short Account of the Life and Hardships of a Glasgow Weaver. 8vo. 3d.
 Williams's Essay on the Peculiarities of the Gospel. 12mo. 1s.
 Burfitt's Lecture on Church Establishments. 8vo. 4d.
 Scenes from Parisian Life, from the French of Balzac. 8vo. 8s.
 The Man of Honour, and the Reclaimed. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 History of the United States of America. By George Bancroft. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.
 History of France, in Question and Answer. By Sarah Ransom. 12mo. 5s.
 Latin Authors, selected for the Use of Schools. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Greek Authors, selected for the Use of Schools. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 The Language of Flowers, or Alphabet of Floral Emblems. 12mo. 1s.
 Daily Monitor. By Charles Brooks. 8vo. 7s.
 Anglo-Saxon Translation of the Story of Apollonius of Tyre, with a literal Translation. By B. Thorpe, F.S.A. 12mo. 6s.
 Fourteen Sermons on the Lord's Supper, &c. 12mo. 3s.
 A Paraphrastic Translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By Lacijs. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Scottish Pulpit, Vol. III. 8vo. 8s.
 Pearls of Sacred Poetry. Collected by Mrs. Bourne. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
 Landscape Illustrations of Scott's Poetical Works. Royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. hf. mor.; 4to. Proofs, 2l. 8s.; India, 2l. 16s.
 Don Quixote, illustrated by George Cruikshank. fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 Memoir of a Proposed new System of Permanent Fortification. By Joseph Bordwine. 4to. 21s.
 The Family Book of Reference. By James Luckcock. 12mo. 1s.
 A Defence of the Church of England. By Templum Laicus. 8vo. 1s.
 The Trial of Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th, or King's Hussars. 8vo. 5s.
 Summer Rambles on the Study of Natural History, with coloured Plates, square. 4s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A Novel of a very superior description is just ready for publication, edited by Mr. Lister, the author of "Granby;" it is to be entitled "Anne Grey."

Jacob Faithful, whose adventures have been so much relished in detached portions, will shortly appear collected into the orthodox form of three volumes, and will then become a suitable companion to Peter Simple, whose success has been almost unprecedented; the publishers, we understand, are preparing a Third Edition, two large impressions having been already disposed of.

A Second Edition of those powerfully written volumes, "The Two Old Men's Tales," is just ready. From the talent evinced in this, the first production of the author, we look forward with considerable interest to another work from the same pen.

The author of "The O'Hara Tales," has just ready a new series, entitled "The Mayor of Wind-gap."

Early in the present month will appear "The Trial of William Shakspeare for Deer Stealing," printed from the original MS.

Among the earliest literary novelties of the season, will be a work of fiction from the pen of the Countess of Blessington.

Sir William Gell's valuable work on the Topography of Rome, will be issued in the course of the present month; the Map which will accompany it, has been made expressly for the work from actual survey, and at an enormous cost.

The Oriental Annual for 1835 is announced for publication on the 1st of October.

The Geographical Annual for 1835, will comprise, in addition to its hundred beautifully coloured Engravings of all the States, Kingdoms, and Empires, throughout the World, a compendious universal Gazetteer. This popular Annual will be issued about the middle of October.

The Biblical Annual for 1835. This valuable Companion to the Holy Scriptures will be published about the same time, and uniform with, the Geographical Annual.

The Life of Prince Talleyrand, accompanied with a Portrait, will be published in a few days.

Select Sermons and Essays, from the MSS. of the Rev. George Crabbe.

Journal of a Residence in America, by Mrs. Butler, (late Miss Fanny Kemble.)

The Life and Correspondence of General Wolfe. Edited by Dawson Turner, Esq. assisted by communications from Robert Southey, Esq.

A complete Latin-English Dictionary, compiled from the best sources, chiefly German, and adapted to the Use of Colleges and Schools, by the Rev. Ismond Riddle, M.A.

The Sacred Scriptures illustrated from the Customs, Manners, Rites, Superstitions, Traditions, Parabolical and Proverbial Forms of Speech, Climate, Works of Art, and Literature of the Hindoos, by Observations made during a Residence in the East of nearly Fourteen Years, by the Rev. Joseph Roberts.

Lexilogus; or, Helps to the Explanations of numerous Greek Words and Passages, particularly in Homer and Hesiod. By the late Philip Buttmann, Doctor and Foreign Professor in Berlin. Translated and edited by the Rev. J. R. Fishlake, A.M.

A Description of that part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy; its natural history, manners, and customs, superstitions, scenery, antiquities, biography of eminent persons, &c.; in a Series of Letters to Robert Southey, Esq. By Mrs. Bray.

Scenes in Spain. By a Citizen of Louisiana.

An Introduction to Greek Prose Composition. Part II., Syntax. By the Rev. John Kenrick, M.A.

Geology of the Counties of Salop, Hereford, Radnor, Montgomery, Brecknock, Caermarthen, Monmouth, Worcester, and Gloucester, with large Geological Maps, numerous Coloured Sections, and many Plates of unpublished Organic Remains. By Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S.

Tales for the British People, from the pen of a Lady, already favourably known to the literary world.

A second edition of Black Gowns and Red Coats, or Oxford in 1834, in two parts, is announced.

Miriam Coffin, or the Whale Fishermen, a Tale, in three volumes.

The Right Use of Freedom, a Tale, taken from facts, and written expressly for the instruction and amusement of the working population of the West Indies, by Mrs. Carmichael, author of the "Domestic Manners of the West Indies."

The Gun; or a Treatise on the Manufacture, Nature, and Principle of the various descriptions of small Fire Arms; with Suggestions for Improvements which might easily be effected. By William Greener.

Mr. Rowbotham has in the press, a New Guide to the French Language, in Conversations, Dialogues, and a copious Vocabulary, with the Pronunciation to the most difficult words, for the use of Schools and Travellers.

Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak; a Legend of Devon. In 3 vols. By Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Bray.

The Third Part of a Dictionary of Practical Medicine, with numerous Formulæ of Medicines. By James Copland, M.D. F.R.S.

The Dublin Practice of Midwifery. By Henry Maunsell, M.D. 1 vol. 12mo.

Human Physiology. By John Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. President of the Medical and Chirurgical, and of the Phrenological Societies of London, Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine, and Dean of the Faculty, in the University of London, Physician to the London University Hospital, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. With which is incorporated much of the Institutiones Physiologiae of J. B. Blumenbach, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Medicine in the

University of Göttingen. Fifth Edition; with a large number of Anatomical Woodcuts, for illustration to the general reader. The last edition has been taken to pieces, and the contents arranged in a new and natural order; and a large quantity of fresh matter has been added, which has not yet found its way into any physiological work.

A Treatise on Physical Optics: in which Three Hundred Phenomena are stated and explained, on the Principles of Gravitation; including the most interesting and difficult relating to the Motion, Reflection, &c., of Light; the Solar Spectrum; Colours of Thin Crystals; Vision; Colours of Natural Bodies, &c.

NEW MUSIC.

Music Book of Beauty. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court. 1834.

We do not sit down to the piano ourselves. It was a luxury not permitted in a midshipman's berth when we were young, and we are now too old to learn. When, therefore, music is sent to us, we are obliged to apply to the other sex for their assistance in offering an opinion to the public. If one sheet of music is sent to us, we generally request the assistance of only one lady, out of several of our musical friends, upon whose correct ear and taste we implicitly pin our faith. But when we received this splendid work, we thought that we must do it justice, and as there were twelve songs, we thought that in the multitude of counsellors there would be safety, and that we would empanel a jury of our fair countrywomen to deliver their verdict. We acted accordingly; but if there is safety in a multitude of counsellors, there certainly is not unanimity, and having heard and read the various opinions, we felt so much puzzled, that we doubt if ever we shall have recourse to the measure again. Take, for instance, the written replies, of which we had three.

DEAR EDITOR;—"The Moon, the Moon," is very beautiful; [so we always thought she was.] "My first love and my last," I like amazingly; [most young ladies do;] the others I can say little about.

Yours, E——.

We opened the second two days afterwards.

DEAR EDITOR;—Most of these airs are very pretty indeed, but I do not admire "Sweet girl, for ever fare thee well." [No lady does, thought we.] And as for the "Lovely Girl," its but a so so sort of thing, and has no pretensions whatever to beauty. [A little envy there, we calculate.]

Yours, B——.

DEAR EDITOR;—The "Lover's Bower," is quite delightful; [so most ladies think.] "Old King Time," is a quick movement, but not at all agreeable; [very true, thought we.] As for "Buccaneers and Lovers," I never fancy those kind of things; [many are of your opinion, my fair lady.] I like the Quadrilles; [what lady does not?]

Yours, C——.

Our verbal communications were equally at variance, and we were reminded of the painter, who hung out his picture for every one to find out the faults and the beauties. We must therefore suppose, as the picture acknowledged perfect was so dashed over as to be obliterated, so that the Music Book of Beauty, with its twelve songs, and set of Quadrilles, is in precisely the same situation, containing beauties which more or less please, according to the idiosyncrasy of the parties who run over its pages. It is most beautiful in its binding and title page, and ought to be lying on the drawing-room table or boudoir of every amateur of fashion.

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by STANFIELD, TURNER, CALCOTT, and other eminent Artists, made from original Sketches taken on the spot. With Descriptions of the Plates, by the Rev. THOMAS HORNE, B.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street; Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

Let any one cast his eyes on the illuminated copies of the most splendid editions of the Bibles that bore the superiority some forty or fifty years ago, and

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observe how awkward, in what bad taste, and how arbitrary all their illustrations were. In lieu of all this, truth is now offered to the public, and that too, in its most graceful garb, by the talents of the most eminent artists living. The part now before us, the seventh, contains a spirited view of the Brook of Kishon, from a drawing taken on the spot by the Honourable Captain E. Fitzmaurice. A party are represented in the act of fording its troubled waters, and it seems to be an operation both of difficulty and danger. The high mountains in the back ground, and in the distance, give a magnificent, as well as a picturesque, air to the whole scene. The engraving is excellent. No, AMMON-THEBES is a plate of great clearness and beauty. The hand of Mr. Stanfield has been here, and we are no longer surprised at the magical effect of the distribution of the lights and shadows. The WILDERNESS OF ENGEDDI, and the Convent of Santa Saba, is the subject of the next plate; it is wild and romantic, and got up with much judgment. The concluding engraving is that of MOUNT LEBANON, and the Ruins of Balbec, in which all concerned have well played their parts. The notices by Mr. Horne are at once succinct, yet replete with the most needful points of information, and are well adapted to the purpose for which they were written.

Illustrations of the Bible, by Richard Westall, Esq., R.A., and John Martin. With Descriptions by the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. Bull and Churton, Holles Street.

This publication proceeds well. It improves in the clearness of the wood-cuts, which appear better adapted to Mr. Martin's than to Mr. Westall's designs. When applied to the works of the latter gentleman, there is an awkwardness, stiffness, and rawness about the cuts, that we wish were amended. We think that the lights that the artist leaves are too broad and too decided. We have not space to enumerate all the subjects of the engravings: they all deserve praise, and we think, with the little exception that we have mentioned, are excellent.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE colonial trade maintained its firmness at the commencement of the month. There appears to be a very considerable trade now carrying on with Australia in the article of wool, the quantity being in general good, and the prices that it fetches commensurate. The apprehensions entertained of the failure of the hop harvest have proved fallacious. On the 20th ult. a tea sale took place, for the first time, since the termination of the East India Company's monopoly; but it did not appear to excite a great interest, and most of the samples offered were bought in at very low prices. As yet, there have been no arrivals direct from China since the opening of the trade. The duty on hops at the end of the month was estimated at £120,000. The harvest appears to be a very fair average one, nor has there been much fluctuation in the prices of grain. The commercial prospects of the country are, upon the whole, by no means gloomy. We may say that we can boast of a very fair degree of prosperity, chequered here and there with partial distress.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 212, 223.—Indian Ditto, 257 half, 258 half.—Three per Cents. Consols, 89 seven-eighths, 90.—Three per Cents Reduced, 90 three-eighths, 90 half.—Three and a Half Per Cents Reduced, 98 three-eighths, 98 half.—New Ditto, 97 three-quarters, 98.—India Bonds, 15, 17.—Exchequer Bills, 38, 40.—Consols for Account, Oct. 15, 90 quarter, 90 three-eighths.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian Bonds, 98 half, 99.—Brazilian Ditto, 77 three-quarters, 78 quarter.—Columbian Six

Per Cent, 29 half, 30.—Dutch Two and a Half Per Cent, 50 three-eighths, 50 seven-eighths.—Ditto, Five Per Cent, 98 five-eighths, 98 seven-eighths.—Mexican Six Per Cent, 25 half, 26 half.—Portuguese, 81 three-quarters, 82.—Spanish, (1822,) 45 half, 45 three-quarters.—Russian Five Per Cent, 106, 106 half.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8, 9.—British Iron, 30, 31.—Real Del Monte, 30, 31.—United Mexican, 4l. 10s. 5l.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—The English funds suffered a trifling decline in the beginning of the month, which was occasioned by the ministry being beaten by Mr. O'Connell on the Tithe Question. There has been, during the whole month, a great exportation of the precious metals. In consequence of bank notes being made a legal tender, and convertible into cash only at the bank of England, gold is at a discount from the metropolis in some of the provincial towns at one-eighth premium. We anticipate another slight shock to the quiet operation of the currency, another discrepancy between the nominal and real value of paper, and a sort of an ovation for Mr. Cobbett and his gridiron. Towards the end of the month money became very scarce in the city, and discount rose to four and five per cent. Excessive languor prevailed at that time both in the English and Foreign money market. There have been some scandalous stock-jobbing manœuvres in Spanish securities; but the mischief has been mostly limited to the bourse of Paris.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 22, TO AUGUST 22, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

July 22.—J. Collis, Fleet Street, tailor.—C. Cue, Gloucester, retailer of beer.—J. Hadwen, Lockwood, Yorkshire, cotton spinner.—J. Brooks, Wells, mercer.—J. Jones, Liverpool, grocer.—H. Walker, St. Martin, Worcester, glove manufacturer.—J. Buckley, Hollingrove, Yorkshire, merchant.—W. H. Gibson, Liverpool, hatter.—T. S. Moore, Norwich, crape manufacturer.—W. Oliver, Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, chemist.

July 24.—H. M'Intosh, Cambridge, tailor.—T. Roberts, Watling Street, wholesale stationer.—R. Back, Gardener's Lane, Upper Thames Street, wharfinger.—W. S. Evans, Robert Street, Bedford Row, bricklayer.—H. Pembroke, Cheapside, boot maker.—J. Rowland, Liverpool, victualler.—J. W. Morley, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, surgeon.—S. Thomas, St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, candle manufacturer.—W. Toone, Leuton, Nottinghamshire, lace manufacturer.

July 29.—W. Aldridge, Maidenhead, china-man.—J. B. Hawker, Montagu Street, Portman Square, painter.—Jas. and Jos. Kesteven, Strand, mercers.—R. Kay, Manchester, rectifier of spirits.—W. C. Thompson, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Bratton, Drayton in Hales, tanner.—S. C. James, Digbeth, pork butcher.—E. Bagnall, Edgbaston, ironmaster.

Aug. 2.—J. Blencoe, Knightsbridge, tailor.—T. Cocking, Great Portland Street, chemist.—T. Showell, Bath Street, City Road, tailor.—A. L. Vogel, Finsbury Circus, merchant.—W. Vaughan, Covington Terrace, Bermondsey, dealer and chapman.—J. N. Allen, Lamb's Conduit Street, tailor.

Aug. 5.—W. H. Judd, Union Street, Bath, draper.—J. Mawman, Arbour Square, Commercial Road East, ship owner.—W. Baker, Southampton, linen draper.—W. Mills, Lavenham, Suffolk, grocer.—S. Ward, Leeds, hackney coach proprietor.—E. Ironmonger, Barton, under-Needwood, builder.—J. T. Dutton, Harrington, Cumberland, chemist.—J. B. Crome, Norwich, drawing master.

Aug. 9.—M. Milton, Brick Street, May Fair, Piccadilly, horse dealer.—F. Alven, Walbrook, ostrich feather manufacturer.—W. Skeath, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, saddler.—R.

Thomas, Wapping, potato salesman.—W. Stockwell, jun., Bristol, basket maker.—S. Mason, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, workhouse master.—R. Thompson and J. Dixon, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, ironfounders.—W. Tarrant, Bathwick, Somersetshire, coachmaker.

Aug. 12.—R. Elmore, Bankside, coal merchant.—G. Lucas, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, coach master.—A. Colvin, W. A. Bazott, D. Colvin, T. Anderson, and D. Ainslie, Calcutta, merchants.—J. Barnett, Tottenham Street, Fitzroy Square, copper plate printer.—W. Morris and W. H. Morris, Princes Street, Leicester Square, feather dressers.—J. Dunne, and T. Smith, Liverpool, merchants.—R. Manfield and J. Manfield, Thirsk, millers.—W. Cattarail and W. Hind, Liverpool, drysalers.—J. Morgan, jun., Bristol, silversmith.

Aug. 15.—J. Smith, Old Broad Street, stock broker.—J. Maliana, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, lodging housekeeper.—W. Timson, Bush Lane, Cannon Street, wine merchant.—P. Wood, Spittle Bridge, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—G. Wilson, Atherstone, Warwickshire, victualler.—E. Thorne, Bideford, Devonshire, draper.

Aug. 19.—G. Diack, Regent Street, Piccadilly, furniture warehouseman.—T. Thompson, Westerham, grocer.—D. Mackinnon, George Street, Westminster, wine merchant.—E. Marklew, Talbot Court, Gracechurch Street, victualler.—J. Whitehouse, jun., Leamington, coal dealer.—E. Wright, Draycott, money scrivener.—A. Hart, Exeter, clothes salesman.

Aug. 22.—J. Bell, Norton Folgate, linen draper.—W. Parker, Horncastle, money scrivener.—J. Phelps and R. Appleton, Crosby Row, Walworth, linen drapers.—J. Kesterton, Camberwell, coach builder.—J. T. Armstrong, St. Martin's Street, oilman.—A. Stratton and J. H. Secretan, Cheapside, warehousemen.—C. Frankland, sen., Susworth, Lincolnshire, malster.—J. Walthew, Liverpool, linen draper.—H. R. Fanshawe, sen., Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, silk throwster.—W. Postle, Worstead, Norfolk, coal merchant.—W. R. Suing and H. Brottargh, Liverpool, ship chandlery.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1834.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
23	51-76	29,94-29,97	N.E.	,15	Clear.
24	53-79	Stat. 29,96	N.E.		Clear.
25	54-78	29,96-29,95	S.W.		Clear.
26	55-79	29,86-29,81	S.W.		Clear.
27	50-67	29,75-29,79	N.E.	,225	Cloudy, rain in the night of 26th.
28	55-79	29,91-29,93	E.		Cloudy, a heavy thunder storm in the evening.
29	52-80	29,95-29,92	N.E. & E.	,65	Cloudy.
30	53-75	29,82-29,81	N.E.	,65	Cloudy, rain in the morning.
31	51-74	29,78-29,76	S.W. & N.W.	,05	Cloudy, rain in the morning.
Aug.					
1	55-77	29,73-29,77	N.W.	,05	Cloudy, rain at times.
2	56-75	29,82-29,83	N.E. & N.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain at times.
3	50-76	29,80-29,79	S.W.		Generally clear; lightning in the evening.
4	51-77	29,80-29,82	S.W.		Generally clear.
5	50-74	29,84-29,86	S.W.		Cloudy.
6	48-70	29,81-29,78	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
7	48-70	29,86-29,84	S.W.	,225	Cloudy, rain at times.
8	50-72	29,80-29,78	S.W.	,575	Cloudy, rain at times.
9	51-73	29,84-29,91	S.W.	,275	Cloudy.
10	49-75	30,01-30,09	S.W.		Generally clear.
11	54-75	30,15-30,16	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	54-79	29,99-29,92	S.		Generally clear.
13	54-82	29,91-29,96	S.E.		Clear.
14	51-80	30,04-30,09	N.E.		Clear.
15	49-76	30,15-30,13	N.		Clear.
16	55-79	30,09-30,05	N.		Clear.
17	57-78	30,01-29,97	N.E.		Clear.
18	58-75	29,92-29,87	N.W.		Clear.
19	58-75	29,80-29,72	N.W.		Generally clear.
20	54-73	29,67-29,63	N.W.		Generally clear; a few drops of rain the even.
21	56-76	29,67-29,79	N.W.		Generally clear; a few drops of rain at times.
22	58-75	29,85-29,86	N.W.		Generally clear; a few drops of rain at times.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

R. Walker, of Birmingham, Warwick, Manufacturer, for an improvement in wadding for fire arms. June 26th, 2 months.

J. Bateman, of Islington, Middlesex, Cooper, for an apparatus or instrument for saving human life, or other purposes in cases of shipwreck or disaster by water. June 30th, 6 months.

J. Barton, of Providence Row, Finsbury, Middlesex, Engineer, and S. and J. Nye, both of St. Andrew's Row, Southwark, Surrey, Mechanics, for improvements in the construction and application of pumps and machinery for raising fluids and other purposes. July 1st, 6 months.

T. M. Clerk, of Whitby Bush, in the Parish of Rudbaxton, Pembroke, for certain improvements in engines or machinery for cutting or preparing slates or other similar substances or materials for various useful purposes. July 3rd, 2 months.

J. Hardy, of Wednesbury, Stafford, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the making or manufacturing of axle-trees for carriages. July 3rd, 6 months.

B. Hick, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Engineer, E. Evans, the elder, of Oldham, in the said County, Coal Proprietor, and J. Higgins, of Oldham, aforesaid, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and adaptation of metallic

packings for the pistons of steam and other engines, pumps, and other purposes, to which the same may be applicable. July 4th, 6 months.

W. Higgins, of Salford, Lancaster, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery used for making twisted rovings and yarn of cotton, flax, silk, wool, and other fibrous substances. July 7th, 6 months.

J. Gold, of Birmingham, Warwick, Glass Cutter, for certain improvements in cutting, grinding, smoothing, polishing, or otherwise preparing glass decanters, and certain other articles. July 7th, 6 months.

J. Aston, of Birmingham, Warwick, Button Maker, for an improvement in the manufacture or construction of buttons. July 10th, 6 months.

G. Beadon, of Taunton, Somerset, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for a machine or apparatus for preventing boats or other floating bodies from capsizing or overturning when oppressed by too much sail, and for easing off the ropes and sheets of different classes and descriptions of vessels, parts of which machine or apparatus may be applied for other purposes. July 10th, 6 months.

L. Wellman Wright, of Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting tobacco, and which machinery may be applicable to other useful purposes. July 10th, 6 months.

J. Ramsbottom, of Todmorden, Lancaster, Mechanic, and R. Holt, of the same place, Ironfounder, for certain improvements in the construction of power looms, for weaving cotton and other fibrous materials into cloth or other fabrics. July 12th, 6 months.

P. Wright, of the City of Edinburgh, Manufacturer, for an improved method of spinning, twisting, and twining cotton, flax, silk, wool, or any other suitable substances. July 17th, 6 months.

W. S. Losh, of Walker, Northumberland, Gentleman, for an improved method of bleaching of certain animal fats, and certain animal, vegetable, and fish oils. July 17th, 6 months.

J. Warne, of Union Street, in the Borough of Southwark, pewterer and beer engine manufacturer, for certain improvements in engines or machinery for raising, drawing, or forcing beer, ale, and other liquids or fluids. July 17th, 6 months.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Grosden, Vice-President, in the chair. Thirty-five thousand persons visited the gardens last month. Balance in favour of the Society, 1,249*l*. The council had great satisfaction in reporting that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have been authorised to let to the Society ten acres of additional ground, at 6*l*. 6*s*. per acre. The land is within the area of the Regent's Park, and adjoins the south-west side of the present gardens. The only work of magnitude in progress at the gardens at present, is the sinking of a well, from the bottom of which it is intended to bore to the main spring, and thence to derive a supply of pure water adequate to all the purposes of the establishment. At this meeting seventy new members were elected.

A specimen was lately exhibited of the young of the Sandwich Island goose (*Bernicla Sandvicensis*, Vig.) which was hatched at Knowsley. It was accompanied by the following note from Lord Stanley:—"Through the kindness of John Reeves, Esq." says his lordship, "I received at Knowsley a pair of these birds, on the 15th of February, 1834. They did not at first, when turned out on the pond among the other water-fowl, appear to take much notice of each other; but some workmen being at the time employed about the pond, one of the birds (I think, from recollection, it was the male) seemed to have formed some sort of attachment towards one of the men working. Whenever he was present the goose was always near to him, and whenever absent at his dinner, or otherwise employed, the bird appeared restless, and gave vent to his solicitude by frequent cries, which, as well as the anxiety, always ceased with the reappearance of the workman. The man having frequently occasion to pass through a door which was obliged to be kept open, it was feared that the attachment of the animal might lead to its following its friend, and that on its exit it might fall in with, and be worried or stolen by vermin; and in consequence the pair of geese were confined in one of the divisions adjacent to, but separated from the pond, on February 26th. Within this small enclosure, in the sheltered half of

it, in one corner stood a small hutch, in which the female, on the 5th of March, laid her first egg. Till within a few days of that period, no alteration took place in their manners, but it then became obvious that the male was jealous of intruders, and would run at and seize them by the trousers, giving pretty sharp blows with his wings; but this always ceased if he observed that the female was at some distance, when he would instantly rejoin her. His return to the female was always accompanied by great hurry and clamour, and much gesticulation up and down of his head, but not of the wings. Three other eggs followed on the 7th, 9th, and 11th of March. The eggs were white, and very large in proportion to the size of the bird, being fully equal to those of the swan-goose, or *Anas cygnoides*. The goose also surprised us by the rapidity of her operations, for we were hardly aware of the fourth egg having been laid that morning, when it was evident that she had begun to sit. During the whole period of incubation there could not be a more attentive nurse, and, indeed, she could not well help it, for the male, if she seemed inclined to stay out longer than he thought right, appeared by his motions to be bent on driving her back; nor was he satisfied until he had accomplished his object, when he again resumed his usual position, with his body half in and half out of the hutch, and his head towards the female; but if any person crossed the yard of the division, he would immediately hurry after the intruder; though if he found there was no intention of molesting the nursery, he seemed generally satisfied, and did not like to quit the sheltered part of the division. At night he occasionally made room for himself by the female, the result of which was unfortunate towards the progeny. On the 12th of April the eggs began to chip, and on the 13th two goslings were excluded; but it was found that the mother had pushed from under her the other two eggs, which were consequently taken away and put under a hen, though, as one was very nearly cold, little hopes of any success with that were entertained; and it was, in fact, never hatched, but probably died in consequence of the removal by the goose at an important moment. On the morning of the 14th, it was ascertained that she or the male, who always now sat close beside her in the box, had killed one of the two she had at first hatched, for it was found dead and perfectly flat. The fourth egg, which was put under the hen, was assisted out of the shell, and appeared weakly from the first; and as its mother had lost one, we put it to her, in hopes it would do better than with its nurse. She took it, at first, very well; but subsequently, both the parents beating it, it was returned to, and apparently well cared for by, its nurse, but died on the 20th, having received some injury in one eye, either from the old ones, or perhaps from the hen scratching, and thereby hitting it. The remaining gosling is doing very well, and is strong and lively; and the parents appear extremely attentive to it. I have little doubt that these birds may easily be established, (with a little care and attention,) and form an interesting addition to the stock of British domesticated fowls. In its general appearance, and its quaker-like simplicity of plumage, it seems to approximate most to the family of *Bernacles*; but it appears to have almost as little (if as much) partiality for the water as the *Cereopsis*."

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Lieut. Col. W. H. Sykes in the chair.—A report was read of the committee appointed at the last meeting of the Society for investigating the nature of the ravages of the cane-fly in Grenada, containing a variety of suggestions as to the most efficacious remedies against its attacks. It was stated that this report had been communicated to the Agricultural Society of Grenada, which Society had been requested to transmit to this Society the result of the application of the proposed suggestions.—A curious wasp's nest was exhibited, which had been discovered by Mr. Ingpen, between the folds of a piece of paper which had fallen behind some books: the nest was nearly six inches long, and appeared to be built of dried mud. Two memoirs were read,—1. Descriptions of some new species of Indian ants, with observations upon their respective habits, by Lieut.-Col. Sykes. In this paper was described the nest made by a small brown ant, which is composed of particles of cow-dung, and built upon the branches of trees, and is about eight inches in diameter. The author described the proceedings of a large black ant which infests houses, and which has the sagacity to leap from a considerable distance from the walls of rooms upon tables upon which preserves, desserts, &c. are placed, and which have been drawn from the walls to prevent their attacking the sweets. The author also described the habits of another species, which, contrary to the now received opinion of naturalists, lays up stores of seeds in its nest.—2. Description of the *Lamia Norisii*, a beautiful new species of *Cerambycidae*, from Sierra Leone, by Mr. J. O. Westwood.

THE LATE MR. COLERIDGE, A COMMON SOLDIER.

(To the Editor of *The Times*.)

SIR,—In your paper of the 5th instant, the following passage occurs, quoted from a literary journal, (*"The Athenæum,"*) respecting a singular incident in the early life of the late Mr. Coleridge:—

"We have reason to believe that during the early part of his life he enlisted as a common soldier in the Dragoons. Of course he did not remain long in the service. Perhaps his then democratical feelings made his officers willing to get rid of him; perhaps, which is a fact, he could not be taught to ride."

Upon this singular fact, or what might be called in the metaphysician's own language "psychological curiosity," I trespass for a minute on your time and paper, as I am, perhaps, the only person now living who can explain all the circumstances from Mr. Coleridge's own mouth, with whom I became acquainted after a sonnet addressed to me in his poems; moreover, being intimate from our school days, and at Oxford, with that very officer in his regiment who alone procured his discharge, from whom also I heard the facts after Coleridge became known as a poet.

The regiment was the 15th Elliot's Light Dragoons; the officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs. Sheridan; he was a scholar, and leaving Merton College, he entered this regiment a cornet. Some years afterwards, I believe he was then Captain of Coleridge's troop, going into the stables at Reading, he remarked written on the white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence, in Latin,

"Eheu! quam infortunii miserimum est fuisse felicem!"

Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle inquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged. "Please your honour, to Comberback," answered the dragoon. "Comberback!" said his captain, "send him to me." Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, "Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?" "Please your honour," answered the soldier, "I wrote it." "Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be. I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend." The commanding officer, I think, was General Churchill. Comberback* was examined, and it was found out, that having left Jesus College, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, he had enlisted in this regiment. He was soon discharged,—not from his democratical feelings, for whatever those feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room† gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.

Having seen the extract mentioned, I communicate this more correct account, which you may publish with or without a name, and I am, &c.

WILLIAM L. BOWLES.

* When he enlisted he was asked his name. He hesitated, but saw the name Comberback over a shop door near Westminster Bridge, and instantly said his name was "Comberback."

† It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, "Religious Musings," was written *non inter sylvas academi*, but in the tap-room at Reading. A fine subject for a painting by Wilkie.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—AUGUST 1, 1834.

HOUSE OF LORDS, July 21.—The Lord Chancellor, in moving the second reading of the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, entered into a detail of the history of the origin and progress of legislation upon the subject; contending that the only true principle to be adopted was, that a man should be paid according to the work he did, that those employed should not live worse than those who were idle. He defended the other provisions of the Bill, particularly the proposed change in the bastardy laws, which, though a bold measure, was, he said, a great and undeniable improvement.—Lord Wynford moved, as an amendment, that the Bill should be read a second time that day six months.—The Duke of Wellington said that the present was, in his judgment, the best plan that had ever been devised to remedy the evils of the existing laws.—The Lord Chancellor briefly replied.—The House then divided upon the original motion that the Bill be read a second time:—content, 76; not content, 13; majority for the second reading, 63.

July 22.—On the motion of Lord Suffield, the Punishment of Death Bill was read a first time.

July 23.—Nothing of importance.

July 24.—Their lordships went into committee on the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill.—The clauses up to the 17th were agreed to with some slight amendments, after which the House resumed.

July 25.—The great western rail-road Bill was lost, after a sharp debate on the measure, and the motives of noble lords who so interested themselves on the subject, by a majority of 19.—The London and Southampton rail-way Bill, together with many other public and private bills, received the royal assent.—The Poor Laws Amendment Bill was then recommitted, having proceeded as far as the 51st clause, which was agreed to, the house resumed, it being then 12 o'clock, and it was arranged that they should meet at 12 on Monday, to proceed with the Bill.

July 26.—The Irish Coercion Bill, the Newspapers' Postage Bill, and the Court of Common Pleas (Lancaster) Bill, were brought from the Commons. The bills were severally read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

July 28.—The House resolved into Committee on the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill. On the 64th clause, which repeals the settlement by hiring and service, an amendment was agreed to, on the motion of Lord Wynford to retain the settlement by apprenticeship.—On the 67th clause, that relating to bastardy, an extended discussion took place.—The Bishop of Exeter argued at great length against the injustice and impolicy of throwing the whole burden of the support of an illegitimate child upon the mother.—The Bishop of London defended the recommendation of his brother commissioners; contending that the object of the clause was, not punishment, but the prevention of the offence of bastardy.

July 29.—Lord Melbourne moved the third reading of the Irish Coercion Bill, and entered into a review of the condition of that country, to show the expediency of arming the government with additional powers.—The Bill was read a third time.

July 30.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Disturbances' Suppression (Ireland) Bill; the Friendly Societies' Amendment Bill; the Bill to facilitate the building of churches in Scotland; the Stannaries Court (Cornwall) bill; and the costs in actions of *quare impedit* Bill.

July 31.—The House again resolved into Committee on the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill.—Clause 68 and 69 were agreed to.—After some discussion clause 70 was ordered to be struck out of the Bill. The remaining clauses to 99 inclusive were agreed to with verbal amendments.—The 100th clause was agreed to; and the Bill, as amended, along with the postponed clauses, was ordered to be printed.

Aug. 1.—The Earl of Radnor moved the second reading of the Universities' Admission Bill. His lordship contended strongly for the principle of allowing dissenters to graduate. It was only following up what the legislature had already recognized by repealing the Test and Corporation Acts.—The Bishop of Exeter said, that if the Bill should pass, he could only describe it as an act of *felo de se* on the part of those who permitted it. The dissenters plainly avowed that this Bill was only preliminary to the demand for the severance of church and state. Would the House be their accomplices, their tools, the ministers of their hatred against our sacred institutions?—Their lordships then divided, when there appeared—for the

second reading, present, 38; proxies 47; total 85—against it, present, 107; proxies 80; total 187—Majority against the second reading, 102.

Aug. 4.—The House resolved into Committee on the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill, when the different clauses which had been postponed were disposed of, and it was arranged that the report should be received on Thursday.

Aug. 5.—Counsel were heard on the Warwick Borough Bill; after which the Lord Chancellor moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—The motion was agreed to, and the Bill was consequently lost.—Several other bills were forwarded a stage.—The Marquis of Londonderry then entered into a review of the foreign policy pursued by ministers, condemning the course taken by them with regard to most of the countries with which we had relations. After a long and discursive speech, the noble marquis concluded by moving that "An humble address be presented to his majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased to give directions that there be laid before the House copies or extracts of correspondence or information relative to negotiations for concluding a treaty between his majesty, the queen regent of Spain, Louis Philippe, King of the French, and the Duke of Braganza, signed in London on the 22nd of April 1834."—Viscount Melbourne vindicated the conduct of the government.—The Marquis of Londonderry briefly replied, after which the motion was negatived without a division.

Aug. 6.—Nothing important.

Aug. 7.—The Lancaster Court of Common Pleas Bill was read a third time.

Aug. 8.—The Lord Chancellor, in alluding to the omission of the clause introduced into the Publicity of Coroners' Courts Bill, by the Lower House, for the purpose of throwing such courts open to the public,—observed that, as in the Court of Chancery, although in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred publicity was desirable, yet it might happen that, in that hundredth, public justice and public decency would be outraged by such a procedure.—The Poor Laws Amendment Bill was read a third time, after a division, when there appeared, 45 for the bill, 15 against it.—Lord Wynford proposed a clause, which was carried, to the effect, that after the words "rate payer, or rate payers" the following should be inserted:—"Under 200*l.* shall have one vote; under 400*l.*, but above 200*l.*, two votes; and of 400*l.* or more, three votes."—The Bishop of Exeter then brought forward his motion for removing the whole of the bastardy clause. The tendency of the bill, in this part of its enactment, was to harden the heart of man—to increase his selfishness to an intensity of which he was never yet believed capable—to confound his practical sense of right and wrong—to completely deaden his moral feeling; and it told him in effect that, by an act of parliament, he was released from the duty which he owed to God as his Creator, and to man as his fellow-creature.—The Bishop of London as strenuously supported this clause of the bill as his right reverend brother had condemned it; and after a long and tedious discussion the amendment was negatived; there being for the motion—present 42, proxies 40, total 82; against it—present 40, proxies 31, total 71; leaving a majority of 11 in favour of the clause.—Some amendments were agreed to, and the bill then passed.

Aug. 11.—The Lord Chancellor read a message from his Majesty, in which he declared his intention to surrender his right to reversions on remainders of estates in Ireland forfeited by attainder. On the motion of Lord Duncannon, an address of thanks to his Majesty was in consequence agreed to.—Viscount Melbourne moved the second reading of the Tithes' (Ireland) Bill. He adverted to the state of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and to the resistance opposed by the people to the collection of tithes. It was erroneously supposed by some that the whole of the reduction of 40 per cent. would fall upon the incomes of the clergy. The deduction to be made from the income of the clergy would be only 22½ per cent.; being 20 per cent. for increased security, and 2½ per cent. for the expenses of collection. By the arrangement proposed every incumbent would receive for every 100*l.* the sum of 77*l.* 10*s.* without being exposed to the cost of collection—without risk—without the odium attending the collection of tithes!—After a most animated discussion, the house divided, when there appeared—content (present) 51, proxies, 71—122; not content (present) 85, proxies, 104—199; majority against the second reading, 67.

Aug. 12.—The Trading Associations Letters Patent Bill was read a third time.—Lord Auckland moved the second reading of the Cinque Ports Pilots' Bill.—The Duke of Wellington opposed it, and moved that it be read a second time that day six months.—The Earl of Radnor supported the bill; but on the Duke of Wellington persisting in his amendment, Lord Auckland expressed his willingness not to press the bill during the present session. The bill was consequently lost.

Aug. 13.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to several public and private bills.—Three conferences took place with the Commons: on the amendments made in the Coroners' Bill, the Justices of the Peace Bill, and the Poor Laws Amendment Bill.—The following Bills were read a third time and passed: the Insolvent Debtor's (India) Bill, the Customs' Duties Bill, the Assessed Taxes' Composition Bill, the Starch Duties' Repeal Bill, and the Spirit Duties' (Ireland) Bill.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the amendments of the Commons to the Justices of the Peace Bill were rejected. The Bill was consequently lost.

Aug. 14.—The Consolidated Fund Bill, the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill, the South Australia Bill, the Sale of Beer Bill, the Burghs (Scotland) Bill, the Royal Burghs (Scotland) Bill, and the Registration of Voters (Scotland) Bill, were read a third time and passed.—The Royal Assent was given, by commission, to the Insolvent Debtors' (India) Bill, Assessed Taxes' Relief Bill, Exchequer-Bills Public Works Bill, Bank of England Debt Bill, Poor Laws' Amendment Bill, Starch, &c. Duties' Repeal Bill, Spirit Duties' Bill, and Payment of Creditors' (Scotland) Bill.—The Lord Chancellor brought in a Bill relative to the Appellate Jurisdiction of that House, and explained its provisions. The bill would give their Lordships the power of calling for the services of the judges in equity, and of directing any case in which an appeal might be resorted to be tried by a judicial committee to be appointed under the bill.—The bill was read a first time and ordered to be printed.

Aug. 15.—His Majesty went in state to the House of Lords to prorogue parliament. The customary ceremonies of summoning the House of Commons to the bar of their Lordships' House to hear his Majesty read the Speech from the Throne having been complied with, the Speaker, followed by a number of members, proceeded thither, and the right hon. gentleman having addressed his Majesty as usual relative to the labours of the session, the King read the following Speech from the Throne.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The numerous and important questions which have in the present and in the two preceding years been submitted to your consideration have imposed upon you the necessity of extraordinary exertions, and it is with a deep sense of the exertion and labour which you have bestowed on the public business that I at length close this protracted session, and release you from your attendance.

"I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition.

"The negotiations on account of which the conferences in London upon the affairs of the Low Countries were suspended have not yet been brought to a close, and I have still to lament the continued postponement of a final settlement between Holland and Belgium.

"On the other hand, I have derived the most sincere and lively satisfaction from the termination of the civil war which has so long distracted the kingdom of Portugal, and I rejoice to think that the treaty which the state of affairs in Spain and in Portugal induced me to conclude with the King of the French, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Regent of Portugal, and which has been already laid before you, contributed materially to produce this happy result.

"Events have since occurred in Spain to disappoint for a time the hopes of tranquillity in that country, which the pacification of Portugal had inspired.

"To these events, so important to Great Britain, I shall give my most serious attention, in concert with France and with the other Powers who are parties to the treaty of the 22d of April; and the good understanding which prevails between me and my allies encourages me to expect that our united endeavours will be attended with success.

"The peace of Turkey remains undisturbed, and I trust that no event will happen in that quarter to interrupt the tranquillity of Europe.

"I have not failed to observe with approbation that you have directed your attention to those domestic questions which more immediately affect the general welfare of the community, and I have had much satisfaction in sanctioning your wise and benevolent intentions by giving my assent to the act for the amendment and better administration of the laws relating to the poor in England and Wales. It will be my duty to provide that the authority necessarily vested in Commissioners nominated by the Crown be exercised with temperance and caution, and I entertain a confident expectation that its prudent and judicious application, as well as the discreet enforcement of the other provisions of the act, will by degrees remedy the

evils which at present prevail, and, whilst they elevate the character, will increase the comforts and improve the condition of my people.

"The amendment of the law is one of your first and most important duties, and I rejoice to perceive that it has occupied so much of your attention. The establishment of a Central Court for the trial of offences in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, will, I trust, improve the administration of justice within the populous sphere of its jurisdiction, and afford a useful example to every other part of the kingdom.

"To the important subject of our jurisprudence and of our municipal corporations your attention will naturally be directed early in the next session. You may always rest assured of my disposition to co-operate in such useful reformations.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the readiness with which you have granted the supplies. The estimates which were laid before you were somewhat lower than those of former years, although they included several extraordinary charges, which will not again occur. The same course of economy will still be steadily pursued. The continual increase of the revenue, notwithstanding the repeal of so many taxes, affords the surest proof that the resources of the country are unimpaired, and justifies the expectation that a perseverance in judicious and well-considered measures will still further promote the industry and augment the wealth of my people.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It gives me great satisfaction to believe, that in returning to your several counties you will find a prevalence of general tranquillity and of active industry among all classes of society. I humbly hope that Providence will vouchsafe a continuance and increase of these blessings, and in any circumstances which may arise I shall rely with confidence on your zeal and fidelity, and I rest satisfied that you will inculcate and encourage that obedience to the laws, and that observance of the duties of religion and morality, which are the only secure foundations of the honour and happiness of empires."

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this parliament be prorogued to Thursday, the 25th day of September next, to be then here holden; and this parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 25th day of September next."

The Speaker with the Commons then retired from the bar.

His Majesty now rose, and quitted the house, attended in the same way as on entering, by the ministers and officers of the household.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, July 21.—Mr. Tennyson presented a petition, complaining of the inhumanity of a recent case of military flogging, that of J. Hutchinson, a private of the Scotch Fusileer Guards, who received three hundred lashes. Several of his fellow soldiers fainted away, unable to witness so horrible a scene; and two officers were similarly overcome, and were compelled to quit the spot.—The Irish Coercion Bill was read a second time, by a majority of 146 to 25.—The House resolved into a Committee of Supply, and Mr. Labouchere moved the grant of 60,000*l.* to enable his Majesty to make gratuities to the officers and men engaged in the battle of Navarino, to be distributed as his Majesty shall direct. Granted.—Several other grants were voted, amongst them one of 5,000*l.* to Capt. Ross.

July 22.—The Irish Coercion Bill was considered in committee, and after some amendments had been proposed and negatived, the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again.—The Prisoners' Counsel Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Royal Burghs (Scotland) Bill was read a second time.

July 23.—A conversation took place respecting the state of the business of the House. The result of it was, that Lord Althorp expressed his anxiety to urge forward the Coercion Bill, and the Tithes (Ireland) Bill; that the Attorney-General said that, if possible, he would get through with his Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt; and that Mr. Wood declared his intention of going on with the Universities' Admission Bill, but he could not state when.—The House then went into Committee on the Irish Coercion Bill. Mr. O'Connell moved the repeal of several of the clauses, and divided the committee upon them, but his amendments were in each case negatived. The Bill went through committee, after which the House resumed.

July 24.—No House was made in the evening.

July 25.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his "financial statement." After going into extensive detail, as to the state of the finances, he adverted to the surplus on which he had calculated last year. He admitted that it was less than his estimate, but the diminution was partly occasioned by demands that had not been calculated upon; as charges on account of Navarino; 100,000*l.* to pay off seamen, &c. He continued, however, of opinion that appropriating surplus to the reduction of taxes, instead of maintaining a sinking fund, was advisable. He calculated on possessing a surplus of 1,620,000*l.*, and that he should gain 160,000*l.* by adding fifty per cent. upon the licences of retail spirit dealers, and 35,000*l.* on beer licences. The present duty is 2*l.* 2*s.* He proposes to make the licence 1*l.* 1*s.* where the beer is not consumed on the premises, and 3*l.* 3*s.* where it is consumed on the premises. He thus had a total surplus of 1,815,000*l.* He proposed to use this surplus in the repeal of the House Tax, (previously determined upon,) which would be 1,200,000*l.* The reductions that would be effected by Mr. P. Thomson's "Customs' Duties" Bill, now before Parliament, would be 200,000*l.* He proposed to repeal the duties on starch, amount 75,000*l.*; on stone bottles and sweets, amount 60,000*l.*; and on almanacks, amount 25,000*l.* The sum total of the reductions would be 1,581,000*l.* Besides these reductions, he proposed to lower the duty on spirits in Ireland, from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 4*d.*, for the purpose of more effectually checking the illicit distillation. His Lordship said, besides being able to make these reductions, the revenue would meet the interest (which will be 400,000*l.* for the portion of the financial year) on the 20,000,000*l.* that had been voted to effect the Abolition of Negro Slavery—a work that had astonished other countries, as that sacrifice had gone hand in hand with the reduction of taxation.—The report was ordered to be received on Monday, and the House adjourned.

July 26.—The Irish Coercion Bill was read a third time by a majority of 82 to 21.—After considerable discussion, the House divided on the question "that the Bill do pass," which was carried by 60 to 25.

July 28.—Mr. Hume moved the third reading of the Universities' Admission Bill.—Mr. H. Hughes moved an amendment, that it be read a third time that day six months.—Mr. Goulburn and Sir R. Inglis supported the amendment.—Mr. V. Smith, Mr. Baines, and Lord Palmerston spoke in favour of the Bill. The House divided:—for the third reading, 164; against it, 75; majority, 89.—The Bill was then read a third time and passed.—The Four Courts' (Dublin) Bill, the Weights and Measures Bill, and the Turnpike Acts Amendment Bill were read a third time and passed.

July 29.—Sir John Hobhouse and Sir E. Barnes took their seats, the former for Nottingham and the latter for Sudbury.—The Durham and Sunderland Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—Mr. Whitmore moved that the House should resolve into Committee on the South Australian Colonization Bill.—The House divided: for the motion, 72; against it, 7; majority, 65.—The House then went into Committee *pro formâ*, several amendments were made, and the Bill, as amended, ordered to be printed.—On the motion for going into Committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill, Mr. O'Connell moved an amendment, that the Bill should be committed that day six months. This Bill contained 172 clauses. How could they, at the end of July, adequately consider the subject?—Mr. Ward supported the Bill; Mr. Waddy opposed it.—After considerable discussion, the House divided: for the motion, 154; for the amendment, 14; majority, 140.

July 30.—A message from the Lords announced that their lordships had agreed to the Irish Coercion Bill, without any amendment.—On the motion of Lord Althorp, the House again resolved into Committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill.—Several clauses having been postponed, the House resumed.—In Committee on the Assessed Taxes' Composition Bill, a clause was agreed to, on the motion of Lord Althorp, allowing persons who have already compounded to open additional windows without any extra charge.

July 31.—The House resolved into Committee on the South Australian Colonization Bill, and clauses from 1 to 16 inclusive were agreed to.—The House went into Committee on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, and the first 21 clauses were agreed to without amendment.—The House resolved into Committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill, when a number of the clauses were struck out, others altered or postponed, and 22 new clauses added, in order to have the Bill reprinted with the changes rendered requisite by the decision on Mr. O'Connell's proposition on Wednesday

night.—Lord Althorp stated that it would now be proposed that the instalments for the redemption of tithes should be made in five payments ; that they should commence in 1835 ; and that a deduction of 40 per cent. should be made from them.—The chairman reported progress and obtained leave to sit again on Friday.—The House went into Committee on the House of Commons Offices' Bill, and after considerable discussion, a proposition for reducing the Speaker's salary from 6000*l.* to 5000*l.* a year was carried by a majority of 36 to 18.

Aug. 1.—The House went into Committee on the Beer Bill ; when various clauses were passed, chiefly referring to the nature of the certificate to be required of beer-shop keepers, and the circumstances under which their licenses should be granted and renewed.—The House then went into Committee on the Tithes' (Ireland) Bill ; some conversation arose on the provisions and details of the measure, in which Mr. Goulburn, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Littleton, and Mr. Sergeant Lefroy took part.—The Bill eventually went through Committee, and the report was ordered to be received on Monday.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then proposed a resolution enabling him to carry into effect his plan for paying off a quarter of the Bank debt.—Mr. Goulburn and Mr. Warburton condemned the arrangement as disadvantageous to the public.—Resolution agreed to.

Aug. 4.—On the motion of Lord Althorp, the report of the Irish Tithes' Bill was taken into further consideration, and, after a short discussion, agreed to.—The House resolved into a Committee of Supply, and on the motion of Mr. F. Baring, several votes for miscellaneous estimates were agreed to.—The motion for 24,000*l.* to defray the expenses of commissions on Municipal Corporations in England and Ireland during the last year, gave rise to a long conversation, in the course of which it was stated that the Commissioners would be ready with their reports in a short time. The vote was agreed to.—12,750*l.* was voted to the Baptist and Wesleyan Missionary Societies, to defray charges incurred in the re-erection of chapels which had been destroyed in Jamaica.—20,000*l.* were voted to assist in the experiment of a more rapid communication with India by steam conveyance.—1,310*l.* 5*s.* was granted for the purchase of organic remains, the property of Mr. T. Hawkins, to be deposited in the British Museum.—After several other grants had been agreed to, the House resumed, and the resolutions were reported.—The Militia Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Norfolk Island Bill, and the Dean Forest Bill, were read a third time and passed.—On the motion that the House of Commons Offices' Bill be read a third time, Mr. Ald. Thompson moved an amendment, that it be read a third time that day three months.—The House divided, when there appeared for the amendment, 22 ; against it, 37 ; majority, 15. The Bill was read a third time and passed.

Aug. 5.—Mr. Childers moved that the House should resolve into Committee on the Common Fields Inclosure Bill.—Mr. Tooke moved that the Bill be committed that day three months.—Sir J. C. Hobhouse opposed the Bill.—On a division, the numbers were—for the motion, 14 ; against it, 34. Majority, 20. The bill is consequently lost.—Mr. Buckingham brought up the report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the cause of drunkenness.—On the motion that it be printed, Mr. Hawes opposed the printing of the report on account of the absurd recommendations that it contained. He said that it suggested the expediency of putting an end to the importation of all spirits ; and further, as a prospective remedy, that no spirits should hereafter be allowed to be distilled in this country. The report contained other recommendations to the following effect :—That beer should be brewed of a certain strength and quality, and sold at a certain price ; that a system of national education should be established, one of the great objects of which should be to teach children the evils of drunkenness ; and that a portable volume should be published at the public expense, containing the recommendations of the present report. It was also proposed, that no meeting of any friendly society should take place at any public-house where intoxicating liquors were sold.—Mr. O'Connell was afraid that the Committee were a little muddled when they adopted the report.—After some further discussion, the House divided : the numbers were—ayes, 63 ; noes, 31. Majority for the printing of the report, 32.—Mr. Littleton moved the third reading of the Tithes' (Ireland) Bill.—After some discussion the Bill was read a third time.—Several verbal amendments were made, and the Bill was passed amidst loud cheering.—The Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The County Bridges (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Foreign Enlistment Repeal Bill, the Pensions Civil List Offices' Bill, and the South Australian Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.

Aug. 6.—In answer to a question from Mr. Wilks, Mr. E. Stanley stated that no communication had been received by the Home Department relative to the prize-fight which took place at Andover on the 24th of June last.—Mr. Wilks then gave notice of his intention, early in the next session, to move for leave to bring in a bill for more effectually preventing and punishing the debasing crime of prize-fighting.—The Customs' Bill was read a third time. After some remarks from Alderman Thompson, the bill passed.—The Assessed Taxes Relief Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Sale of Beer Act Amendment Bill was read a third time. Some verbal amendments were agreed to, after which the bill was passed.—Mr. Warburton hoped that the House would not agree to that amendment by which their Lordships had struck out the clause constituting the Coroner's Court an open court. He moved that the House should disagree from that amendment.—Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Potter, and Lord Althorp concurred.—Lord Althorp suggested that a conference should be had with their Lordships, for the purpose of restoring the erased clause. When the Lords saw that it was the unanimous wish of the Commons, they would not object to it.—The noble lord's proposition was agreed to.

Aug. 7.—Lord Althorp presented the following message from his Majesty :—

"W. R.—His Majesty acquaints the House of Commons, that having taken into consideration the present state of reversions or remainders of estates in Ireland vested in the crown, his Majesty deems it proper that measures may be taken to enable the proprietors of estates in Ireland, forfeited by attainder, and where the reversion or remainder is vested in the Crown, to bar such reversion or remainder."

Lord Althorp, who moved "that an address be presented to the King in answer to his gracious message," observed that the step taken by his Majesty involved a considerable sacrifice on the part of the crown. This opinion was unanimously adopted by the House, and the address agreed to.—On the Lords' amendments to the Punishment of Death Bill being read, after some observations chiefly from Lord Althorp and Lord J. Russell, that however much cause there was to regret that the Bill had been mutilated, yet that it would appear mere pique to reject the Bill altogether, because all that was sought, and might be desirable, was not obtained, the Lords' amendments were agreed to.—Lord John Russell, after alluding to the rejection of the Warwick Borough Bill, by the House of Lords, stated that he should move "that no writ be issued to the Borough of Hertford, Carrickfergus, or Warwick, before the 20th of February next." The noble Lord, however, subsequently moved a resolution respecting each borough separately. Those for Hertford and Carrickfergus were agreed to.—On the motion that no new writ be issued to the Borough of Warwick till the 20th of February next, Mr. Goulburn strongly objected to this course, on the ground that the borough had been acquitted by the tribunal of Peers, and that the number of the members of the Commons ought to be kept complete. The House divided—for the motion, 67; against it, 18; majority, 49.

Aug. 8.—A lengthened conversation arose on the presentation of petitions by Colonel Evans and Mr. Tennyson, for the abolition of flogging in the army.—The Attorney-General gave notice of his intention, early next session, to introduce Bills to abolish Imprisonment for Debt, except in cases of fraud; and to render uniform the Executions of Wills with reference to real or personal property.—The Bank of England (Debts) Bill was then read a third time and passed.

Aug. 11.—Lord Althorp moved, that the Lord's amendments to the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill be taken into consideration. He enumerated the alterations which had been made in the bill; and expressed his opinion that the bill was not at all the worse for those alterations. He concluded by moving that the amendments be read a second time. After discussion the House divided: the numbers were—for the original motion, 79; for the amendment, 24; majority, 55.—Lord Althorp then moved that the House, at its rising, should adjourn to Wednesday. The motion was agreed to, and the house adjourned to Wednesday.

Aug. 13.—Mr. Cripps reported to the House that, at a conference with the House of Lords, on the County Coroners' Bill, their Lordships insisted on their amendment to it. He then moved, that the amendment be adopted.—Mr. Warburton moved, as an amendment, that their Lordships' reasons for insisting on the amendment be taken into consideration this day three months, which was ultimately agreed to; and the bill is consequently deferred.

Aug. 14.—The Lords' amendments to the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill were agreed to.—The Lords' amendments to the South Australian Bill were agreed to.—The Lords' amendments to the Beer Act were next considered, which were agreed to, and the House adjourned.

Aug. 15.—Upon Mr. Hume moving for some returns relating to stationery, Mr. V. Smith said that it was erroneous to estimate the extra cost for gilt and fine paper at 8000*l.* per annum: he did not think it exceeded 600*l.*—Mr. Hume—Ah! that's your version, we shall see.—The Attorney-General, in answer to a question from Mr. Hume, said that magistrates when they committed a person for non-payment of a fine, could not legally add hard labour to imprisonment.—The Speaker and the members present having been summoned, they went to the House of Lords. On their return he read a copy of the King's Speech; after which the members separated.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

EARL BATHURST.

Earl Bathurst lately died at his house, Arlington Street, St. James's. He had been indisposed several days, but his death was unaccompanied by pain. He expired in the bosom of his family, and was perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution. Lord Bathurst was one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, and Secretary for the Colonial Department in the year 1824, which office he filled for some years, during a period pregnant with important events. He was a man of business, attentive to the duties of his important office, and much esteemed by his party. His talents, though not brilliant, were useful, and he had a competent knowledge of diplomacy: his manners were conciliating, and as a political adversary, he conducted himself without any of those asperities which distinguish some of the present leaders of his party.

SIR JOHN DOYLE.

Died last month at his residence in Somerset Street, Portman Square, Sir John Doyle. This gallant officer's military career was one of high reputation. He entered the service by the purchase of an ensigncy in the 48th foot in 1771. In 1775 he embarked as lieutenant with the 40th foot for America, where he served in all the campaigns of that period, having received a wound in action. In 1778 he obtained a company in Lord Rawdon's corps, "the Volunteers of Ireland," (afterwards 105th foot,) and purchased his majority in it in 1781, having been twice wounded while serving with that regiment. The regiment was reduced in 1784, and having returned to his native country, (Ireland,) he remained on half-pay until the commencement of the French revolutionary war, at which time he raised the gallant 87th regiment, "the Royal Irish Fusileers," in the command of which he embarked for the continent with Earl Moira. He served under the Duke of York in the campaign of 1794, and repulsed an attack of the enemy at Alost, where he was severely wounded. In 1796 he got the colonelcy of the 87th, and was sent in command of a secret expedition into Holland, and on his return was appointed Secretary at War in Ireland, and afterwards served as Brigadier-General in Gibraltar, Minorca, and Malta. He volunteered his services to Egypt, and accompanied General Hutchinson (the last Earl of Donoughmore) in the expedition against Grand Cairo. His services here received the thanks of Parliament, and he was in 1804 appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey; created a baronet in 1805, with liberty to have supporters to his arms, and an additional crest. In April 1808 he was appointed Lieutenant-General; in 1812 K.B.; in 1815 K.G.C. of the Bath, (a vacancy in which order is caused by his death;) and in August 1819 the brevet of General. It will only be necessary to enumerate the distinctions borne on the colours of Sir John's regiment, to show the nature and extent of his services—"Barossa, Tarifa, Vittoria, Nivello, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Ava." By Sir John's death the colonelcy of the regiment he so long commanded becomes vacant, as well as the governorship of Charlemont fort. Sir John Doyle was in his seventy-eighth year, having been born in 1756. Sir John Doyle's niece is the wife of our distinguished novelist, and able and enlightened advocate of popular rights, Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, member for Lincoln.

CAPTAIN CHRISTIAN, R.N.

It is with deep regret for the loss of an officer so universally esteemed, that we announce the demise of Captain Christian, after a very short but violent attack of

cholera. The gallant officer had been several years Assistant Inspector-General of the coast-guard service in Ireland, in which situation his affable and gentleman-like manner gained him the love and respect of every person connected with that department.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON, R.N.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of one of the bravest seamen that ever trod a plank of British oak, and one of the honestest men of which Ireland could boast. Captain Hamilton, eldest son of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and a Post-Captain in the British navy, died at Rathcoffey, the seat of his venerable father. From the length and value of his services he was about to receive an early promotion to a high rank in the navy, a promotion at which all good men would have rejoiced. During the time he commanded the *Cambrian* in the Levant he contributed very materially to further the cause of Grecian independence; and two gentlemen, R. J. Tennent, Esq., and J. E. Tennent, Esq., M.P., both experienced protection and kindness from him, when these gentlemen, in the most chivalrous manner, volunteered their services to aid in establishing public liberty, and to overthrow an ancient system of the most barbaric tyranny. Captain Hamilton's premature death has blasted the hopes of many warm and sincere friends.

MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

Lately at Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, the Marchioness (not the Dowager) of Headfort. The disorder which hurried this beautiful lady to the grave, in the prime of life, was the cholera. She had been in high health and spirits on a water excursion to Greenwich on Thursday, was apparently well on Friday, but feeling indisposed on Saturday evening, about seven, Sir H. Halford was immediately sent for, and subsequently Dr. Johnson and Mr. Coyne were called in, but in vain. The frightful malady had taken too deep hold on her frame, and its progress was so fatally rapid, that on Sunday morning the case was hopeless. Yet her constitution bore her up, and she lingered on till about mid-day on Monday. This lamented death has caused the greatest affliction. Lady Headfort was the daughter of the late Sir J. Stevenson, whom she only survived eleven months, and has left a husband and nine children to deplore her sudden and premature loss.

MR. COLERIDGE.

A notice on Coleridge and his works will appear in our next Number, from the talented pen of Mrs. Crawford.

Married.—Frederick, second son of J. L. Goldsmid, Esq., of Champion Hall, to Caroline, eldest daughter of Philip Samuel, Esq., of Bedford Place.

At Alverstoke, Hants, M. F. Ryan, Esq., M.D. 51st King's Own light infantry, to Sophia, only daughter of Gay Shute, Esq., of Gosport.

At Lavington, Sussex, Henry William, youngest son of the late William Wilberforce, Esq., to Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. John Sargent.

At Felbrigg, Colonel Sir Henry F. Cooke, C.B. to Katharine, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk.

At Florence, Fanny, eldest daughter of Sir J. Shelley, Bart., to the Hon. George Edgumbe, son of Earl Mount Edgumbe.

At Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, Andrew Johnston, jun., Esq., M.P., of Renny Hill, to Priscilla, eldest daughter of Thomas Powell Buxton, Esq. M.P.

At Bromley Palace, Caroline Sophia, second daughter of the Lord Bishop of Rochester, to Sir John Mordaunt, Bart., of Walton, in the County of Warwick.

At Witton, Norfolk, John David Chambers, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, to Hon. Henrietta Laura, third daughter of Lord Wodehouse, Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk.

Died.—At South Lambeth, Mrs. Anne Stone, relict of the Rev. Francis Stone, M.A., F.S.A. rector of Cold Norton, Essex.

At Rendcomb Park, Gloucestershire, Sir Berkeley William Guise, Bart., M.P. for that county, aged 59.

Sir Charles J. Peshall, Bart., lately his Britannic Majesty's Consul for the State of North Carolina.

At Killaloe, Limerick, Lord Glentworth.

At Maida Hill, Henry Chitty, Esq., of the Inner Temple, second son of Joseph Chitty, Esq. barrister-at-law.

At Prospect Place, Finchley, at a very advanced age, Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Molesworth, relict of the late Robert Molesworth, Esq., of Carlisle, and cousin-german to the late Whitshed Keene, Esq., M.P., and father of the House of Commons.

At Tenby, in his 70th, Lieut.-Colonel Elliot Poyle, late of the Bengal establishment.

At East Barnet, Herts, Lieut.-Colonel Sir David Ogleby, of the Hon. East India Company.

At Littlethorp, near Ripon, in his 31st year, James, second son of Major-Gen. Malster.

At Richmond Hill, Dublin, Susanna, widow of the late Captain Ponsonby Molesworth, of the 29th regiment of foot, and sister of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Roger Hall Sheaffe, Bart.